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COUNT STEDINGK.

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PREFACE.

THE story of a great soldier and statesman, whose blood was shed in the cause of American Independence, should be better known to those who to-day reap the harvest of the stormy seed-time. A Swedish hero, who bore the standard of the young Republic through fire and slaughter in the enemy's midst, merits at our hands at least American record. A "bubble," "Reputation," blown at the cannon's mouth in a foreign war for freedom, and soaring in after years high in the Swedish sun, reflects prismatic beauty from a long career of warlike chivalry, patriotism, and ever-ready wisdom in council.

No one of the gallant foreigners who came to our aid attained in after life dignity and honor more elevated at home than Field-Marshal Count von Stedingk. He was a general-in-chief of the armies of his country. He led them in the field to victory and honor, and won in his long career the affection of four successive kings. For a quarter of a century he was their ambassador at courts whose policy and empire pressed hardest upon Sweden. In war and in diplomacy, wherever there was doubt and danger, Stedingk for forty years was ever sum-

moned to the lead. When the fortunes of Sweden had sunk in shadow, tottering, it seemed to ruin, Stedingk was named to a Regency, guiding the helm of State. At another time, a soldier again, we find him upholding the fortune of Swedish arms throughout a campaign, disastrous, it seems, everywhere where he was not; and when later the Northern Nations banded themselves against Napoleon, Stedingk, at the head of thirty thousand Swedes, first of the allied army to force the gates of Leipsic, marched with his crown prince victorious to the Rhine. Selected next to meet the great negotiators of the day, he signed his name to a broad page of history—a memorable peace of Paris. And when at last, surrounded by children and grandchildren, a white-haired patriarch of ninety years lay down to sleep, his heart and conscience reposed in the memories of almost a century. Heart and conscience reflected almost without a pang upon the long retrospect. He had loved his neighbor; he had lived among events whose great history bears his name honorably throughout the page; and his weeping sovereign came to lay upon his tomb a wreath of oak and laurel.

The life of Stedingk and its moral should attract us, even if it had no claim upon our gratitude. A career more varied, and a richer experience than his in the great life and society of his time, cannot easily be found. In youth, a favorite of Marie Antoinette and of the great Catherine of Russia, the familiar friend and correspondent of brilliant Gustavus the Third, the graphic narrator of historic scenes in which he bore a part—the story of his life, if it taught no lessons, would at least engage our interest.

With this belief, an American desires to introduce to his countrymen a hero with claims to their acquaintance, and hopes that intervals in official vocation may have been properly employed in compiling the following memoir. The events related, at least those in which Stedingk is concerned, stand upon his own sterling testimony. Much of the narrative is compiled, and all the letter-extracts are

selected from official despatches, private correspondence and other interesting memoranda published some years since by his son-in-law, Gen. Count Björnstjerna. One episode, probably the least inexcusable, is gathered from a sort of private history of the election of the Bernadotte dynasty to the crown of Sweden; an event abundantly proved to have been the salvation of Swedish independence. The sketch of this event is drawn from the personal narrative of the young subaltern, who first conceived the project, and who, intrepid and resolute, clung to his great idea through every obstacle and danger. Other historical memoranda added here and there, have been written upon current authorities—Hildreth and Mahon; Thiers, Ségur, and Geffroy; several Swedish annalists, and upon the information of living observers.

Stockholm, June, 1854.

PART I.

THE earliest traces of the family of Stedingk, are found in what was long known as Swedish Pomerania. Not far from the little town of Anclam, in that ancient province, the barons of Stedingk for five centuries held the castle of Pinnau. Its founder was a Westphalian knight,—a refugee from his native country, after the murder of a priest, who, as tradition runs, had impiously retorted upon the Stedingk's parsimony. A trifling silver coin was the unmeet church-offering of a wealthy baron; and when his wife knelt to receive the communion wafer, the irreverent priest thrust the paltry gift into the lady's mouth. She fainted with the fright; and her husband sacrilegiously drawing his sword, plunged it into the churchman's heart at the foot of the altar. Escaping into Pomerania, he bought lands and fiefs, and founded the barony of Stedingk.

At the beginning of the seven years' war, the castle of Pinnau had descended to Baron Adam von Stedingk, who married the daughter of the famous Prussian Marshal Schwerin. Their son, the subject of our memoir, and the eldest of four children, was born in the paternal castle, on the 26th of October, 1746. He was baptized Curt Bogislaus Louis Christopher. It was the custom in those

days, in Prussia, for every male child to wear a red collar, as a pledge of future service in the army. Our little Stedingk in Pomerania, the grandson of the military tutor of Frederic the Great, was also thus labelled; and his warlike sponsor, holding him over the baptismal font, exclaimed "May God one day make this infant what I am now! May he bravely serve his country, and win the baton of a marshal!" The child grew up in fame not inferior to his renowned grandfather, and in due time the marshal's baton was his well-earned trophy.

In 1757, war broke out between Sweden and Prussia, and the elder Stedingk repaired to the headquarters of his king. He had previously served under Prussian colors, an aide-de-camp to Schwerin; and Frederic the Great, beset with enemies, Austrian, Swedish, French and Russian, wrote urgently to the son-in-law of his aged marshal to enlist upon the side of Prussia. It appears to have been against the real inclination of Stedingk, that he determined to be a loyal Swede. He confessed in his reply to Frederic that "with four children he must first of all consider their future, and that being a subject of the king of Sweden, he was unable to follow the wishes of his heart."

Pomerania was repeatedly ravaged by the Prussians. Young Stedingk, an ex-

sign of thirteen years, marched with his father; and at Stralsund, when the beleaguered Swedes beat off their assailants, the brave boy, listening to the balls whistling around, held up his colors undaunted and grew familiar with the sight and sound of war.

In the meantime the fortunes of the family were ruined. Pinnau was laid waste, the castle sacked and burnt, and upon the restoration of peace our hero, still a boy, was sent to Sweden to ask relief for his homeless parents. He passed a winter at Stockholm, where his tender years, his misfortunes, and his modest bearing excited general interest. Many prominent families entertained him, and he became the playmate of the young Vasa princess. The intimacy and favor with which he was afterwards distinguished by Gustavus the Third, grew much from this early friendship; but relief for his parents, in their ruined castle across the Baltic, does not appear to have followed.

Stedingk, however, and his younger brother, profited well by their position and a system of education humorously sketched by a late member of his family. Children, at that time, never presumed to sit in the presence of their parents, not even at dinner. Much Latin, much catechism, no wine, no coffee, and the whip every Saturday. "I know not if it was a good system," our authority adds, "but Ourt became field-marshal of Sweden; and Victor, his younger brother, grand-admiral of the fleet."

We have already seen the elder of the brothers, a boy ensign at the siege of Stralsund. In the following year, he was appointed lieutenant of infantry, but enjoyed, nevertheless, the good fortune to be sent to the university of Upsala, where great philosophers, Linné and Celsius, were renowned professors. At the age of twenty-one, he was honorably graduated at the Swedish Alma Mater, and went forth well prepared for the stirring scenes, and all the great variety of his career.

The condition of Sweden at this time was deplorable. The state was divided in two great political factions, alike sordid and corrupt. Bribes from abroad were received unblushingly by senators through the hands of the king's most confidential officers. It was the period of the "Hats" and "Caps": "France and Commerce" against "Agriculture and Russia." It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the corruption amongst all

connected with government. The kingdom was at the mercy of the highest bidder, and nothing could have arrested the sale, but the firmness and promptness of Gustavus the Third;—a great "coup d'état" as it would now be termed, which rendered his reign one of the most remarkable in history.

Our hero arrived in Stockholm from Upsala some short time before this crisis, and was domesticated in the family of his father's ancient friend, Count Charles de Sparre, the governor of the city, a senator, and the leader of the Hats. The youth was often the reluctant bearer of packages of money sent by this personage to various members of the Diet; and whatever was under discussion was usually decided by the weight or lightness of the packages with which he was charged. These things made a lasting impression upon young Stedingk; inspiring him with disgust for the Diet of his own country, and probably preparing his mind for no great friendship for representative assemblies in general. Greater minds than his have been warped and cheated by single experiences less sad than this. His early predilections for military life were therefore rendered by no means less ardent by the contemplation of senatorial proceedings. Under most other circumstances, the necessity of seeking employment under foreign colors might have weighed against his choice of profession, but it had become one of those melancholy cases when love and respect for native country could be better cherished abroad; and Stedingk resolved to take service in France. He carried with him excellent recommendations, and almost immediately received from the French Ministry a subaltern's commission in the "Royal Regiment of Swedes."

A singular incident occurred soon after, which was not without its influence upon the fortunes of Stedingk. Baron Trenck, the famous hero of captivity and misfortune, was the editor of a newspaper in the city of Trèves, and early in August, 1772, he astonished his readers with an announcement that the King of Sweden had accomplished a revolution, that the Senate and Diet had been overpowered by the royal troops, and that the king had assumed absolute power. The Swedish officers in the service of France, quartered at the time in Strasbourg, called upon Stedingk now one of their captains, and charged him with the composition of an address congratulating

the king. It was immediately done; the signatures of all were affixed, and the letter was hurried off by special courier. It reached Stockholm on the 19th, the very day on which the king marched upon the Senate House, and was therefore the first offering of felicitation from abroad. How Trenck became informed of the plot remains to this day among the unexplained mysteries of his life.

It should be understood that while in foreign service, Stedingk still remained nominally in the Swedish army. Gustavus the Third did not forget his playmate, nor did he forget the felicitation and loyal haste of the Swedes in France. The promotion of Stedingk at home kept equal pace with his promotion abroad. He was made lieutenant colonel in France, and four years later was appointed simultaneously colonel of Swedish cavalry and of French infantry. He remained however on duty at Versailles, where he lived in intimate friendship with Count Fersen, another Swedish volunteer in the cause of American Revolution. It was the same gallant hero who drove the carriage of Louis Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette on the night of their flight and seizure; and who, in after life attaining high Swedish dignities, was torn in pieces by a Stockholm mob in the mad belief that he had poisoned the crown prince. Stedingk, no less than his brilliant comrade, became remarkably a favorite of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, whose gaiety and heedless friendship for the all-admired "beau Fersen," scandal did not hesitate to color indelicately and falsely.*

Stedingk was less handsome than his superb friend, but was distinguished for that thorough-bred look which imposes more than actual beauty, and which, with much grace of demeanor, and a physiognomy no less remarkable for an expression of kindness than of his characteristic manliness, never failed to attract and win. His letters at this period already exhibit literary talent. Graphic sketches of military events, and army discipline in France, show him to have become well acquainted with the theory of his profession, and to have been seriously alive to its realities; while, at the same time, his trifle-writing to the elegant gossip upon the throne of Sweden, was skilfully adapted to the taste

and fancy of his correspondent. A specimen of this will throw his military heroism perhaps into stronger relief. The following are extracts of a letter to Gustavus the Third; a familiar account of the birth of a child whose fate seems even yet a mystery, and who, some of us lately believed, had been discovered at last in America, a remote and lonely missionary.

* Versailles, October 23d, 1781.

"SIRE,—

* * * * * The queen has a dauphin—born this afternoon, twenty-five minutes after one. She was perfectly well last evening, played and talked as usual; and this morning, at nine o'clock, after a quiet night, she went into the bath, where she remained somewhat more than an hour. * * * The king, with Monsieur and the Count d'Artois, was ready for the hunt. The carriages were at the gate, and many people had already gone. The king went into the queen's room, and although she would not admit it, he saw she was suffering, and instantly countermanded the hunt. This was the signal for everybody to run to the queen's apartments; the ladies all in *déshabillé*—the men in hunting coats. The doors of the antechamber were closed, and strict order preserved. I called at the Duchess de Polignac's. She had gone to the queen, but I found the Duchess de Guiche, Madame de Polastron, the young Countess de Grammont, and Monsieur de Châlons. It was a cruel quarter of an hour before one of the queen's women, dishevelled and quite beside herself, rushed in screaming 'a dauphin! a dauphin! but not a word must be said about it!' This was impossible. We all sprang from the room into the hall of the queen's guards, and the first person I met was Madame flying to the queen. 'A dauphin, Madame,' I cried out, 'what a blessing!' It was all an accident, and my excessive joy, but it has become a great joke, and the story is told in so many ways that I fear Madame will bear me no great love hereafter. She had not been in the queen's room. There was no one there but Monsieur, the Count d'Artois, the ministers, and a few of the great officers. Everybody else had gone to hunt. The Duke of Orleans returned first,

*Lord Holland's "Foreign Reminiscences." See refutation in London Quarterly Review, 1851.—Littell's Living Age, Number 367.

then the Prince de Condé, and the Duc de Chartres in the evening. The ante-chamber of the queen was a charming picture. The joy was excessive. Everybody's head was turned. People laughed, and then cried. Men and women jumped upon each other's necks, and even people who don't love the queen were glad in spite of themselves.

"Presently, the folding doors of the queen's chambers were flung open, and 'Monsieur le Dauphin' was announced. Madame de Guéméné, radiant with joy, held him in her arms and passed through into her own apartment. Cries of delight and clapping of hands followed, and I think must have penetrated her majesty's heart. It was now who should touch the child, or even the little cushion on which he lay. He was worshipped. The archbishop was for decorating him with a *cordon bleu*; but the king said they must first make him a Christian, and at half-past three he was baptized. It was a most august ceremony; there were crowds of people of rank, and the whole assembly was touched and rejoicing. The king and the princes took places in the middle of the church, and Madame de Guéméné entered by the great door with the dauphin in her arms. The church resounded with applause, and, in spite of the guards, she could scarcely move for the people crowding about her. Cardinal Rohan performed the ceremony in his gorgeous pontifical robes. The joy of the king was delicious. During the whole ceremony his eyes were glued upon the baby, and now and then he laid his hand upon it to make sure his eyes did not deceive him. Count d'Artois proved that his love for their majesties was stronger than self-interest or disappointment for his own children. Everything about him spoke happiness and joy. Monsieur and Madame looked composed. She remained seated throughout the ceremony, claiming to be in an interesting situation, while Monsieur and Madame Elizabeth acted as sponsors for the emperor and Madame de Piedmont. All the royal personages signed the act of baptism; and, after a grand *Te Deum*, the Court retired to the apartments of the infant. Everybody was free to enter his chamber, and, as I am very intimate with Madame de Guéméné, I remained there the whole afternoon. All France seemed to be at the palace. I was sorry to see the little princess, the king's daughter, quite piqued at being now somewhat secondary. She is without

exception the prettiest child I ever saw, but to-day looked to disadvantage, in her efforts to draw attention upon herself.

"The dauphin is a fine large child. He has not cried yet, a good sign of being well. Indeed nothing was ever more lucky, and it is all attributed to the good regime of the queen, and to her daily baths for the last seven or eight months. Monsieur Vernon has gone contrary to custom in all this, and seems to be very proud of it. Everybody had been anxious; the poor queen had not had a happy experience, and she was herself alarmed. * * * * *

"They thought best not to tell her immediately that it was a dauphin, fearing the effect of too much emotion. Everything around, therefore, was kept quiet; and observing in this a sort of constraint, she felt sure it was a girl. She said, 'You see I am resigned—I ask no questions.' The king's eyes overflowed, as he rose and exclaimed, 'Monsieur le Dauphin demands admittance!' Those who saw what followed describe the scene as beyond everything touching. The child was brought to his mother, who at last said to Madame Guéméné, 'take him, he belongs to the State, but I must have my daughter.' * * * * *

But it is high time I finish this bulletin. I beg your majesty's pardon humbly for its incoherence. I heard a courier was to set off for Sweden, and I have no time to collect myself. I cannot deny myself the opportunity of placing myself at your majesty's feet, it is so long since anything may have recalled me to your mind.

"I write this at the Prince de Poix's. He would also place himself at your majesty's feet, as well as Madame de Deux-ponts, and Edward Dillon.

"I am, etc., etc., etc.,

"COURT V. STEDINGK."

The king's replies were usually punctual. He acknowledged "infinite pleasure" in all this gossip. "I laughed," said he, "at your gallant manner of announcing to Madame that her husband's hopes of being King of France were at an end." He made his reply, as usual also, an occasion of advising Stedingk to return to his own country, and like a sterling friend as indeed he knew how to be, wrote some sound sense upon this point. "I know well the attractions and seductions of Paris;

and that the kindness of the queen, whom it is so natural to love, and the charms of a most delightful society, are hard to give up; but on the other hand, your perspective in France is extremely limited by your religion and by your foreign allegiance. A man of condition, moreover, is always better at home than abroad. Reflect on these things, and write your views fully. If I can aid you, it will give me great pleasure."

Few historic characters have more contradictory elements upon their surface than those which puzzle the biographers of Gustavus the Third. Fearless and intrepid as any fabulous knight in the days of old romance, it followed that he possessed many kindred qualities to give lustre to his career. With a resolute self-devotion hardly surpassed, he wrested the government at every personal hazard from a most corrupt and factious aristocracy, and, possessing himself of power more absolute than any autocrat of the day, he was yet great enough to encompass it, of his own accord, with decorous limits;—a fact which, considering the period and the training of the man, should be noted with high honor to Gustavus. Unfortunately, it was not sustained. His country saved, and his fame without a blemish, he travelled through Europe exhibiting the vanity of a boy, and seeking every opportunity to relate the story of his revolution. Incessant applause is unwholesome, and the mind of Gustavus lost its healthfulness. "What reign," exclaimed he to his Council of State—"what reign was ever glorious without war?" He attacked his neighbor ruthlessly and unawares; and his best apologists find no better explanation than that the Russian armies were on distant service, the Swedish mind stood in need of diversion, Pultawa must be avenged, and—the empress called him contemptuous names,—“fancy actor,” and the like. A hesitating and unskilful general, he returned baffled and humiliated, but happily with wiser resolutions. He busied himself with plans for the internal improvement of his country, and encouraged refinement and letters, which did him honor; but there was an insatiate extravagance and love of pleasure which mingled drawbacks in every enterprise. Utterly unable to comprehend events in France, or to profit by their lessons, he could write clever comedies and paint, make music and rear palaces, himself the

architect. He built an elegant opera-house, delighted in masked balls, and disguised as a knight-errant, spent fifty thousand dollars on a single tourney. Ten years later, in the midst of grave administrative cares, and at a time when we are told the loyalty and patriotism of his people needed the stimulus of war, he wrote to Stockholm,—“Bring me the *Æneid*, Molière’s volume of *Fêtes* at Versailles, and Father Ménétrier’s work upon Jousts and Tilting; Ariosto also, Jerusalem Delivered, *L’Esprit des Femmes Célèbres*; bring me these books in Finland; you see we are planning a tourney.” His court was the scene of outrageous scandal; and as it was his dreadful fate to be murdered at last, there seemed to lurk even in the attendant circumstances a sort of appropriate tableau. Charles the Twelfth was murdered in jack-boots in the trenches of a siege, Gustavus the Third in a silken doublet at a fancy ball.

As my countrymen are supposed to have more respect than the Swedes for Voltaire’s historic researches, it may be well to say, that the belief is general in Sweden, that Charles the Twelfth died by the hand of an assassin. Thirty years after the event, and several years after Voltaire wrote, the wound was carefully reexamined, and by testimony, thus obtained, it appears to have been established, that the bullet could not have come from the enemy’s works, but must have been discharged from within the trench in which the king was reclining. A French aide-de-camp, who was in attendance at the moment, has been chiefly suspected, instigated, it was supposed, by the prince and princess of Hesse. The latter, the sister of the king, is related to have bestowed upon this aide-de-camp, who first brought her the news, a golden ewer, in which she was washing her hands. She became Queen Ulrica, and abdicated in favor of her husband, Frederic the First. Voltaire’s defence of the accused parties is rejected by a learned historian of the present day, Professor Geoffroy.

Stedingk, already a man of the world and an accomplished courtier, understood the ladders, by which men climbed more readily in those days, and did not lose his opportunities. He wrote Gustavus enchanting little flatteries, scarcely tainted, however, with the fulsome of style that belonged to the age. He was too manly and too frank for the

dedication phrases of the day, but possessed, nevertheless, much of the adroitness of a modern Raleigh.

In the midst of courtly charms and fascinations, with which he was now surrounded, the war broke out, in which, with a hundred gallant foreigners, he was to become dear to America. Enthusiasm fast grew up in France for the transatlantic patriots, and Europe was amazed to see the ancient court of the Bourbons allied with republican revolution. Great names were inscribed as simple volunteers. Vauban, Noailles, Lauzun, Coigny, Perigord, Ségur, Dillon, Fleury, and abundant others. Lafayette had already sailed in his own ship for the western world, taking with him the veteran de Kalb. Kosciuszko, Pulaski, and Steuben were already in the field, and our Swedes, Stedingk and Fersen, came early to claim the sacred service. Fersen was placed upon the staff of Rochambeau, fought under Lafayette, and received from the hands of Washington in person, the badge of Cincinnati. Stedingk, commanding a brigade of infantry, sailed in 1778, two years earlier than his friend, in the fleet of Count d'Estaing.

* * * * *

At this day, while we may concede the departure of the fleet from Newport to have been an act of prudence and good judgment under the circumstances, it is less easy to understand why the 4000 troops, promised to Sullivan, should not have been landed. It must have been a bitter moment, when the signal to weigh was seen floating at the admiral's mast-head. D'Estaing was not a man to have issued the order without emotion. His heart was controlled doubtless by a deep sense of necessity, and we may fancy the chafing spirit of Stedingk and Dillon, as they gazed from the French decks, their ears saluted with the roar of the American guns booming over the quiet waters of the bay without an echo from their allies.

After two months at Boston, which these events rendered extremely comfortless, D'Estaing sailed for the West Indies. His first essay, the relief of St. Lucia, was unsuccessful, and he was chased by Byron, with a superior fleet, to Martinique. Here he was compelled to decline repeated challenges of the British admiral, who at length sailed

with a convoy. St. Vincent was then taken by the French, and with a fleet largely reinforced, they made their descent upon Grenada. On all these occasions Stedingk won high honor in the bulletins. At Grenada he was a hero in an action of no common character.

The troops disembarked on the 2d of July (1779) in a little cove just beyond the range of the British guns. They scrambled with difficulty over rocks and cliffs, which hem the shore, and were drawn up next morning on better ground, ready for the assault. The English commander, Lord Macartney, had fortified himself, he believed, impreguably, on the summit of a steep hill, which commanded all the surrounding plain. At three o'clock in the morning the French advanced in three columns, Stedingk leading the centre in front of the enemy's main battery. The crest of the hill was at once a sheet of fire. Bombs and grenades fell also from forts and ships in the harbor, thick upon the assailants, who advanced silently almost to the foot of the works, and then rushed forward, storming the entrenchments, one after the other. Stedingk, with a single soldier at his side, was the first man at the main redoubt. It was too high for him to scale without assistance. He desired the soldier to push him up. "No," said the man, whose name ought to have been preserved, "I will mount first and help you to follow." As he spoke, the unknown hero was struck down with a mortal wound, and "his dead body," wrote Stedingk a few days after, "served me as a ladder." The French were ruthless victors, and in the terrible massacre that ensued, it was at the imminent risk of his own life, that our chivalrous Swede, interposing at a timely moment, beat down the bayonets of his infuriated men, and rescued the lives of two young English officers.

The chief treasures of the town had been removed before the action, into the fort. Here and in the town also the booty was immense; and in the harbor no less than sixty vessels became the prizes of the French. At daybreak the English admiral attacked D'Estaing with a fleet of twenty-one ships of the line; but after an obstinate engagement was completely beaten, and having the weather gage, escaped under cover of the night.*

* Stedingk's letter to the Swedish ambassador, in Paris, dated "Grenada, July 12, 1790." Mr. Hildreth calls the naval engagement indecisive, adding, that the English fleet, greatly damaged, put into St. Christo-

Early in the following month the French fleet, increased to twenty-two ships of the line, appeared off the coast of Georgia. The admiral had already despatched letters to Lincoln, the American general at Charleston, and a plan was concerted for the attack upon Savannah. Lincoln marched with a large body of militia, but did not arrive so promptly as D'Estaing expected. The French commander had already invested the town and begun a regular siege; but impatient and anxious, and against the earnest counsel of Stedingk, whose skillful eye detected rashness and impracticability in the enterprise, he suddenly resolved upon an assault. Stedingk relates the unfortunate story in the following letter to the King of Sweden:—

“PARIS, January 15, 1780.

“SIRE,—

“I begged permission to send your majesty an account of our last expedition, but finding nothing upon the subject in the newspapers, and not knowing why the ministry had not published a bulletin, I felt obliged to remain silent, because unhappily nothing of a confidential nature can be written here with any safety. A narrative, however, has at last appeared in the *Gazette de la Cour*. It is tolerably true, but rather too much abridged; and moreover our going to Georgia was not an accident, nor in consequence of stress of weather and ‘broken rudders.’ It was a mature and well-considered plan. The British had shown a disposition to strengthen their hold upon the Southern provinces, which, although less highly cultivated than the North, are more beautiful and more fertile. Masters of Florida and Georgia, it was only also necessary to take Charleston to be masters of the Carolinas, and perhaps of Virginia, where the people are three-fourths Tories. Furthermore, the British foresaw that they must lose something; and rather than lose the South, it would be better policy to give up New England, which, if held in check by Canada and the southern provinces, would necessarily become dependent both politically and commercially. During the preceding summer they had threatened Charleston, but finding the place in a state of defence, and anxious to lose no men, they withdrew without making an attempt. Count D’Estaing foresaw that

if he could destroy General Prevost’s little army before reinforcements could arrive from New York, there would be an end of British dominion in this part of America. There would have remained, in fact, but a handful of English troops at St. Augustine.

“Enterprising, active, and brave in the highest degree, our commander overcame every difficulty and every danger. The anchorage was unsafe, the season was advanced, the weather treacherous, and the landing of troops was attended with unheard-of difficulties. On the other hand, he counted upon powerful assistance from the Americans in their own cause, on the valor of his own troops and officers, and much also upon the good fortune which had often befriended him. The Americans sent us scarcely two thousand men—and these so badly armed, so badly clothed, and I must say so badly commanded, that we could never turn them to much account. We had but little assistance, also, from pilots, and little from the country people. It seemed as if the Americans in general were tired of the war. Their troops were reduced almost to a band of deserters and adventurers from every country; and in drawing a comparison with English soldiers, first rate troops, men well acclimated, well kept and trained to war, it is astonishing that America has not long since been subjugated. One can but have a better opinion of English ministers than of English generals.

“Fifteen days elapsed before we could effect a landing. Several of the transport boats were lost, and before getting over the bar I was three days and three nights in a ship’s long-boat, whose condition was so leaky that we were compelled to fire cannon in distress, although, with several thousand cartridges on board, every discharge threatened to blow us up. All this delay, and the little acquaintance the Americans had with the country, gave General Prevost time to get his troops well posted at Savannah, and to mount in battery more than a hundred and twenty guns. His lines were formed alternately of a redoubt with fraises and palisades covering two hundred men each, and a horse-shoe battery of ten and twelve guns in embasura. Behind this first line, at half musket shot, was a trench in which the enemy had mounted low batteries of swivels and two pounders. In this

pher’s for repairs. Lord Mahon, on the contrary, says that D’Estaing was enabled to avoid an engagement by a timely retreat at night. Of such is the concordance of history.

manner their troops were quite covered from our guns; and behind the trench were *places d'armes*, with cannon and *chevaux de frise*, where the men could rally if driven from the lines, while on an eminence upon which stood the city, there were three batteries from which a plunging fire might command the first redoubts. The whole entrenchment was surrounded by an *abatis* of cedars.

"The solid strength of this position obliged us to open trenches and begin a regular siege. Our numbers, small indeed for such multiplied work, were, including the Americans, but six thousand men; in want of all accessories, and often short of bread. The ardor and the gallantry of the men, however, bore up against everything. We encamped at half cannon shot from the enemy's lines, in a wood which covered us a little, but which was by no means secure shelter against his fire.

"We opened the trench at a hundred and twenty fathoms, and pushed the work half-way to the enemy's lines. Here we mounted twelve and ten-pounders, which we dragged through the sand with infinite trouble. Our fire, however, soon silenced the enemy's outer works, where he had but six twenty-four-pounders, and the rest, nines. We repulsed every sortie that he made, and were on the point of gathering the fruit of our labors, when the fleet became so harassed by heavy weather, and the crews so afflicted by disease and want of refreshment, that Count d'Estaing yielded to the incessant complaints of the naval officers, and determined to change his plan. He resolved upon a general assault, and, as he said, '*sauter le bâton*.' Accordingly, he chose a point some distance from the trench in front of less formidable works of the enemy, but where local difficulties quite counterbalanced.

"I had hitherto commanded the centre. Count d'Estaing wished on the day of the assault to give me the vanguard, and to charge me with the attack of the main redoubt, upon which hung the fortune of the day. I ventured to decline it, and I confidently predicted to him the issue. I entreated him to let me march with a musket, a volunteer by his side. This did not please him at all, and I thought he would deprive me of all command; but, on the contrary, he sent me a reinforcement of four hundred Americans, and persisted in ordering me to make one of the two princi-

pal assaults. Count Dillon commanded the other; Viscount Bétisi, the vanguard, and the Count de Noailles, the reserve. We were resolved to conquer or die—the whole army—with one accord. We crossed a marsh, in which we sank to our waists—struggling along between the redoubts and the batteries, which fired grape close upon us, the passage allowing but six men abreast; but, at length, we forced our way up to the last entrenchment, where I had the pleasure to plant the American flag. Here the enemy swarmed upon us, and a cross fire cut our people to pieces. The advance guard was driven from the redoubt, and falling back upon the rear column, threw it into disorder. Retreat was inevitable. The recall was sounded and we fell back, still under a heavy fire from the batteries. Of nine hundred choice troops which I led into action, four hundred men and thirty-nine officers were dead or wounded. Count Dillon lost almost as many. I had myself been wounded early in the attack (an affair of only three-quarters of an hour), but happily not disabled. The moment of retreat, with the cries of our dying comrades piercing my heart, was the bitterest of my life. Up to that very moment everything had succeeded. My doubts were all gone. I believed the day was our own; and in a moment every hope disappeared. I wished for death, and should have sought it had my own life been the only one I had to throw away. But the safety of four hundred men yet depended upon me, the relics of my brigade, almost without officers, under a murderous fire, and their retreat apparently cut off by a broken bridge. I rallied them fortunately; and the retreat was continued in good order, the enemy charging and vainly trying to break through the column. I got back to camp, bringing in my wounded, two hours after the return of the rest of the army.

"I am, sire, &c., &c., &c.,

"CUST V. STEDINGK."

The assault was made on the 9th of October, 1779. Stedingk's reflections upon the American troops which were present, sad evidences of our forlorn condition at the moment, are unfortunately confirmed to some extent, by Lincoln's own report to Washington, that the southern militia could not be depended upon. Pulaski, mortally wounded, fell more than ever a hero at the head of his

glorious legion. Other corps also well sustained their credit; but it was the darkest hour of the Revolution, and it cannot be wondered that Stedingk and his comrades despaired for us. A dreary fatality, moreover, appeared to rest upon the union of French and American colors. Three successive attempts at co-operation had miscarried; New York, Newport, and now Savannah, where more than a thousand lives were sacrificed in vain. The loss of the British did not amount to sixty. Our worsted allies lifted their anchors with sad forebodings for America; and but for the indomitable spirit of Lafayette, who followed them to Paris and eloquently pleaded our cause, all hope from France would probably have forsaken us. Newport was destined again to witness what men already thought fatality. A fourth time clouds darkened over the union of American troops with those of France, and it was not until Washington and Rochambeau marched side by side to Yorktown, that fortune began to smile upon the allies.

It was no fault of Stedingk that he did not share the crowning glories of the war. He exhausted every device to be re-employed in America, but the failure of the attempt upon Savannah, according to his subsequent letters, evidently brought upon the whole army of D'Estaing the relentless displeasure of the French ministry. Rochambeau's expedition was on foot; but not even the direct influence of Marie Antoinette, actively employed in favor of Stedingk, could obtain employment for him. "The queen told me yesterday at a little party, at the Countess Jules de Polignac's (wrote Stedingk to Gustavus the Third), that she could do nothing to make ministers hear reason. I see then but one way:—that your majesty should do me the favor to write the king, and a word to M. de Maurepas. This would be conclusive. They would not dare refuse; but if your majesty should prefer to write the queen, she will be charmed, and with such a recommendation she would be strong, indeed. The pleasure of making others happy is enough to engage your majesty's consent to this, and, in the meanwhile, I will presume again to add that a foreign regiment under my command would offer an opening to the Swedes, whom your majesty may permit to enter this service, and it

would be easy to manage matters so that our young officers might have a better school here than hitherto. Whatever regiment they give me, I am sure to embark very soon. I have given in a memoir to the ministry to prove the advantage of sending foreign rather than native regiments to America, and I believe I have gained this point at least."

Every effort was in vain. Gustavus did not evince the sympathies Stedingk hoped for, and our hero was reluctantly detained at Versailles. His blood, however, had flowed in the cause, and his name will live on the list of heroes revered in American history. The ministry, well-nigh alone, in France were churlish to the brave Swede. The king gave him the command of an Alsace regiment, and made him knight of the Protestant branch of the order of St. Louis. He endowed him also with a life pension of six thousand francs, and took opportunities to distinguish him with graceful compliments. "We have a warm morning to-day, M. de Stedingk," said Louis the Sixteenth, addressing him in the garden at Versailles, "but not so warm as you found it in Grenada!"

The King of Sweden gave him a colonelcy of dragoons in token of his gallant behavior in America, and made him knight of the order of the Sword. Stedingk wore his honors modestly, and in due time received from Washington the badge of Cincinnatus. He wore it proudly in the saloons of Versailles, until, to his astonishment, he found himself compelled to lay it aside. It is unnecessary to characterize the spirit, which inflicted this humiliation, but we may fancy the feelings of a chivalrous heart, laboring under a sense of no choice but obedience. He wrote to Gustavus:

"Paris, March 24, 1794.

"SIRE,—

"Baron de Stael* has communicated your majesty's order, forbidding Count Fersen and me to wear the insignia of the society of Cincinnatus, instituted by President Washington, for the superior American and foreign officers, who had the good fortune to distinguish themselves during that war.

"I should first of all explain to your majesty, that I have worn this decoration, with all my companions in arms,

* Swedish Ambassador in Paris;—the husband of the authoress of "Corinne."

In France. If I have done wrong, and if I am so unfortunate as to have displeased your majesty, I am most unhappy. I very humbly beg your majesty's forgiveness; but I appeal, however, to your majesty's own sense of justice. Was it possible for me to foresee my error? The Cincinnati, strictly speaking, are not an order. They have neither a grand-master, nor receptions, nor oath; nor, in fact, are there to be nominations in future. It is a society of distinguished men, as is shown upon the insignia, who desired to secure consideration in a country, whose Constitution is founded upon equality. They have obtained the authority of Congress, that the distinction shall be hereditary in their families, and in all these measures they have associated their foreign brothers in arms. If, hereafter, the society become an American nobility, it can be nothing to a Swede or a Frenchman, except a testimonial that they served in America with their sovereign's consent. This is so true, that no express permission to wear the insignia has ever been thought necessary by the King of France, whose ministers replied to those, who requested such permission, that none was necessary, as the society was not an "order." To these considerations another may be added, which your majesty will value highly. One of the first measures of the Cincinnati was to assess themselves for the establishment of a fund for the relief of widows and orphans of officers killed in battle. How could such things be declined? In short, when I received the decoration of the Cincinnati, I saw in it the opportunity of doing good, and an additional proof of the goodness of your Majesty, through whose grace I and my descendants should enjoy an honorable mark of my services. May I presume to add that your majesty had permitted me to accept every advantage that I could obtain in this country; and the Cincinnati I could not refuse. If your majesty forbid me to wear the decoration, my name will nevertheless remain among the members, unless, indeed, you should command me to write to Mr. Washington, to strike it from the list. Whatever your majesty shall find fitting, I have firm confidence in your ever kind judgment, and I pray your majesty to believe that I am incapable of failing in my first and dearest duty: namely, to have no other rule of conduct, than your majesty's will. May I be permitted to

hope, that the course proper for me to pursue may be graciously prescribed, and that the anxiety I feel in having acted against your majesty's wishes may soon be at rest!

"I am, &c., &c., &c."

"CURT V. STEDINGK."

Without comment upon the notion, no less of Stedingk than of a large party even at home, upon the possibility of the Cincinnati becoming a body of American "nobility," let us read the king's reply. Gustavus was travelling in Italy, and his letter was dated

"Rome, March 26, 1784."

"I have just received your letter of the 2d of this month. Your frank confession of the fault you have committed, in decorating yourself, without my permission, with the order of the Cincinnati, is evidence of your confidence in me, and merits, therefore, the indulgence, that my friendship would in any case have prompted. I might say, that, wearing my order of the Sword, and being a Swede, you should not be ignorant, that, both by the statutes of the order, and the laws of the kingdom, you are without authority to accept a mark of honor without permission of the grand-master, and of the sovereign. But for every sinner be there mercy. My ambassador has notified to you my wishes, and I do not doubt that you have conformed to them by laying aside immediately the Cincinnati decorations. You should never have accepted them. I am not misled by a title. The name matters nothing; and be it society or order, it would be neither wise nor politic to permit my subjects, particularly those distinguished by their rank and by my private friendship, to wear, and to think themselves honored by, a public mark of successful revolt against a rightful sovereign:—more especially a revolt whose cause and motives were so unjust, and so unfounded. I do not forget, that America is now regarded as an independent State, and even my ally; but the success, which has legalized the enterprise, cannot justify it. Our own troubles are so lately over, that there exist undoubtedly amongst us the seeds of old divisions, and it is my duty to rid us of every object which might tend to revive them. These are reasons for which you, as well as Count Fersen, are forbidden to accept and to wear this badge or order of the American army; and it is in these terms that I have advised the

King of France, by Cardinal Bernis, of my purpose. I did not know that there were but two of my subjects who had received the Cincinnati. I should, in that case, have given you my reasons at first, in the certainty that you would respect them. This confidence, however, could not have applied to all. You may be at ease now, concerning the effect of your hastiness. I assure you that it is sincerely pardoned, and that I regret extremely the annoyance you feel in laying aside a decoration that you have once worn. The circumstance, however, will in no manner change the feelings of friendship, with which I pray God, &c., &c., &c. "GUSTAVUS."

If Mr. Bancroft had not written his searching fourth volume, we might read this royal letter with incredulity. Had we not been told that a British minister of state, presiding over Atlantic colonies, had called New England an island, and thought Jamaica somewhere near the coast of Italy, it might be difficult to believe that the chief of a state, with a mind of the first order, and trained from boyhood to state affairs, could gravely tell a man like Stedingk that the American Revolution was unjust, and its motives unfounded. In point of fact, there is room for doubt if American affairs are much better comprehended at the present day. Within ten years the writer of these pages, conversing with a learned Theban, a councillor of a king whose broad realm is less distant from America than the nearest province of Gustavus, saw learned eyes widen with astonishment that slaves in the United States are not replenished from the coast of Africa. Surprise became utter incredulity, when it was naturally added that fifty years ago, when the "Law of Nations" found no fault with slave-trade, and all other nations of the earth encouraged and sustained it, the American Congress branded it with odium, and first in all the world punished it with death.

There was, however, more "method" in the ignorance of Gustavus. Forbidding his subjects to read American history,* he would himself teach them its proper value by letters like this to Stedingk. These letters came not from a shallow head, but from a sometimes hollow heart. This is none the less true because the proof is found in facts which tended to our national advantage. Six months before the triumph of the American patriots, Gustavus secretly made overtures to Doctor Franklin, recognizing American Independence.†

He was the first sovereign in Europe who volunteered a friendship for the rebels yet in open war, whom, in his letter to Stedingk, he presently denounced. He professed to glory in the fact, and styled the conduct of these rebels "wise and gallant." This minister signed a treaty with them before their Congress made peace,‡ and yet, twelve months could not elapse before he rebukes a Swedish gentleman for thinking himself honored by the Cincinnati, and for presuming to wear the badge of "a revolt whose cause and motives were so unjust and so unfounded." It would not be difficult to discover the convenient shelter this indignation had hitherto enjoyed, but the subject is not attractive. Rather let us reflect upon the open honor of a later Swedish king, under whose enlightened rule the men of the north are cheered upon the forward march of the times. The proper spirit reflects itself even in a recognition of the long obnoxious Cincinnati. The son of Stedingk, commanding the Lifeguards of King Oscar, wears the insignia daily under his sovereign's eye. The honored inheritance§ decorates the uniform of a Swedish soldier, side by side with imperial diamond stars and crosses; and the fame of Washington, and the justice of his cause, are venerated in the ancient realm of Gustavus the Third as becomes a nation whose patriot, Vasa, was almost a Washington.

* The circulation of the Abbé Raynal's work upon the American Revolution, of which an edition was published in Stockholm, was forbidden by Gustavus the Third under severe penalties.

† Sparks's Dip. Correspondence of the American Revolution; vol. 8, p. 351. Ibid.; vol. 7, p. 8.

‡ The treaty with Sweden was signed in Paris before the 15th of March, 1783. The news of preliminary articles of peace arrived in America on the 13th of the same month, and five weeks afterwards the cessation of hostilities was proclaimed.—Sparks's Dip. Correspondence; vol. 4, p. 76. Hildreth; vol. 8, p. 483.

§ Since the foregoing was written, I have observed, in Mr. Hildreth's History of the United States, that the hereditary principle, in the order of the Cincinnati, was so distasteful to the great civilians of the day that at the first general meeting of the order, in 1784, Washington caused it to be stricken from the statutes. Without doubting a statement of so valued an author, I only leave unaltered what was written under a different impression, because, both at home and abroad, I have seen the badge worn as an inheritance by the present generation.

THE PAINTER'S PORTFOLIO.

I.

DID you observe this face—how nobly grow
 The arching eyebrows o'er the eyes—how slow
 In wise determination rest the lips
 In most suggestive silence? The brow dips
 Securely forward, like a Poet's head,
 Brooding above his verse, that shall be read
 And felt and heard: those little lines to be
 Strong golden-threads in the world's history,
 The chestnut hair, also, not curling, nor
 Straight-hanging, but slow undulating o'er
 The rounded head in wavy lines, the brow,
 Wreath-like, adorning;—for so, sometimes, grow
 Chaplets and garlands natural on those
 Who live a summer life of sweet repose,
 But full of latent power—so did he,
 Of whom this portrait shows the possibility.

He was a Priest in Rome, whom I first knew,
 From loving so his eye's peculiar blue,
 That, with a painter's privilege, one day
 I met him in the street, and dared to say,
 "If you will pardon me, sir, and believe
 I mean the best I can, if 'twould not grieve
 Your grace to humor a poor painter, I
 With your eye's hue would shame this summer sky."

I spoke and paused: a melancholy flame
 Of sympathy into his soft eye came.

"I thank you for your courtesy; nor can
 I be offended that the only man
 Whom I have noted specially should be
 The one who asks what you have asked of me;
 And, as the oldest, I should long ago
 Have spoken to you; but in Rome, you know,
 You strangers are not anxious to entwine
 Yourselves in friendly bonds, with robes like mine."

And he glanced down upon the sables, while
 Meandered on his lips a meaning smile,
 Until he said: "But could you pleasantly
 Pass a few days in Tivoli with me?
 The birds and trees invite you, and the flowers
 Suck wondrous secrets from the mountain showers,
 And breathe them round the little window, where
 Your brow shall bathe in the serenest air
 That breathes on silent Italy: at hand
 The shadeless spaciousness of sea-like land,
 That sweeps against the city-walls, dim seen
 From Tivoli across the lonely green,
 Will give your pictures the deep distances
 That you might hope to find in tranquil seas.
 You shall be lonely: you shall have the day,
 The night, the house, myself—all your own way.
 And, while you paint my portrait, I will be
 A marble fragment of Antiquity,

If so you please, and if you chance to find,
 The more you ponder me, aught to your mind
 For studies of gods, satyrs, devils, and
 Gnomes, poets, or odd fish of sea or land,
 Transfix it on the canvas—let me see
 How many gods or monsters hide in me;
 Your wish and mine invite you; will you come?
 That evening I was in his country home.

II.

And thus I painted him. 'Twas better so—
 A simple portrait—tho' sometimes would grow
 A singular expression o'er his face,
 And all fine features since, I search to trace
 Some hint or shadowed outline of that look,
 Which coloring or copy would not brook.

If you could fancy Cæsar playing dolls,
 Or great Napoleon tumbling on green knolls,
 With summer-idle peasants, raise the head,
 And lean upon the hand, while o'er them fled,
 Like a tale told in lightning, what might be
 Their possible command and majesty,
 Which, indeed, others always saw, but they
 Only for happy hours in some choice day—
 Then could you fancy the one look that gave
 A greater grace to his hair's flowing wave,
 A calmer calm to that pure eye serene,
 A kinglier dignity to that grand mien.

It was a flame in these firm eyes—but, no,
 'Twas rather a suffusion, a keen glow
 Of soul more palpable. Yet I conceive
 You would more surely that strange look perceive
 In this poor picture, if the head declined
 But a leaf's thinness more—perhaps, refined
 The mouth its meaning sweetness more, or here
 A heavier ringlet drooped upon the ear.

No! No! I cannot seize it. Do you see?
 I cannot even guess, coherently,
 With what changed features was the weird look blent,
 Or if the face the least change underwent.
 How could I dream to say it? I did well
 To let the simple portrait simply tell
 How the man looked. These placid features show
 That world of power at rest. Is there a glow
 Of passionate force, of purest love or hate,
 Of delicatest thoughts that emulate
 The fineness of an angel's sympathy,
 That in this face you'd be surprised to see?

Conceive you with what interest I wrought,
 As if I had been painting a pure thought.
 Day dawned and died, but in a trance I lay,
 From conscious dreams to sleep I sank away;
 Woke to this glance, which still could only make
 Me doubt, if, seeing that, I could be yet awake.

III.

At length a month was ended, and the head
 Stood thus upon the canvas; and I said,
 "To-morrow I must back to Rome; I've been
 A trespasser upon your grace, I ween."

And he replied, "You ween as much as I
 That you have been," and made no more reply,
 But went out smiling, and at midnight he
 Said kindly, "If you go from Tivoli
 To-morrow morning truly, I will not
 Plead the perfection of this summer spot,
 Nor the long days without you, nor the trees,
 Which will sigh toward you in the evening breeze;
 Yet, for your picture, I perhaps should say
 I, also, am an artist, in my way."

Then he stopped suddenly, and through my mind
 Went smiling the meek features, time-refined,
 Of Fra Beato, of Fiesole,
 Who drew the forms of angel purity,
 And folded in sweet grace, could never draw
 Men passion-wasted, whom he never saw
 In mild monastic dreams, but painted only
 The pallor of Madonna's melancholy,
 And crowned with real gold in the blue sky,
 And Fra Bartolomeo o'er me smiled
 With his love-brooding virgins, and pure child
 With radiant eyes: in dim procession mild
 These monkish artists and their fair designs
 Passed by and touched me with remembered lines,
 As I at midnight heard the grave priest say,
 "I am an artist, also, in my way."

Then he paused suddenly, and the same smile
 Or look, or hue, steeped his fine features, while
 I thought to see in his portfolio
 Features Homeric, the unbending glow
 Of stern-eyed prophets, fronting evil times,
 And cleaving them with sharp and scornful rhymes,
 Like pointed wings of hopes majestic
 Soaring to purer airs; and the strange thrall
 Of feminine perfection, such as he
 In his rapt beatific world might see,
 Grew, flattering my hope, till suddenly
 He shook my dreaming:—"You'll not hope to see
 Paintings or drawings, and you will not grieve
 To own that you are able to perceive
 That I, a priest, am no religious man—
 I mean no pietist—you would not scan
 My life, and find it a saint's life. I am not
 A mystic or ascetic. This fair spot
 I love because its unobtrusive beauty lies
 Perpetual balm upon my weary eyes.
 I hide my hope in this deep-hearted sky,
 Not for the sequestration, and that God
 Will be more manifest to the poor clod
 I call myself—I call myself not so,
 But live, a man, in this encircling glow,
 Bending myself to all the streams that flow
 From Art and Nature—happiness and woe.

"But why this garb? How early I perceived
That I of my career must be bereaved,
I need not say; but this:—Fate gave to me
Mere birth and hopelessness in Italy;
It is your privilege to smile in hope
Which fits your years, and to suggest that scope,
And power, and the sweet fruit, success, belong
To regal will; and so they do in song,
And in young hope—perhaps in fact—
That matter my few words shall leave intact.

"When presently I found to me denied
My natural avenues of life, I tried
My skill in painting, for an artist's soul
Burned in me always, tho' supreme control
Of men, not brushes, came more naturally;
And that, impossible, abandoned—see!
Sculpture the same, all plastic arts, which none
Could feel more inwardly than I, all gone
From my attainment, for the lack of skill
To use the tools—then went a chilling thrill
Quite through me for a day—the utter sting
Of hopelessness of realizing
Aught equal to my power—and yet was left
The calmness to behold myself bereft
Of opportunity. 'Tis a fierce day
When a proud man must proudly turn away
From the grand outline of a hope-sketches life,
Relinquish the world's mistress for his wife,
And wed a pretty peasant. So, serene,
(It is my nature, not my pride, I ween)
I turned to the sole art I could pursue.
Shaven and habited in this dark hue,
I serve at the high altar as you serve
Your lofty Muses. My thoughts never swerve
From this artistic ritual. The Church
May be the vulture whose unyielding clutch
Throttles the springing hope of Italy,
And makes my life a shadowed field to see,
Flowerless but green. Yet, if to my mind
In her magnificence lies deep enshrined,
Deeper than what her ministers express,
A heart of Art's serenest loveliness—
Is it not beautiful revenge to wring
My satisfaction from herself; to sing
In their wise-worded phrases, the sweet praise
Of what transcends her knowledge and her ways?

"Now you could paint a Venus which would be
Another than that of Antiquity,
And yet no less a Venus; so can I
Serve at the altar well and faithfully,
And yet believe not that the wine I drink
Is sacred blood, more than you need to think
The paint you use makes the expression
Of Beauty which it shows. That I am won
And held to such a life, perhaps is strange.
It may be sad, to you, but in the range
Of Art was there no other for me; and
I yielded gently to the guiding hand
That led me hither. Mark well! this is play,
I know, with you; but my Life had no day

Of fit development. This is to me—
This Art—what Botany, Conchology,
And other studies are to other men,
Only a recreation."

Pausing then,
His glances swept my features to desory,
If I well understood. His placid eye
Seemed satisfied. Silent he rose, and turned
To leave the room; the wasted candle burned
In his right hand, and in fine shadow threw
His noble profile on the wall. He drew
Once a long breath—looked wistfully at me,
For a brief space, as wishing I might see
What words can never utter. Bowing then,
He closed the door: I saw him not again.

AMAVI.

I LOVED: and in the morning sky
How fairy-like the castle grew!
Proud turrets ever pointing high,
Like minarets, to the dreamy blue;
Bright fountains leaping through and through
The golden sunshine; on the air
Gay banners streaming;—never drew
Painter or poet scene more fair!

And in that castle I would live,
And in that castle I would die; *
And there, in curtained bowers, would give
Heart-warm responses—sigh for sigh;
There, when but one sweet face was nigh,
The orient hours should glide along,
Charmed by the magic of her eye,
Like stanzas of an antique song.

O foolish heart! O young Romance,
That faded with the noon-day sun!
Alas for gentle dalliance,
For burning pleasures never won!
Oh, for a season dead and gone—
A wizard time, that then did seem
Only a prelude, leading on
To sweeter portions of the dream!

I loved: but withered are Love's flowers;
No longer, in the morning sky,
That fairy castle lifts its towers—
Like minarets, ever pointing high;
Torn are the bannerets, and dry
The silver fountains in its halls.
But the wild sea, with endless sigh,
Moans round and over the crumbled walls!

AFRICAN PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

UPON the western coast of Africa there is a lagoon so lovely, that the foreign residents, borrowing the enamored phrase of the natives, know it only as "the beautiful Ossa." It lies parallel with the north side of the Bight of Benin, extending from the river Ogum at Lagos on the east, nearly to the river Volta on the west—a distance of two hundred miles. It is separated from the sea by a barrier of land, sometimes a mere strip of sandy beach, but elsewhere stretching to the width of two miles, and bearing towns of five thousand inhabitants upon its surface. The lagoon itself varies in breadth from seventy yards to six miles, but is always shallow, smooth, and gentle, with a current from west to east, not exceeding two miles an hour;—and it is adorned with a wealth of beauty which can be but a dim though delicious dream, to those who have not themselves floated among the perilous enchantments of an African river.

As we glide, propelled by poles, along the gentle current, our way is only impeded by white water-lilies, white flag flowers, and floating islands of the delicate emerald *Pistia*. Mangrove trees rise along the banks in occasional swampy clusters, tokens of a slight influx of salt tide; the tree does not exceed fifteen feet in height; while the drooping branches take root in the bed of the stream, and form a strange colonnade. If the water were lower, we should be startled by the sight of enormous oysters clinging to these branches, like uncouth and ragged flowers; but it is the season of high water now, which conceals roots, and suckers, and copper-colored mud, and shows only the rank leaves and the red pods. Elsewhere the mangroves are wanting, and the stately trunks of a more varied forest form an endless avenue for our wondering progress; aloes, agaves, dates, tamarinds, iron-wood, feathery cocoas, and broad-leaved bananas. There are vistas of luxuriant palms, the most graceful aisles in Nature's cathedral; there are fig-trees, with their red wood, white bark, and conspicuous fructification; there is the immense and clumsy *Baobab*, or monkey-bread-fruit tree, with its pendant clusters; there is the kola-nut tree, whose pods are so precious to the native; there is the shea-butter tree, whose as-

pect was compared by Mungo Park to the American oak, and by Duncan to the English laurel, and which supplies the whole region with the luxury pressed from its oily kernels; and there is the monarch of the tropical forest, the superb *Bombax*, or silk-cotton tree, towering 150 feet below the fork of the branches. These last trees have their English name from a white down, similar to that of the Balm of Gilead, which their branches disseminate; and their immense white trunks, seen in mist or twilight, resemble full-sailed ships becalmed.

All this fringing forest is hung with a superb drapery of climbing orchidaceous plants and vines, among which countless blue and white convolvuli peer out their fresh blossoms—the glory of the African morning. Jasmynes fill the air with odor. Strange fragrant parasites trail and twist in thick festoons over every stem, and toss from bough to bough their showers of blossoms, crimson, pink, and white. There is one vine, the *Mucuna*, which winds up the tall trees to the very top, and thence lets fall its threadlike flower-stalks, many feet in length, and covered with yellow blossoms.

Among the branches of these trees, and through the gorgeous openings of these festooning vines, there flit and warble birds whose song and splendor are unknown in zones more temperate; the red-necked horn-bill with its hoarse cry; the red and yellow weaver-birds, whose oval nests hang suspended, sometimes two hundred on a single tree; sultanas or water-hens, green, violet, and white, with a distinct black arrow down the breast; the African oriole; the night-jar, with its long filamentous streamer in each wing; gorgeous little sunbirds, white, green, blue, or crimson; rose-winged parakeets, crimson nut-crackers, scissor-bills, cranes, kingfishers, oxpeckers, guinea-fowls, and all the rest. Little monkeys spring from tree to tree, as if to race with us as we float slowly by; there peeps out a red-cheeked squirrel, and there whirs a flying-squirrel with a spiny tail; on the sides of the scarlet ant-heaps bright lizards bask in the sun; and a drove of small slender-legged antelopes glides silently away, as we approach. Nearer a hippopotamus splashes unseen among the long Guinea-grass at the edge of the la-

goon; and that scaly log, which suddenly moves out of the sunshine into the water, is an alligator.

Amidst the forest there occur patches of cultivation, with plantains, yams, cassada, sugar-canes and bananas. Adjoining these are huts consisting of rude frame-work, thatched with reeds, and hung with mats of split bamboo. Where an eddy occurs, we often see a fishing-hut, built of wicker-work, and raised on high poles; the plantain-fibre net hangs below, ready to be drawn up, whenever the fisherman from his height observes the fish within reach. The fish are attracted (as our Down-Easters collect mackerel) by scattering bait upon the water: sometimes they substitute the powdered leaves of a leguminous plant, which stupefy the prey so that they can be caught by hand. Sometimes, also, they stake out a sort of trap in the water, like an English eel-trap, with a sliding door; and sometimes they fish with hook and line. All these processes we may watch from the water, as we pause, at times, to pay toll at some barrier, made of alternate piles and bars. Meanwhile a canoe, hollowed from a cocco-trunk, and bearing a dusky native, glides out of a creek and disappears in another; or a royal canoe comes in sight, bearing a red flag to denote the presence of some sable majesty, clothed in an English military coat, and with another tattered flag for drapery. Or perhaps a darker scene occurs; and yonder fatal and perfidious bark contains a shipment of newly-captured slaves, naked, branded, ironed, and never to float upon the lovely lagoon again.

Evening drops suddenly. For an hour or two the air is intensely close, until the night-wind blows, and with it the unhealthy fog (like what is oddly called in the East Indies "the essence of owl") comes creeping from the bushes. But the hour of stifling quiet that precedes is a time of strange impressiveness to a novice in the tropics. As we look into the dense jungle, the dark leaves are gorgeous with fire-flies; the five stars of the southern cross glitter over the brown ripples of the current; or the new moon, which all through western Africa is the signal for rejoicing and sacrifices, calls forth wild groups to join in the dance, and their drums and horns resound from the distance. Close by, there is a volume of sound from innumerable insects; tree-frogs and bull-frogs join in the serenade; the bell-bird tolls his long clear note,

which can be heard from three to four miles (in Africa as in South America);—and the low solemn roll of the distant ocean merges all minor sounds into a grander music.

But lest our readers should complain of being thus transported, even to "the beautiful Ossa," without being shown the way, we will warn them, that before reaching these tranquil waters, they must incur the peril of landing on the beach outside. This is no slight thing; there are points where the surf has heaped the sand into cliffs almost inaccessible at any time; and there are seasons of the year when all access is impracticable, at any point. At the stillest times and places, the surf rolls onward in three distinct ridges, through whose foam the most experienced native boatman cannot always guide the boat in safety. These boats are flat-bottomed, rising at each end;—the passengers being placed in the bow, and surrounded by high weather-boards to keep off the spray. The oarsmen are a joyous race, such as is found all along the coast, singing songs in their broken English, and occasionally hitting the sides of the canoe with their paddles in cadence. They sing perhaps, "Man-o'-war come again, come again, come again," with an occasional "whist," and a long stroke of the paddle;—then "white man, good man, dash (give) a dollar, dollar, dollar," "white offisher, dash dollar, big white dollar,"—and so on;—until they reach the more dangerous part of the surf, when the song is exchanged for a slow religious invocation, and at last we are landed on the beach. This we cross, take boat again upon the lagoon, and land at last in Badagry.

Badagry is not a spot sufficiently attractive to detain us long. If the character of the place disgusts us, let us remember that it is Europe and America which have made it what it is. But for what is called "Christian civilization," Badagry would have been a town like the inland towns—happy, industrious, busy in agriculture, in the simplest mechanical processes, and the simplest commerce,—that, namely, in which it takes a whole day of shouting and gesture to purchase a yam; busy above all with discordant music in honor of the great god Oberan, and his incarnations, Ifa and Orisha. Christian civilization has, however, interfered, and made this population a base, besotted, violent race, whose imports are rum and tobacco, paid for in human bodies and souls. Indeed

the Badagrians are types of the class of whom Captain Allen, of the Niger expedition, declares, that they prefer their liquor unmixed. "At the sea-side, King Boy and his royal relatives would swallow vast quantities of rum undiluted, but, as we advanced into the interior, more unsophisticated palates were found, and it would gradually bear more water, until at last moderately strong grog had a very potent effect."

Under these circumstances, it is not strange that Badagry did not prove a successful missionary station. The eleven thousand wild Popos, or Dahomians, preferred their civilization, as they did their rum, undiluted by any purer element. In 1845, the English Church Missionary Society sent six missionaries thither, "a church and dwelling-house were built, a day and boarding-school for boys, and a Sunday-school for adults were established." But now the Society have only to report, with desponding brevity, that "the Popos have neglected their opportunity, and the mission is now withdrawn." In fact, Badagry was to the missionaries only a stepping-stone to Abeokuta and the great Yoruba country: they used it for this, and so have we.

For we wish to introduce the reader, not to a drunken town of 11,000 inhabitants, but to a wide nation of 3,000,000—a people active, keen, commercial, ingenious, affectionate, moral, with a remarkable language, and the most remarkable collection of proverbs ever discovered among a people possessing no other literature. They are a people whom Lander praised,—who have in the West Indies shown themselves superior to any other emancipated negroes, who have imparted a new life to Sierra Leone, since their exiles recruited its population, and who have (in their own country) put the only serious check to the advancing power of the Mohammedan Tellatahs. The check, however, was not complete, for a large part of the Yorub country (which once extended from the Niger to Dahomey) has been subjected or alienated, though the tide of conquest appears now to be checked.

As we now go up from Badagry into Yoruba Proper, we shall see many traces of those sanguinary wars in which Mohammedans have been only the agents of Christian civilization, in capturing victims for the slave trade. We shall see desolate farms and ruined villages, sometimes twenty in a day. Only the tired traveller now plucks these cocoa-nuts and

bananas, or drinks from these sparkling fountains in the groves of palm. Yet the country is now at peace. The people in the cities and villages will be glad to see us. We shall stop at the suburb of Awoyade (according to custom), and send notice of our approach to Abeokuta. The public crier will be at once despatched to notify the citizens;—dressed in his professional garb of many-colored native cloth, with his head-dress of black monkey-skin, adorned with coins. He will strike his stick upon the singular bell, which he carries in one hand, while the other hand grasps his ferocious broadaxe, with its toothed and knotted handle. He will tell the chiefs that we are coming, and they will assemble in the public square, with their gaudy umbrellas, and spend the remainder of the day in discussing as to who shall have the honor to entertain us.

The successful competitor leads us to his house—an assemblage of clay-built huts, surrounding an inclosure. In these huts the several branches of the family reside. The roofs are thatched with palm-leaves, and their overhanging eaves form a sort of veranda, and shelter the out-door seats which the family chiefly occupy. The houses are dark, being windowless, but the doors are always open, and the floors are paved with clean-swept fragments of broken pottery. The walls are sometimes colored with various clays, and the wooden doors are rudely carved with figures of heads, of swords, and of uncouth alligators. Our couch is a mound of earth, covered with a leopard's skin, and a piece of scarlet cloth; or, perhaps, only with mats and some dry grass.

In the morning we breakfast with the family at seven. That is to say, the whole household repairs to a cook's shop, to partake of a bowl of gruel made of Indian corn. The principal meal is taken a few hours later, and consists of balls of Indian corn, called "dengé," served up in a sauce made of meat and vegetables, with salt and pepper. The family sits in a circle, around a large earthen bowl; each takes his ball of corn, and dips his portion in the sauce as he eats it.

If we visit the markets, we shall see an array of commodities which, on every fifth day, assumes an increased variety and importance. Indian and Guinea corn, beans, sugar canes, yams cooked and uncooked, meat, fish, fowls, *dried rats*; pepper, ginger, pine apples, oranges,

plantain, bananas, apples, papaws, limes, ground nuts, kola nuts, rice, cassada, ready-made soup, palm wine, palm oil, beer; cotton raw or in reels, cloths, sandals, leather bags and embroidered cushions, saddles, stirrups and bits, knives, axes, swords, hoes, earthenware, carved and colored calabashes, ropes and cords, baskets, grass mats, clay pipes, blue and red dye-balls of Tephrosia and camwood, and whips of rhinoceros skin. All these things are the product of native skill; and Christian civilization adds rum and gunpowder. If we wish to purchase any of these commodities, we must pay in white shells or coorries, whose value was estimated by Lander at an English shilling a thousand, though the author of "Abbeokuta, or Sunrise within the Tropics," puts a much higher price upon them.

The habits we describe are common to all the towns of the Yoruba region. The peculiarity of Abbeokuta is its having been the point selected by a large band of returned Sierra Leone emigrants, who went thither in 1846, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society. It would appear from the narrative just quoted, that some good results have followed from this introduction of missionaries, besides the baptizing of several hundred nominal converts out of a population of nearly a hundred thousand. It appears that kidnapping has decreased in that precise part of Yoruba proper; human sacrifices have almost ceased (though this has occurred also in wild Dahomey); and the singular observances of native religion, called "country fashion" by the people, are considerably diminished. The converts do not now worship large trees, nor the hills of the "bug-bugs" or ants. They do not throw slaves into the river to propitiate the water-deity Yemaja; nor offer sacrifices, as formerly, to *their own foreheads*, a symbol which we commend to our phrenological friends. And they have greatly slackened their devotions before "the twenty-one palm nuts and the sixteen pieces of iron, which, suspended on a piece of iron, represent the goddess Ila."

These things were not, however, effected without great opposition from the friends of "country fashion." Oro was implored to defend himself (apparently a sort of policeman of the deities, who keeps order in towns); and the priests cried aloud against the missionaries, "Oh, Lion of the book-people, seize them, seize them." One woman's

house was assaulted because she had taught her little boys to read; in her despair she bade the children chant the alphabet aloud, and the rioters, unfamiliar with district school performances, thought it a magical incantation, and moved on. In most cases, they scourged the female converts, and shaved the heads of the men, "to shave off baptism." But it was all borne with a patience that amazed them. They asked, "what is it that Oibo (the white man) gives you to drink that makes your hearts so strong?" The surprise was increased by the circumstance noticed in the missionary operations of all religions, that the stoutest unbelieving Sauls were frequently found among the prophets at last.

The history of these transactions will be found well recorded in the work above mentioned, "Abbeokuta," published by the Church Missionary Society, and recently reprinted. The missionaries have labored faithfully for eight years, and have made many native proselytes, in addition to a number of returned Christian negroes from Sierra Leone.

The chief opposition to their movements has naturally come from the native princes, whom the transatlantic slave trade had demoralized. The most deadly evidence of this was in the Dahomian attack in 1851.

The Dahomians are the most formidable race in western Africa, unless we distinguish them from the Fellatahs, of whom they form a branch. Town after town has fallen before them; in one case, the enormous number of 20,000 slaves is estimated to have been led captive from a single city. Abbeokuta was, of all places, most hateful to King Gezo; and, when in May, 1850, his capital was visited by Commander Forbes and Mr. Beecroft, and 5,000 female warriors were paraded before them, "the fierce cry went up from these unhappy women, 'Give us Abbeokuta! Attappahm is destroyed; give us Abbeokuta!'"

The remonstrances of the Englishmen were vain; they only obtained a delay, and warned the Yorubans of their danger. On Monday, March 3, 1851, the final attack took place. The city was walled on three sides, and exposed on the fourth; but, thanks to the friendship of the inhabitants of Isagga (a town seventeen miles distant) the invaders approached it on the strongest side. Yet there was a formidable disproportion between

the forces. The Yorubans could muster only 8,000 fighting men, none of whom were well disciplined; the Dahoman army mustered 10,000 men and 6,000 women, the latter being (as is now well known) the flower of the troops of that nation. As the enemy approached on the southwest, the old, the sick, and the children of the city, were seen pouring in weary procession from the northeastern gates. The missionaries ascended a high rock within their precinct, and watched the battle. Had the attack been made as at first intended, no power could have saved the city; the mission premises would have been the battle ground, and all would have perished. As it was, the trembling fugitives called as they passed, "Oh, white man, and white man's God, save us!"

The battle was fought for six weary hours, under the full heat of a tropical noonday sun. Its result was, the complete discomfiture of the invaders. Three thousand of the Dahomians were estimated as killed, and one thousand were taken prisoners. This includes the result of a long and hot pursuit by the Yorubans. But not less than eighteen hundred lay dead before the walls of Abeokuta, and "*they were chiefly women, who are always placed in the foremost of their battles, as more to be depended on.*" In the spot where the conflict had been hottest, one of the missionaries counted eighty dead bodies lying within an area of a few yards; and *all of these, except five, were women!*

Such are the scenes of wild terror which diversify life in Africa. But it is not our object to describe the manners of the Yorubans, or to write their history, but to present the peculiarities of their language and their mental character, as developed, chiefly in the writings of Rev. Samuel Crowther, a Christian native, educated in England, and ordained by the bishop of Sierra Leone. We are also indebted to Bishop Vidal for some general observations, prefixed to Mr. Crowther's Yoruban vocabulary; and we shall, in the ensuing remarks, draw freely upon these sources, deferring all apologies for our own shortcomings in African philosophy till we find some one else who knows enough to teach us.

The Yoruban language is a very remarkable one, differing from all other African dialects. It is not, perhaps, superior in elaborateness and regularity to the Woloff and Kafir languages; but it appears to be strong where they

are weak, and weak where they are strong.

1. It resembles them, however, in its first peculiarity, namely, the regularity of the formative process by which verbs become nouns, through a system of prefixes. This is so perfect, that it permits the indefinite enlargement of the vocabulary, for popular or scientific purposes, without the possibility of misconception. The following table will sufficiently illustrate this:

Se, "sin;" the original idea of the verb.

Ese, "sin;" the noun.

Leese, "to have sin;" verb of possession.

Elese, "one who has sin;" noun of possession.

Ilese, "the act of having sin."

Ailese, "the not having sin."

Lailese, "to possess freedom from having sin."

Alailese, "one who possesses," &c.

Again we have

Fa, "love." *Ife*, "the act of loving."

Afe, "the state of loving." *Atife*, "the beginning to love. *Aife*, "the state of not loving;" and so on.

In the South African dialects, however, there is a system of *classification* in these prefixes, distinguishing animate from inanimate objects, which is entirely wanting in the Yoruba language.

2. In the Yoruba tongue, moreover, there is a singular euphonic concord between the verb and the pronoun, by which the form of the pronoun varies with the vowel sound of the verb. Indeed, the pronoun of the third person singular has seven different forms, each being a simple vowel-sound to correspond with that of the verb. The same variations occur, to some extent, in the negative particle. In other African dialects there are euphonic changes, but they are effected by means of consonant sounds, not by vowels.

3. A great peculiarity of all other African languages is the perfection of that mode of conjugation, termed by Bunsen the Semitic: namely, by *varying the root*. In the Hebrew there are seven conjugations, eight in the Arabic, eight in the Kafir, eleven in the Alpongwe and Woloff—including the Preparatory, the Iterative, the Diminutive, and the Intensive Negative. But all these are wanting in the Yoruba, where conjugation is only effected through the auxiliary verbs, *the root remaining unaltered*.

4. We may mention one more peculiarity of this language, in the singular

perfection of its adverbial system. Each adverb includes the idea, not only of a certain qualification, but also of a distinct *object* of qualification. Thus every adjective has its appropriate adverb, and every adverb is limited in its application. In English, there is scarcely an adjective, to which the adverb "*very*" could not be prefixed. We should say, for instance, "the tree is very high," "the bird flies very high," "this cloth is very yellow," "the scarlet is very red," "the glass is very dazzling." But to use any corresponding adverb thus freely in Yoruba, would ruin our reputation as scholars. We must say "*iggi ga fofio*," "*eiye fo tiantian*," "*aso yi pon rokiroki*," "*odido pipa roro*," and so on. This is, of course, an additional burden upon the memory of the student, but it gives proportionate compass and accuracy to the language.

It is past question, that the most remarkable result of our knowledge, respecting the Yoruba language, is to be found in the wonderful richness and variety of their Proverbial Philosophy. We are aware, that this department of literature does not belong to the intellectual maturity of a nation. In fact, Lord Chesterfield avers, that no man of fashion ever uses proverbs. But our Yoruba friends are by no means men of fashion. Yet nothing tests the natural quickness and keenness of a nation more than its proverbs, and tried by this test, the Yorubas are triumphant. They have no poetry, no oratory; all the intellect of the race is condensed into proverbs. In fact, they constitute a sort of poetry. Every object affords its metaphor, every thought becomes an aphorism; and not this only, but the most elaborate of these sentences assume invariably that Oriental parallelism, which is the primary formation of poetry. Every feature of Hebrew verse, as analyzed by Lowth and Herder, with all their classification of "gradational, antithetic, synthetic, and inverted," finds its corresponding trait among the Yorubas.

Observe, for instance, the following couplets:

Bi iwo ko li owo, o li ena;

Bi iwo ko li ena, o li ohun re li ennu.

"If you have no money (to give), you may pay visits;

If you cannot visit, you may send kind messages."

Again:

Aki igba akaka lowo akili;

Aki igba ille babba enni lowo enni.

"No one can cure a monkey of squatting;

So no one can deprive a man of his birthright."

Again (we spare the reader the original):

"A pistol has not a bore like a cannon;

A poor man has not money at his command like the rich."

"A wild boar, in the place of a pig, would ravish the town;

And a slave, made king, would spare nobody."

Sometimes we find a triplet:

"The world is an ocean,

Mankind is the (lagoon) Ossa,

One cannot swim, so as to cross the world."

Again:

"Sorrow is before weeping,

Mortification is after trouble,

All the community assemble, they find no sacrifice against mortification."

Sometimes the verses are even longer, and sometimes the arrangement of the lines is reversed. The following illustrates this, and also shows the accuracy of the national ear:

"Three elders cannot all fail to pronounce the word *ekulu*;

If one says *ekulu*,

The second may say *ekulu*;

But the third will say *ekulu*."

Once more, still more elaborately:

"When the day dawns,

The trader takes his money,

The spinner takes her spindle,

The warrior takes his shield,

The weaver takes his batten,

The farmer wakes, himself and his hoe,

The hunter wakes, with his quiver and his bow."

This final rhyme is an irresistible temptation of the translator. The original has rhythm—but not rhyme. The following example shows the nearest approximation to rhyme, in a sort of unmeaning metrical jingle—

"*Ojo pa batta*

Bata batta bata,

Li ori apatta;

Li ode ajalubata,

Bata ni iggi, batta li awo.

The rain on the bata (shoes)

Goes patter, patter, patter;

As on the apatta (rock);

In the street of the ajalubata (head drummer)

The bata (drum) is of wood, the batta (shoes) of skin."

As it is the main object of this essay to give a full exhibition of these aphorisms, we proceed to make a copious selection from the mass. Those who have read Mr. Trench's recent "Lessons from Proverbs" will find an especial interest in these specimens, though they have been almost wholly overlooked by that agreeable writer. We have arranged these under approximate heads, and added some explanations and references.

1. PRACTICAL PROVERBS.

He runs away from the sword, and hides himself in the scabbard. ("Out of the frying-pan into the fire.")

The stirrup is the father of the saddle. ("C'est le premier-pas qui coûte.")

He who has no cross-bow but his eyebrow will never kill anything. ("Barking dogs never bite.")

If your stomach is not strong, do not eat cockroaches. (Moderation.)

If one cannot build a house, he builds a shed. ("Half a loaf," &c.)

One lock does not know the wards of another.

A bald-headed person does not care for a razor.

The thread is quite accustomed to follow the path of the needle.

The sword shows no respect for its maker. ("Bad actions return to plague the inventor.")

The sole of the foot is exposed to all the filth of the road. ("Evil communications," &c.)

The pot-lid is always badly off; the pot gets the sweet, the lid gets the steam.

Without powder a gun is only a rod.

When the man on stilts falls, another gets the bamboo (stilt)—(i. e., "Pride shall have a fall.")

The pestle and the mortar have no quarrel between them—(i. e., they are only instruments of another.)

The covetous man, not content with gathering the fruit of tree, took an axe and cut it down. (The goose with the golden egg.)

I almost killed the bird, said the fowler. Almost never made a stew, was the reply. ("Almost takes away half.")

It is only the water which is spilt; the calabash is not broken: (that all is not lost.)

He chokes me like ekuru. (Said of a tedious person. Ekuru is a very dry cake;—"the remainder biscuit.")

He who waits for chance will have to wait a year.

God made different creatures differently. (The original has a jingle to it, like "many men many minds.")

Want of consideration and forethought made six brothers pawn themselves for six dollars.

A one-sided story is always right. Ear, hear the other side, before you decide.

He who marries a beauty, marries trouble.

Though a man may miss other things, he never misses his mouth.

We wake, and find marks on the palm of our hand, but we know not who made them; we wake, and find an old debt, and cannot remember how we incurred it.

If the poor man's rafter does not reach the roof in the morning, it will reach it in the evening. (This refers to a traditional poor man who advised splicing two rafters in raising a house; and whose advice was at first despised, and finally followed.—See Eccl. ix. 5.)

The bill-hook cut the forest, but with no profit to itself; the bill-hook cleared the road, with no profit to itself; then it was broken, a ring was put on its handle, and it was still kept at work. ("Sic vos non vobis.")

2. PROVERBS DRAWN FROM NATURE.

The dawn comes twice to no man.

To-day is the elder brother of to-morrow, and a copious deer is the elder brother of the rain.

One day's rain makes up for many day's drought. ("It never rains but it pours.")

When the rain beat upon the parrot, the woodcock rejoiced, thinking that his red tail was spoiled, but the rain only increased its beauty.

The sprout of the iroko tree, must be plucked while it is yet tender. ("As the twig is bent," &c.)

The parasite (vine) claims relationship with every tree.

To be trodden upon here, to be trodden upon there, is the fate of the palnut in the road.

Unless the tree falls, one will never get at the branches.

No one should ask the fish, of what happens in the plain, nor the rat of what happens in the water.

It was the death of the fish, which introduced it to the palace.

The rat said, I am less angry with the man who killed me, than with him who dashed me on the ground afterwards. ("Adding insult to injury.")

The *ajao*, is neither rat nor bird. (Said of persons who are "neither one thing nor the other,"—"neither fish, flesh, nor good red-herring!")

When the hawk hovers, the poulterer looks uneasy.

It is easy to cut up a dead elephant.

If the *agiliti* (or guana), will die to-morrow for want of water, rain will surely come to-morrow. ("Man's extremity is God's opportunity.")

If you abuse the *ettu*, you give the *awo* the head-ache. (*i. e.* Persons feel elights cast upon their relatives;—these being two birds of the same genus.)

Conquer the *agballe*, you must conquer the *arabi*. (Two insects always found together.)

The veranda in the house of a tortoise, will not accomodate a guest. (The veranda being the projecting part of the shell. Said of inhospitable persons.)

When the fox dies, no fowl mourns; for the fox rears no chickens.

When the fish is killed, his tail is inserted in his own mouth. (Applied to one who suffers for his own misdeeds.)

When fire burns in the fields, the flakes fly to the town.

The crow was going to Ibara; a breeze sprung up behind. This will help me along famously, said the crow.

He is a fool who cannot lift an ant, and yet tries to lift an elephant. ("Strain at a gnat," &c.)

3. PROVERBS SHOWING A FEELING FOR NATURAL BEAUTY.

Behind and before, the butterfly praises God, yet, when touched, it crumbles like a cinder.

Heaven and earth are two large calabashes, which, being shut (together), can never be opened.

There is no market in which the dove with the prominent breast has not traded (alluding to the shape of the cowries used as money).

Twinkling, twinkling, twinkling stars; like so many chickens behind the moon.

The mock-bird says—I sing 200 songs in the morning, 200 at noon, and 200 in the afternoon, and yet I sing many frolicsome notes for my own amusement.

[The proverbs abound in evidences of observation of animal peculiarities. We also find striking descriptive phrases,

such as *So-orum*, the setting sun, when it appears like a globe. *Eni-awen*, the flickering appearance of a rarefied atmosphere under sunshine, supposed to proceed from an underground fire made by the tortoise to kill the trees by burning the roots.]

4. COMMERCIAL PROVERBS.

The trader never confesses that he has sold all his goods, but, when asked, will only say, "Trade is a little better."—(Proverbs, xx., 14.)

The palm of the hand never deceives one. ("A bird in the hand," &c.)

Men think the poor man is not as wise as the rich, for (they say) if he were wise, why is he poor? (Can Wall street devise a more ingenious defence?)

He is as persuasive as a seller of cakes. (Sam Slick can say nothing more to the point.)

The borrower, who does not pay, gets no more money lent him.

He runs into debt, who cuts up a pigeon to sell by retail.

A man walks freely before his defamer, when he knows that the latter has not twenty cowries in his pocket. (Quite a new modification of the "vacuus cantabit" philosophy!)

A gift is a gift, and a purchase is a purchase, but no one thanks you for "I sold it very cheap."

Ajé (god of money) often passes by the first caravan that arrives, and loads the last with blessings. ("The race is not to the swift," &c.)

Inordinate gain makes a hole in the pocket. ("He earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes."—Haggai, i., 6.)

5. PROVERBS OF COMPASSION.

The wicked man would not treat his own child as he treats those of others.

A slave is not a block of wood (*lit.*, child of a tree). When a slave dies, his mother hears nothing of it; yet the slave, too, was once a child in his mother's house.

Birth does not differ from birth; as the freeman was born, so was the slave.

The *aro* (a sort of cripple) is the porter at the gate of the gods. ("They also serve who only stand and wait.")

6. MORAL AND RELIGIOUS PROVERBS.

All mankind are related to one another.

He who does not love his neighbor acts maliciously.

Anger does nobody good; patience is the best of dispositions. Anger draws arrows from the quiver; patience draws kola-nuts from the bag.

The okun (a reptile) has 200 hands and 200 feet, and yet acts gently.

A cutting word is as tough as a bow-string; a cutting word cannot be healed, though a wound may.

Covetousness is the mother of unsatisfied desire.

Consideration is the first-born, calculation the next, wisdom the third.

A bribe blinds the judge's eyes, for bribes never speak the truth.

He who has committed a secret action, supposes himself the subject of all conversation.

He who despises another despises himself. Contempt should never be shown to a fellow man.

Wherever a man goes to dwell, his character goes with him.

He is to be feared who sends you on a message, not he to whom you are sent.

Leave the battle to God, and rest your head upon your hand.

So plain is it that all the wit, wisdom and fancy, all the observation and philosophy of the nation are crystallized into this aphoristic form, that the Yoruba phrase for a wise statesman is "a man who understands proverbs." These sayings form an unwritten code of law and ethics, and afford a perpetual replenishment to the thoughts of common men. "A proverb," the natives say, "is the horse of conversation; when the conversation flags, a proverb revives it." Nor are these sayings traditional only, but are coined readily by the people for immediate use. In every way they love the encounter of keen wits. When families are seated in the moonlight, on summer evenings, in the favorite open court which forms the centre of every habitation, after the fairy tales are exhausted, the lighter entertainment of riddles begins: "What is that small confined room which is filled with pins? The mouth and teeth." "What is that little steep hill that nobody can climb? An egg." "What is that which any one can divide, but no one can see where it has been divided? Water." And after every success or failure, follow bursts of African laughter more inextinguishable than the Homeric, to convulse the sultry air.

A word, finally, in regard to the more practical faculties of this interesting

race. It is a singular fact, yet proved by ample testimony, that the Yorubans, in common with all the western Africans, possess, in a high degree, those two qualities which we claim as especially American—mechanical ingenuity and commercial enterprise. Their markets, as above described, prove the just claim, and all eye-witnesses confirm it. "Travellers all agree" (says a writer in *Hunt's Merchant's Magazine* for July, 1852), "that these nations exhibit a remarkable degree of genius for mechanics." "The palm-tree is applied among them," he adds, "to no less than three hundred and sixty-five different uses." "In most towns in this region," says John Duncan, "the mechanic is very much esteemed on account of his craft, but especially the blacksmith, who, in their own language, is called a *cunning man*, ranking next to the fetish-man or priest."

To the mercantile character of these races, the most emphatic testimony is borne by Captain William Allen, in his narrative of the ill-fated Niger expedition.

"The strongest characteristic of the inhabitants of the interior of Africa is the love of traffic; it is, indeed, the ruling passion, which, if rightly developed, may become the instrument for raising them in the scale of nations. Every town has a market, generally once in four days; but the principal feature is in the large fairs held at different points on the river, about once a fortnight, for what may be called their foreign trade, or intercourse with neighboring nations. They are professedly held sacred, whatever wars may be in the land. (Narrative I., 398.)

"Kings, priests, warriors, down to the meanest slaves, all are traders in Africa; and although this ruling propensity has been perverted to the worst of purposes, it may be turned to the best.

"The several expeditions into the interior of Africa have proved that the people there are far from being devoid of civilization. That they have, in fact, institutions and tendencies which, if fully developed, would aid much in healing the wounds which have been inflicted by the perversion of them. They have justice, which lends its hallowed name to the worst of purposes; and they have commerce, which is absorbed by the most ruinous of all speculations—the sale of their fellows." (II., 430.)

"Nothing can be more unjust than

our assumption, that the natives of Africa are devoid of civilization. It is true that the inhabitants of many parts of the coast, and principally at the mouths of large rivers, where they have had *proh pudor*, most intercourse with the whites, are, indeed, deserving the name of savages. * * * *It is, however, very different the farther we go into the interior.*" (I., 391.)

We regret to find, in the narrative of Mr. John Duncan, of the Life Guard (London, 1847), the suspicion of the slave trading cast even upon the Christianized natives of Abeokuta; although, we must use some caution in accepting the conclusions of a witness, who asserts of the largest slave-dealer in western Africa, that "a more generous and benevolent man never existed." Be that as it may, it is certain that it must require centuries of purer missionary effort than any which Christendom has yet put forth, to overcome the ruin which Christendom causes, every year, by its horrible commerce with western Africa. Commerce, usually the first civilizer of nations, here only leads the native races deeper into barbarism. As inland trees droop and wither, where the sea-fogs reach them, so, where the slave-trade creeps up from the sea-board, there

agriculture withers, invention droops, and all human feeling dies. Let the Church Missionary Society send its devoted apostles to convert their four hundred to a nominal Christianity; there is a mightier opponent than all native heathenism, to be met. Christendom hires all western Africa to fight one endless and bloody war, simply to supply the slave-ships with new human victims. For this fiendish service—which would stain the purity of whitest silver, or untarnished gold, if used in the bargaining—Christendom pays in Rum and Gunpowder: the price being a sufficient ill, without the merchandise, or the merchandise without the price. And finally, to add one crowning horror, beyond the range of ordinary woe, the chief agency in the monstrous traffic is given to women, and to that very race of women whose spontaneous beneficence Mungo Park has made immortal. In presence of these facts, what hope from the mere agency of missionaries for western Africa? "Physician heal thyself." Even while we write, some new incursion of this terrible soldiery may have prostrated the final strongholds of the Yorubas, and of all their poetry and philosophy, these pages may be the last memorial.

ISRAEL POTTER; OR, FIFTY YEARS OF EXILE.

(Continued from page 290.)

CHAPTER XIII.

HIS ESCAPE FROM THE HOUSE, WITH VARIOUS ADVENTURES FOLLOWING.

HE started at the funereal aspect of the room, into which, since he last stood there, undertakers seemed to have stolen. The curtains of the window were festooned with long weepers of crape. The four corners of the red cloth on the round table were knotted with crape.

Knowing nothing of these mournful customs of the country, nevertheless, Israel's instinct whispered him, that Squire Woodcock lived no more on this earth. At once, the whole three days' mystery was made clear. But what was now to be done? His friend must have died very suddenly; most probably, struck down in a fit, from which he never more rose. With him had perished all know-

ledge of the fact that a stranger was immured in the mansion. If discovered then, prowling here in the inmost privacies of a gentleman's abode, what would befall the wanderer, already not unsuspected in the neighborhood of some underhand guilt as a fugitive? If he adhered to the strict truth, what could he offer in his own defence without convicting himself of acts, which, by English tribunals, would be accounted flagitious crimes? Unless, indeed, by involving the memory of the deceased Squire Woodcock in his own self-acknowledged proceedings, so ungenerous a charge should result in an abhorrent refusal to credit his extraordinary tale, whether as referring to himself or another; and so throw him open to still more grievous suspicions?

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reveries, he heard a step not very far off in the passage. It seemed approaching. Instantly he flew to the jamb, which remained unclosed; and disappearing within, drew the stone after him by the iron knob. Owing to his hurried violence, the jamb closed with a dull, dismal and singular noise. A shriek followed from within the room. In a panic, Israel fled up the dark stairs; and near the top, in his eagerness, stumbled, and fell back to the last step with a rolling din, which reverberated by the arch overhead smote through and through the wall, dying away at last indistinctly, like low muffled thunder among the clefts of deep hills. When raising himself instantly, not seriously bruised by his fall, Israel intently listened;—the echoing sounds of his descent were mingled with added shrieks from within the room. They seemed some nervous female's, alarmed by what must have appeared to her supernatural or at least unaccountable noises in the wall. Directly he heard other voices of alarm undistinguishably commingled, and then, they retreated together, and all again was still.

Recovering from his first amazement, Israel revolved these occurrences. No creature now in the house knows of the cell, thought he. Some woman,—the housekeeper, perhaps,—first entered the room alone. Just as she entered, the jamb closed. The sudden report made her shriek; then, afterwards, the noise of my fall prolonging itself, added to her fright, while her repeated shrieks brought every soul in the house to her; who, aghast at seeing her lying in a pale faint, it may be, like a corpse, in a room hung with crape for a man just dead, they also shrieked out; and then with blended lamentations they bore the fainting person away. Now this will follow; no doubt it *has* followed ere now:—they believe that the woman saw or heard the spirit of Squire Woodcock. Since I seem then to understand how all these strange events have occurred; since I seem to know that they have plain common causes; I begin to feel cool and calm again. Let me see. Yes. I have it. By means of the idea of the ghost prevailing among the frightened household; by that means, I will this very night make good my escape. If I can but lay hands on some of the late Squire's clothing—if but a coat and hat of his—I shall be certain to succeed. It is not too early to begin now. They will hardly come back to the room in a hurry.

I will return to it, and see what I can find to serve my purpose. It is the Squire's private closet; hence it is not, unlikely that here some at least of his clothing will be found.

With these thoughts, he cautiously sprung the iron under foot, peeped in, and seeing all clear, boldly re-entered the apartment. He went straight to a high, narrow door in the opposite wall. The key was in the lock. Opening the door, there hung several coats, small clothes, pairs of silk stockings, and hats of the deceased. With little difficulty Israel selected from these the complete suit in which he had last seen his once jovial friend. Carefully closing the door, and carrying the suit with him, he was returning towards the chimney, when he saw the Squire's silver-headed cane leaning against a corner of the wainscot. Taking this also, he stole back to his cell.

Slipping off his own clothing, he deliberately arrayed himself in the borrowed raiment; silk small-clothes and all; then put on the cocked hat, grasped the silver-headed cane in his right hand, and moving his small shaving glass slowly up and down before him, so as by piece-meal to take in his whole figure, felt convinced that he would well pass for Squire Woodcock's genuine phantom. But after the first feeling of self-satisfaction with his anticipated success had left him, it was not without some superstitious embarrassment that Israel felt himself encased in a dead man's broadcloth; nay, in the very coat in which the deceased had no doubt fallen down in his fit. By degrees he began to feel almost as unreal and shadowy as the shade whose part he intended to enact.

Waiting long and anxiously till darkness came, and then till he thought it was fairly midnight, he stole back into the closet, and standing for a moment uneasily in the middle of the floor, thinking over all the risks he might run, he lingered till he felt himself resolute and calm. Then groping for the door, leading into the hall, put his hand on the knob and turned it. But the door refused to budge. Was it locked? The key was not in. Turning the knob once more, and holding it so, he pressed firmly against the door. It did not move. More firmly still, when suddenly it burst open with a loud crackling report. Being cramped, it had stuck in the sill. Less than three seconds passed, when, as Israel was groping his way down the long

wide hall towards the large staircase at its opposite end, he heard confused hurrying noises from the neighboring rooms, and in another instant several persons, mostly in night-dresses, appeared at their chamber-doors, thrusting out alarmed faces, lit by a lamp held by one of the number, a rather elderly lady in widow's weeds, who, by her appearance, seemed to have just risen from a sleepless chair, instead of an oblivious couch. Israel's heart beat like a hammer; his face turned like a sheet. But bracing himself, pulling his hat lower down over his eyes, settling his head in the collar of his coat, he advanced along the defile of wildly staring faces. He advanced with a slow and stately step; looked neither to the right nor the left; but went solemnly forward on his now faintly illuminated way, sounding his cane on the floor as he passed. The faces in the doorways curdled his blood, by their rooted looks. Glued to the spot, they seemed incapable of motion. Each one was silent as he advanced towards him or her; but as he left each individual, one after another, behind, each in a frenzy shrieked out, "the Squire, the Squire!" As he passed the lady in the widow's weeds, she fell senseless and crosswise before him. But forced to be immutable in his purpose, Israel solemnly-stepping over her prostrate form, marched deliberately on.

In a few minutes more he had reached the main door of the mansion, and withdrawing the chain and bolt, stood in the open air. It was a bright moonlight night. He struck slowly across the open grounds towards the sunken fields beyond. When midway across the grounds, he turned towards the mansion, and saw three of the front windows filled with white faces, gazing in terror at the wonderful spectre. Soon descending a slope, he disappeared from their view.

Presently he came to hilly land in meadow, whose grass having been lately cut, now lay dotting the slope in cocks; a sinuous line of creamy vapor meandered through the lowlands at the base of the hill; while beyond was a dense grove of dwarfish trees, with here and there a tall tapering dead trunk, peeled of the bark, and overpeering the rest. The vapor wore the semblance of a deep stream of water, imperfectly desecrated; the grove looked like some closely-clustering town on its banks, lorded over by spires of churches.

The whole scene magically reproduced to our adventurer the aspect of Bunker

Hill, Charles River, and Boston town, on the well-remembered night of the 16th of June. The same season; the same moon; the same new-mown hay on the shaven sward; hay which was scraped together during the night to help pack into the redoubt so hurriedly thrown up.

Acted on as if by enchantment, Israel sat down on one of the cocks, and gave himself up to reverie. But, worn out by long loss of sleep, his reveries would have soon merged into slumber's still wilder dreams, had he not rallied himself, and departed on his way, fearful of forgetting himself in an emergency like the present. It now occurred to him that, well as his disguise had served him in escaping from the mansion of Squire Woodcock, that disguise might fatally endanger him if he should be discovered in it abroad. He might pass for a ghost at night, and among the relations and immediate friends of the gentleman deceased; but by day, and among indifferent persons, he ran no small risk of being apprehended for an entry-thief. He bitterly lamented his omission in not pulling on the Squire's clothes over his own, so that he might now have reappeared in his former guise.

As meditating over this difficulty, he was passing along, suddenly he saw a man in black standing right in his path, about fifty yards distant, in a field of some growing barley or wheat. The gloomy stranger was standing stock-still; one outstretched arm, with weird intimation pointing towards the deceased Squire's abode. To the brooding soul of the now desolate Israel, so strange a sight roused a supernatural suspicion. His conscience morbidly reproaching him for the terrors he had bred in making his escape from the house; he seemed to see in the fixed gesture of the stranger something more than humanly significant. But somewhat of his intrepidity returned; he resolved to test the apparition. Composing itself to the same deliberate stateliness with which it had paced the hall, the phantom of Squire Woodcock firmly advanced its cane, and marched straight forward towards the mysterious stranger.

As he neared him, Israel shrunk. The dark coat-sleeve flapped on the bony skeleton of the unknown arm. The face was lost in a sort of ghastly blank. It was no living man.

But mechanically continuing his course, Israel drew still nearer and saw—a scare-crow.

AN ENCOUNTER OF GHOSTS.

Not a little relieved by the discovery, our adventurer paused, more particularly to survey so deceptive an object, which seemed to have been constructed on the most efficient principles; probably by some broken down wax-figure costumer. It comprised the complete wardrobe of a scare-crow, namely; a cocked hat, bunged; tattered coat; old velveteen breeches; and long worsted stockings, full of holes; all stuffed very nicely with straw, and skeletoned by a frame-work of poles. There was a great flapped pocket to the coat—which seemed to have been some laborer's—standing invitingly open. Putting his hands in, Israel drew out the lid of an old tobacco-box, the broken bowl of a pipe, two rusty nails, and a few kernels of wheat. This reminded him of the Squire's pockets. Trying them, he produced a handsome handkerchief, a spectacle-case, with a purse containing some silver and gold, amounting to a little more than five pounds. Such is the difference between the contents of the pockets of scare-crows and the pockets of well-to-do squires. Ere donning his present habiliments, Israel had not omitted to withdraw his own money from his own coat, and put it in the pocket of his own waistcoat, which he had not exchanged.

Looking upon the scare-crow more attentively, it struck him that, miserable as its wardrobe was, nevertheless here was a chance for getting rid of the unsuitable and perilous clothes of the Squire. No other available opportunity might present itself for a time. Before he encountered any living creature by daylight, another suit must somehow be had. His exchange with the old ditcher, after his escape from the inn near Portsmouth, had familiarized him with the most deplorable of wardrobes. Well, too, he knew, and had experienced it, that for a man desirous of avoiding notice, the more wretched the clothes the better. For who does not shun the scurvy wretch, Poverty, advancing in battered hat and lamentable coat?

Without more ado, slipping off the Squire's raiment, he donned the scare-crow's, after carefully shaking out the hay, which, from many alternate soakings and bakings in rain and sun, had become quite broken up, and would have been almost dust, were it not for the mildew which damped it. But sufficient of this wretched old hay remained ad-

hesive to the inside of the breeches and coat sleeves, to produce the most irritating torment.

The grand moral question now came up, what to do with the purse? Would it be dishonest under the circumstances to appropriate that purse? Considering the whole matter, and not forgetting that he had not received from the gentleman deceased the promised reward for his services as courier, Israel concluded that he might justly use the money for his own. To which opinion surely no charitable judge will demur. Besides, what should he do with the purse, if not use it for his own? It would have been insane to have returned it to the relations. Such mysterious honesty would have but resulted in his arrest as a rebel, or rascal. As for the Squire's clothes, handkerchief, and spectacle-case, they must be put out of sight with all despatch. So, going to a morass not remote, Israel sunk them deep down, and heaped tufts of the rank sod upon them. Then returning to the field of corn, sat down under the lee of a rock, about a hundred yards from where the scarecrow had stood, thinking which way he now had best direct his steps. But his late ramble coming after so long a deprivation of rest, soon produced effects not so easy to be shaken off, as when reposing upon the haycock. He felt less anxious too, since changing his apparel. So before he was aware, he fell into deep sleep.

When he awoke, the sun was well up in the sky. Looking around he saw a farm-laborer with a pitch-fork coming at a distance into view, whose steps seemed bent in a direction not far from the spot where he lay. Immediately it struck our adventurer that this man must be familiar with the scarecrow; perhaps had himself fashioned it. Should he miss it then, he might make immediate search, and so discover the thief so imprudently loitering upon the very field of his operations.

Waiting until the man momentarily disappeared in a little hollow, Israel ran briskly to the identical spot where the scarecrow had stood; where, standing stiffly erect, pulling the hat well over his face, and thrusting out his arm, pointed steadfastly towards the Squire's abode, he awaited the event. Soon the man reappeared in sight, and marching right on, paused not far from Israel, and gave him an one earnest look, as if it were his daily wont to satisfy that all was right

with the scarecrow. No sooner was the man departed to a reasonable distance, than, quitting his post, Israel struck across the fields towards London. But he had not yet quite quitted the field, when it occurred to him to turn round, and see if the man was completely out of sight; when, to his consternation, he saw the man returning towards him, evidently by his pace and gesture in un-mixed amazement. The man must have turned round to look, before Israel had done so. Frozen to the ground, Israel knew not what to do. But, next moment it struck him, that this very motionlessness was the least hazardous plan in such a strait. Thrusting out his arm again towards the house, once more he stood stock-still, and again awaited the event.

It so happened that this time in pointing towards the house, Israel unavoidably pointed towards the advancing man. Hoping that the strangeness of this coincidence might, by operating on the man's superstition, incline him to beat an immediate retreat, Israel kept cool as he might. But the man proved to be of a braver metal than anticipated. In passing the spot where the scarecrow had stood, and perceiving, beyond the possibility of mistake, that by some unaccountable agency it had suddenly removed itself to a distance; instead of being terrified at this verification of his worst apprehensions, the man pushed on for Israel, apparently resolved to sift this mystery to the bottom.

Seeing him now determinately coming, with pitchfork valiantly presented, Israel, as a last means of practising on the fellow's fears of the supernatural, suddenly doubled up both fists, presenting them savagely towards him at a distance of about twenty paces; at the same time showing his teeth like a skull's, and demoniacally rolling his eyes. The man paused bewildered; looked all round him; looked at the springing grain; then across at some trees; then up at the sky; and satisfied at last by those observations, that the world at large had not undergone a miracle in the last fifteen minutes, resolutely resumed his advance; the pitchfork like a boarding-pike now aimed full at the breast of the object. Seeing all his stratagems vain, Israel now threw himself into the original attitude of the scarecrow, and once again stood immovable. Abating his pace by degrees almost to a mere creep, the man at last came within three feet of him,

and pausing, gazed amazed into Israel's eyes. With a stern and terrible expression Israel resolutely returned the glance, but otherwise remained like a statue; hoping thus to stare his pursuer out of countenance. At last the man slowly presented one prong of his fork towards Israel's left eye. Nearer and nearer the sharp point came; till no longer capable of enduring such a test, Israel took to his heels with all speed, his tattered coat-tails streaming behind him. With inveterate purpose the man pursued. Darting blindly on, Israel leaping a gate, suddenly found himself in a field where some dozen laborers were at work; who recognizing the scarecrow—an old acquaintance of theirs; as it would seem—lifted all their hands as the astounding apparition swept by, followed by the man with the pitchfork. Soon all joined in the chase; but Israel proved to have better wind and bottom than any. Outstripping the whole pack, he finally shot out of their sight in an extensive park, heavily timbered in one quarter. He never saw more of these people.

Loitering in the wood till nightfall, he then stole out and made the best of his way towards the house of that good-natured farmer in whose corn-loft he had received his first message from Squire Woodcock. Rousing this man up a little before midnight, he informed him somewhat of his recent adventures, but carefully concealed his having been employed as a secret courier, together with his escape from Squire Woodcock's. All he craved at present was a meal. The meal being over, Israel offered to buy from the farmer his best suit of clothes, and displayed the money on the spot.

"Where did you get so much money?" said his entertainer in a tone of surprise; "your clothes here don't look as if you had seen prosperous times since you left me. Why, you look like a scarecrow."

"That may well be," replied Israel very soberly. "But what do you say? will you sell me your suit?—here's the cash."

"I don't know about it," said the farmer, in doubt; "let me look at the money. Ha!—a silk purse come out of a beggar's pocket!—Quit the house, rascal, you've turned thief."

Thinking that he could not swear to his having come by his money with absolute honesty—since indeed the case was one for the most subtle casuist—Israel knew not what to reply. This honest confusion confirmed the farmer;

who with many abusive epithets drove him into the road; telling him that he might thank himself that he did not arrest him on the spot.

In great dolor at this unhappy repulse, Israel trudged on in the moonlight some three miles to the house of another friend, who also had once succored him in extremity. This man proved a very sound sleeper. Instead of succeeding in rousing him by his knocking, Israel but succeeded in rousing his wife, a person not of the greatest amiability. Raising the sash, and seeing so shocking a pauper before her, the woman upbraided him with shameless impropriety in asking charity at dead of night, in a dress so improper too. Looking down at his deplorable velvetene, Israel discovered that his extensive travels had produced a great rent in one loin of the rotten old breeches, through which a whitish fragment protruded.

Remedying this oversight as well as he might, he again implored the woman to wake her husband.

"That I shan't!" said the woman morosely. "Quit the premises, or I'll throw something on ye."

With that, she brought some earthenware to the window, and would have fulfilled her threat, had not Israel prudently retreated some paces. Here he entreated the woman to take mercy on his plight, and since she would not waken her husband, at least throw to him (Israel) her husband's breeches, and he would leave the price of them, with his own breeches to boot, on the sill of the door.

"You behold how sadly I need them," said he; "for heaven's sake befriend me."

"Quit the premises!" reiterated the woman.

"The breeches, the breeches! here is the money," cried Israel, half furious with anxiety.

"Saucy cur," cried the woman, somehow misunderstanding him; "do you cunningly taunt me with *wearing* the breeches? begone!"

Once more, poor Israel decamped, and made for another friend. But here a monstrous bull-dog, indignant that the peace of a quiet family should be disturbed by so outrageous a tatterdemalion, flew at Israel's unfortunate coat, whose rotten skirts the brute tore completely off; leaving the coat razeeed to a spencer, which barely came down to the wearer's waist. In attempting to drive

the monster away, Israel's hat fell off, upon which the dog pounced with the utmost fierceness, and thrusting both paws into it, rammed out the crown, and went snuffling the wreck before him. Recovering the wretched hat, Israel again beat a retreat, his wardrobe sorely the worse for his visits. Not only was his coat a mere rag, but his breeches, clawed by the dog, were slashed into yawning gaps, while his yellow hair waved over the top of the crownless beaver, like a lonely tuft of heather on the Highlands.

In this plight the morning discovered him dubiously skirmishing on the outskirts of a village.

"Ah! what a true patriot gets for serving his country!" murmured Israel. But soon thinking a little better of his case, and seeing yet another house which had once furnished him with an asylum, he made bold to advance to the door. Luckily he this time met the man himself, just emerging from bed. At first the farmer did not recognize the fugitive; but upon another look, seconded by Israel's plaintive appeal, beckoned him into the barn, where directly our adventurer told him all he thought prudent to disclose of his story; ending by once more offering to negotiate for breeches and coat. Having ere this, emptied and thrown away the purse which had played him so scurvy a trick with the first farmer; he now produced three crown-pieces.

"Three crown-pieces in your pocket, and no crown to your hat!" said the farmer.

"But I assure you, my friend, rejoined Israel," that a finer hat was never worn, until that confounded bull-dog ruined it."

"True," said the farmer. "I forgot that part of your story. Well, I have a tolerable coat and breeches which I will sell you for your money."

In ten minutes more, Israel was equipped in a grey coat of coarse cloth, not much improved by wear, and breeches to match. For half-a-crown more, he procured a highly respectable-looking hat.

"Now, my kind friend," said Israel, "can you tell me where Horne Tooke, and John Bridges live?"

Our adventurer thought it his best plan to seek out one or other of those gentlemen, both to report proceedings, and learn confirmatory tidings concerning Squire Woodcock, touching whose

fate he did not like to inquire of others.

"Horne Tooke! What do you want with Horne Tooke?" said the farmer: "He was Squire Woodcock's friend, wasn't he? The poor Squire! Who would have thought he'd have gone off so suddenly. But apoplexy comes like a bullet."

I was right, thought Israel to himself. "But where does Horne Tooke live?" he demanded again.

"He once lived in Brentford, and wore a cassock there. But I hear he's sold out his living, and gone in his surplice to study law in Lunnon."

This was all news to Israel, who, from various amiable remarks he had heard from Horne Tooke at the Squire's, little dreamed he was an ordained clergyman. Yet a good-natured English clergyman translated Lucian; another, equally good-natured, wrote Tristram Shandy; and a third, an ill-natured appreciator of good-natured Rabelais, died a dean; not to speak of others. Thus ingenious and ingenuous are some of the English clergy.

"You can't tell me, then, where to find Horne Tooke?" said Israel, in perplexity.

"You'll find him, I suppose, in Lunnon."

"What street and number?"

"Don't know. Needle in a haystack."

"Where does Mr. Bridges live?"

"Never heard of any Bridges, except Lunnon bridges, and one Molly Bridges in Bridewell."

So Israel departed; better clothed, but no wiser than before.

What to do next? He reckoned up his money, and concluded he had plenty to carry him back to Doctor Franklin in Paris. Accordingly, taking a turn to avoid the two nearest villages, he directed his steps towards London, where, again taking the post coach for Dover, he arrived on the channel shore just in time to learn that the very coach in which he rode brought the news to the authorities there that all intercourse between the two nations was indefinitely suspended. The characteristic taciturnity and formal stolidity of his fellow-travellers—all Englishmen, mutually unacquainted with each other, and occupying different positions in life—having prevented his sooner hearing the tidings.

Here was another accumulation of misfortunes. All visions but those of eventual imprisonment or starvation vanished

from before the present realities of poor Israel Potter. The Brentford gentleman had flattered him with the prospect of receiving something very handsome for his services as courier. That hope was no more. Doctor Franklin had promised him his good offices in procuring him a passage home to America. Quite out of the question now. The sage had likewise intimated that he might possibly see him some way remunerated for his sufferings in his country's cause. An idea no longer to be harbored. Then Israel recalled the mild man of wisdom's words—"At the prospect of pleasure never be elated; but without depression respect the omens of ill." But he found it as difficult now to comply, in all respects, with the last section of the maxim, as before he had with the first.

While standing wrapped in afflictive reflections on the shore, gazing towards the unattainable coast of France, a pleasant-looking cousinly stranger, in seaman's dress, accosted him, and, after some pleasant conversation, very civilly invited him up a lane into a house of rather secret entertainment. Pleased to be befriended in this his strait, Israel yet looked inquisitively upon the man, not completely satisfied with his good intentions. But the other, with good-humored violence, hurried him up the lane into the inn, when, calling for some spirits, he and Israel very affectionately drank to each other's better health and prosperity.

"Take another glass," said the stranger, affably.

Israel, to drown his heavy-heartedness, complied. The liquor began to take effect.

"Ever at sea?" said the stranger, lightly.

"Oh, yes; been a whaling."

"Ah!" said the other, "happy to hear that, I assure you. Jim! Bill!" And beckoning very quietly to two brawny fellows, in a trice Israel found himself kidnapped into the naval service of the magnanimous old gentleman of Kew Gardens—his Royal Majesty, George III.

"Hands off!" said Israel, fiercely, as the two men pinioned him.

"Reglar game-cock," said the cousinly-looking man. "I must get three guineas for cribbing him. Pleasant voyage to ye, my friend," and, leaving Israel a prisoner, the crimp, buttoning his coat, sauntered leisurely out of the inn.

"I'm no Englishman," roared Israel, in a foam.

"Oh! that's the old story," grinned his gaolers. "Come along. There's no Englishmen in the English fleet. All foreigners. You may take their own word for it."

To be short, in less than a week Israel found himself at Portsmouth, and, ere long, a fore-topman in his majesty's ship of the line, "Unprincipled," scudding before the wind down channel, in company with the "Undaunted," and the "Unconquerable;" all three haughty Dons bound to the East Indian waters as reinforcements to the fleet of Sir Edward Hughes.

And now, we might shortly have to record our adventurer's part in the famous engagement off the coast of Comorandel, between Admiral Suffrien's fleet and the English squadron, were it not that fate snatched him on the threshold of events, and, turning him short round whither he had come, sent him back congenially to war against England, instead of on her behalf. Thus repeatedly and rapidly were the fortunes of our wanderer planted, torn up, transplanted, and dropped again, hither and thither, according as the Supreme Disposer of sailors and soldiers saw fit to appoint.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS AND BALLAD LITERATURE OF ENGLAND IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

WHAT are the true objects of history? During the past twenty years the works of Guizot and Thierry, Niebuhr and Bunsen, Arnold and Carlyle, have awakened public attention to the subject, and all the thinking world now joins in the inquiry, How may the lessons that history professes to teach stand us in the stead of experience of our own?

We begin to perceive that all history does not consist in the domestic affairs of monarchs, in the battles they have fought, in the alliances that they contracted, in the meed of praise or censure that they won. The present object of historical inquiry is *the people's history*. We desire to know how the political changes carried on by intriguing court favorites, or kings at the head of armies, affected their condition; we would fain trace the formation of national character, the gradual rise of social institutions, and the growth of opinions popular in our own day. But all these subjects were of little interest in the eyes of contemporary chroniclers, or of subsequent compilers of history in the last century, and when we attempt to supply the deficiency, we discover, to our astonishment, that almost the only sources whence we can recover what is lacking of the spirit of history, are the legends of the people, and their laws.

The real condition of a population is exhibited without disguise in the civil remedies that have been framed to meet it; a fugitive/slave law proves that the popular sentiment in favor of personal liberty is all-pervading at the North;

and popular ballads, superstitions and romances, give back to us the habits of thought, the interests and the feelings of the class from whence they sprung.

The glory and the beauty of Anglo-Saxon literature passed away with Alfred, in whom "the scholar and the man outshone the king." Before his time, the Anglo-Saxon seems to have been more rich in literature than any language in Europe. Into it flowed, as into an ocean, the tributary legends of the old Norse sea-kings, and the more fanciful legends of poetic Brittany which held Celtic superstitions in common with the remnants of that ancient British race, the traces of whose pagan creed still linger among the peasantry of England as if indigenous to the very soil.

The hoar old poem of Beowulf dates so far back that its real age is lost amongst the clouds and mists of traditional antiquity. "It is," says Mr. Longfellow, "like a piece of ancient armor, rusty and battered, and yet strong. From within comes a voice, sepulchral as if the ancient armor spoke, telling a straight-forward narrative, with here and there the boastful speech of a rough old Dane, reminding one of those made by the heroes of Homer."

Cædmon, the monk of Whitby, died before the reign of Alfred. His poem (a paraphrase of Scripture) opens with the theme of Paradise Lost. The fallen angels hold council in "swart hell," where Satan harangues them, proposing to his companions in misfortune the conquest of the world. And the description

and conception of Lucifer bear so close a resemblance to the grandest of all poetical creations in the *Paradise Lost*, that we are not surprised to learn that the first translation of Monk Cædmon's poem was made into English by one of our earliest Anglo-Saxon scholars, who wrote under the name of "Junius," and lived in Milton's time.

A taste for literature seems to have expired under the rude rule of the Danish robber-kings. Canute, indeed, seems to have been willing to extend a scanty royal patronage to the verse of his conquered people, but the drunken Harolds and Hardicanutes who succeeded him set a fashion of excess and debauchery which found its way from the camp to the court, and from both into the cloister, corrupting the fountain-heads of learning, from whence, in times of turbulence, all literature sprung. "The Anglo Saxons," says William of Malmesbury, a man not likely to be prejudiced in favor of the conquering race, "had long before the coming of the Normans given up all study of letters or religion." And another writer of that period tells us "that a churchman who had learned his Latin grammar was a marvel."

It is, therefore, to her Norman rulers that England is indebted for a fresh infusion of vitality into her literature. Normandy had borrowed a taste for polite learning from her neighbor, the romantic Brittany; academies and ecclesiastical establishments flourished on the Seine, and the scholars who had been bred up in them took their share in the enthusiasm for erudition which succeeded the revival of letters on the continent—a revival which was consequent upon the opening of the treasures of Arabian literature—an introduction through the commentators to Aristotle and Plato—and the commencement of the great controversy between realists and nominalists in scholastic philosophy. Learned men were found in sufficient numbers in the cloisters of Normandy to fill all the chief offices in the church of the Saxons. We must own, in justice to the character of William, that his distribution of church patronage reflects lustre on his reign; and, under the guidance of such prelates as Lanfranc and Anselm, England began to share in the spirit which all classes of society on the continent at that period displayed.

Most wonderful monuments have been

left to us of the activity and energy of those times, in the Gothic structures—the pride of the Church of England—which date their erection almost universally from the days of the Norman King.

So great was the enthusiasm for such pious works, during that period, that almost the entire population of Brittany became masons. Binding themselves by oath to bestow their time and skill upon no edifice that was not destined to the service of heaven, they spread themselves over the country in itinerant bands. It was a crusade of the lower classes against religious indifference and barbarism! It is not probable, however, that any of this enthusiasm had at that time found its way into the hearts and homes of the Saxon population. The five hundred and fifty-seven cathedrals and religious houses, which owe their origin to the reigns of the early Normans, added architectural embellishment to the rural beauties of England, but were erected by Norman workmen, and endowed by Norman funds. It is even to the pious liberality of the invaders, in providing such asylums for learning throughout the country, that England is indebted for that large body of contemporary history, compiled by Saxon chroniclers in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, whose stores of interesting information are destined, during the present period of historical interest, to become more generally known.

The fairy mythologies of the North of Europe claim a common origin. As far as we can look into the mists of antiquity, and trace the literary or religious history of the Teutonic nations, we find an universal belief in the existence of familiar spirits, known amongst the peasantry of different countries by the names of nickers, brownies, *pouligans*, hobgoblins, and elves. What the exact origin of these superstitions may have been, it is now impossible to ascertain with certainty. We may assign it to some original tradition (brought, it may be, from the gates of Babel) of days when the "millions of spiritual beings" who "walk the earth" were manifest to human senses—when Satan tempted our first mother in Paradise—and Adam was permitted to hold personal intercourse with God; or think with a modern writer* on these subjects, that the character and form of the unpremeditated

* Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A.

creations of man's imagination depend largely upon external impressions, so that whereas the ferocity of Scandinavian and Gothic heroes could admit into their mystic creed no beings but such as revelled in wounds, drunkenness, and blood—while the mountain hunter, familiar with danger, and with nature in her grandest and most awful forms, peopled the supernatural world with fierce malignant demons; "just so, the solitary hermit who, in the earlier ages of western Christianity, fixed his abode in the deserts and the fens, rude inhospitable tracts, could conceive them to be peopled by nothing but demons. But to the peaceful peasant, on whom nature ever smiled in joyous mood, she was peopled by gay harmless spirits who, like himself, loved to play and laugh. The beings he feared were restricted to mountains, whose heads rose in the dim distance, or their visits were confined to the darkness of night. Popular superstitions are not easily removed; and with the introduction of Christianity the Anglo-Saxons did not cease to believe in the existence and operations of the elves and the nickers, the ocs and the giants; nor did they cease to trust in the effect of charms and incantations, or to revere wells and fountains. The preachers of the faith of the Redeemer saw nothing in that faith contrary to the beliefs that they had sucked in with their mother's milk; for, though it asserted the unity of God, it did not deny the existence of spirits. The belief of the monks themselves in those spirits will account for the silence with which they are passed over in the homilies and religious discourses of the times. When they preached against heathenism, they broke out into declamations against the heathen practices of the Greeks and Romans."

This is scarcely wonderful, considering how large a leaven of paganism is yet working unsuspected beneath the surface of fashionable Christianity and of modern civilization. If we unhesitatingly condemn the superstitions of the vulgar, who connect all that their ignorance finds incomprehensible with supernatural agencies, we grant a ready toleration to the paganism of the educated, who have imbibed from classical sources a code of morality far better suited to the votaries of Mars and Venus than to the "pure in heart" and "poor in spirit" commended in the Gospel; and our notions of a superintending Providence are not a little founded on the character and attributes

of that divinity whose favor was the aim of cabals and intrigues on Olympus, but who, having once sworn in his wrath, never swerved from its decrees.

During the later period of Anglo-Saxon dominion, monkery seems not to have been considered a vocation of *respectability*—that is, it was little countenanced by the higher orders of society, who sided with the Crown in the struggle between the secular and the regular clergy; and it derived its main strength, as well as its support, from the ranks of the people. It was not then as it was under the feudal system, when the "great republic," the Church, opened her arms to men of talent, whose condition allowed no hope of distinction in any other career; when the peasant mother, who saw in her best beloved son indications of energy or genius which fitted him for something better than the condition of his kindred, hastened to devote him to the service of the sanctuary, and might live to see him take his seat in St. Peter's chair. Still, a certain distinction was conferred on the young peasant, by the woollen frock and cowl. If ambitious, he became a member of a powerful body already in close league with all-usurping Rome. If devout, he enjoyed a reputation for sanctity. Retiring into lonely glens, in solitude and darkness, he had struggles with the Evil One; and dreaming dreams, and seeing visions, he soon became an object of veneration to those who had been formerly his equals and friends; or, if only inclined by nature to self-indulgence in creature comforts, the wealth and general character of the large fraternities to which he bound himself, seemed to promise him every opportunity of leading a mere animal existence at his ease. Under these circumstances, the monastic orders could well afford to make light of the little estimation in which they were held by court circles, or amongst the military leaders and thanes. The St. Guthlacs, St. Botolfs, and Godrics of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, were mere ignorant peasants, who, having been imbued in infancy with the superstitions of their condition, carried the same belief into their cells. They adopted the popular stories, and turned them into saints' legends; and a more extensive knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon fairies may, perhaps, be gathered from the legends of the Anglo-Saxon saints than all other books can afford. In this transformation, the elves, when mis-

chievously inclined, became devils; when beneficent, angels.

The imagination of a devout monk becoming exalted by his calling and by his residence as a hermit in deserts and sedgy fens, no wonder that he fancied himself personally engaged in contests with the devil; not the devil of the Bible, nor any grand poetical conception, but one of those grotesque hobgoblins with which his pagan forefathers had peopled the hills and groves, and which his own creed had subsequently transmogrified into demons. The familiar name Old Nick, popularly applied to the great spirit of evil, is borrowed from the vocabulary of paganism, the nickers being water-fairies, who not only dwell like kelpies in the lakes and rivers, but had their habitations in the sea. Nothing can be less attractive than the popular legends of monkish encounters with this description of devil. There is nothing that commends itself either to our fancy or our feelings in the idea of St. Dunstan seizing the nose of an inquisitive demon with a pair of red-hot pincers; nor indeed in any of the popular stories of little black elves hatched out of an incubus, who spent their time in alternately persecuting and assisting the human race. The Pucks and *follets* of domestic life, they generally haunted the houses of the peasantry, whence neither holy water nor exorcism could drive them. They were invisible, but usually made known their arrival by throwing about stones and wood, and even pots and kettles. They also appear to have conversed with considerable freedom. These were the devils with whom witches were afterwards held to have had intercourse. In an old MS. in Vienna, written before such familiarity with the world of spirits was considered to deserve the pains of heresy, we find penances imposed upon those "who had thrown little bows and small shoes into their cellars and barns, in order that the hobgoblins might come and play with them, and might, in return, bring them other people's goods." The same class of stories is still popular in Brittany; but as we look over any record of the senseless pranks of these "lubber fiends," we are tempted to regard them as neither devils nor fairies, but to consider them mere coarse creations of fanatic minds. Yet these thoughts become instantly rebuked as we remember how a master-hand has evoked poetry from materials so vile, and seizing

on the fading traditions of an ignorant and semi-pagan people, has embalmed them to be the glory and delight of cultivated ages.

You are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Called Robin Goodfellow. Are you not he
That fright the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometimes make the beer to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are you not he?

In this passage the familiar spirit of our forefathers stands revealed. In this description, and the reply of Puck which follows it, we recognize act for act, and feature for feature, the very being whom but just now was so disgusting and devoid of interest in the monkish legends. But the magic wand of the great Prospero has touched his elfin race—the hobgoblins are idealized into poetry and beauty—we take them to our hearts, and are half disposed to believe in them ourselves.

How strange is the history of the English family of fairies. At first they were the denizens of the forests and the fountains; the fauns, the nymphs, and dryads of a grotesque yet cruel creed. Thence engrafted upon Christianity, they became the ministering spirits of the author of evil. The only poetical notion which we find in ancient chronicles concerning them, is contained in the works of Giraldus. He says (on the authority of one of their own number) that "elves and fairies were a portion of the angels who fell with Lucifer from Heaven; but inasmuch as having been seduced and deluded, they were not so criminal as their fellows—their sentence had been less severe: they were allowed to live on the earth, some of them having their peculiar dwelling-places in the air, others in the waters; some again in trees and fountains, and many in the caverns of the earth." The elfin informer also confessed, that "as Christianity spread, they had much less liberty than formerly." From being the spirits of the earth and air, they degenerated into the bugbears of an ignorant peasantry, and in more modern times have played a melancholy part in the history of the delusions of the human mind. At one time the superstitions connected with this belief turned the philosopher into a magician, and led the scholar in wilder vagaries after the elixir of life and the

philosopher's stone, than ever Robin Goodfellow led the benighted traveller. At a still later period of European history, when education had been much more widely spread, these superstitions, in the great cry against witchcraft, drenched England as well as France and Germany in blood. When we see that at that period the learning that had been so widely spread served only to defend the popular belief, we shall easily perceive how impossible it was for the primitive missionaries to eradicate it from the minds of their converts.

We have dwelt thus long upon the legends and superstitions of the Anglo-Saxon peasantry because they indicate the state of feeling prevalent throughout the country at the time of the Norman invasion. But the Conquest brought in new animosities, new feelings, new themes of popular and romantic interest to engage the sympathies of the people and to supply new subjects to their bards.

We are indebted to French historians for the earliest philosophical attempts to investigate the effects produced by that extraordinary revolution which made the island of Great Britain for the first time an object of interest to the European powers; introduced into it the foreign feudal system; and after a couple of turbulent centuries ended by the absorption of the conquering race in the ranks of the conquered. Whilst the subject offers to the historian many opportunities for investigation and philosophical deduction, it also embraces a wide field of romance in which the laborers have as yet been few.

Stories of the victims of political oppression—Saxons who were outlawed in the fens or in the forests—enemies of the barons and the king—soon became popular amongst the suffering peasantry; and—when after the reign of Stephen, new political interests had begun to wear off the edge of the hatred between rival races, and had given the conquerors an interest in the soil,—the people adapted the groundwork of these tales to the grievances which their social condition rendered the most galling, from an amalgamation of such patriotic romances and national fancy legends was formed the grand cycle of the Robin Hood ballads, in which animosity to the game-laws, the greatest grievance of the peasant, took the place of hatred against an invading people.

As the ancient Greeks had poems in

heroic cycles, and the early literature of Germany boasts its glorious "Song of the Cloudy Land" (the *Nibelungen Lied*) so there is supposed to have existed amongst our Anglo-Saxon forefathers a grand parallel cycle with vikings for its heroes, of which the poem of *Beowulf* formed a portion, together with many others, of which fragments only are now preserved. The Norman cycles of Armorican origin (*i. e.* the Round Table Romances, and those of the Palladins of Charlemagne) are instances of this species of compilation in a later century, and whilst these were popular in bower and hall amongst the higher classes, the peasant bard sang stories of the green wood, and told of knights of noble blood, who, notwithstanding their Norman origin, had been reduced by outlawry to the same condition as the peasant, and like him had become the natural enemy of the sheriff and his co-administrators of the game-laws.

It is curious that the first elaborate investigation of any value into the history and origin of the Robin Hood ballads should have been by a Mr. Barry, a gentleman of Scottish extraction, who wrote a treatise on the subject in French, and presented it as a thesis to the University of Paris preparatory to taking his degree.

The earliest Robin Hood ballads that have been committed to writing, and have reached our times, seem referable to the reigns of Edward I. and Edward II. The name of Robin Hood does not occur in these, but the incidents are the same as those which are popularly related of him, and which a century later began to be arranged as we read them now.

When printing was introduced, the demand became very great for this description of peasant literature. But the ballad writers of that time were not endowed with very inventive minds, and it was therefore much easier to change a little the circumstances and persons of the older stories, and to publish them as new, than to write originals. Any one familiar with old English or Scottish ballads must have remarked how frequently a favorite incident does duty in this description of literature; and indeed how often (as in the "birk and briar" ending of all border love tales) he meets over and over again with even a stereotyped form of words.

Whilst the lower classes had thus their cycles of poetry sung at their May-day

festivals, their wakes, and fairs (all popular remnants of the feasts of Paganism) the higher orders imported not only their learning but their minstrelsy from beyond the channel. The Norman churchmen of the twelfth century have left us some beautiful and voluminous Latin poems, less remarkable, perhaps, for the purity of their idiom than for the vigor of their conceptions, their genuine poetic feeling, and their familiar allusions to the customs of the times.

The eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries have bequeathed to us a large body of Anglo-Latin literature upon every variety of subject; and whilst the cloistered scholar borrowed largely from the traditions of the Bretons, and their popular *quasi* historical lays, nor disdained to sing of Merlin or King Arthur in the vernacular of Virgil, the minstrels, who relieved the monotony of feudal state in the barons' castles, robbed the records of antiquity for the history of the heroes whose mighty deeds they sang. These poems soon became so popular that they pressed into their service the whole circle of history, romance, or classic literature. They had too little knowledge of the spirit of the past to mistrust their own powers of description; anachronisms or plagiarisms were not sins upon their consciences, and no dread of the critic's knife ever laid its restraint upon their hands. They sang of human nature according to their own experience, and had no scruple in adapting medieval manners to their Greek and Roman themes. The crusading adventurer of the middle ages goes a-masking in their stories as Hercules or Alexander. Arthur, the Breton hero, is adopted as an Englishman, and is accommodated with the traditionary fame of some petty and local chief of British origin. Suitable localities are provided for his deeds in Cornwall, Wales, or Scotland, a pedigree is formed for him, and a date is given him contemporary with the landing of St. Augustine in England. Over all of which the minstrel threw a coloring of courtly morality such as was fashionable in his own day. The knights and ladies of the heroic romances were the knights and ladies of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. A clown may play the part of Pyramus, or wear an ass's head, but all the time the tutored imagination needs "no more better assurance that Pyramus is not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver."

These romances represent very fairly

the state of opinions, and the social condition of the times in which they were composed, and commended themselves to the sympathies of the audiences before which they were intended to be sung. "To hate one's neighbor, and to love one's neighbor's wife," was a creed that found favor in court circles, in the days of Isabella and "the gentle Mortimer."

An interesting class of literature, more national and more manly, became popular in England early in the twelfth century. The romances, which had for their heroes the old Danish sea-kings, such as Haveloc, Horn, Guy of Warwick, Bevis of Hampton, &c., were imported apparently from Normandy, where the descendants of the followers of Rollo long preserved the language of their forefathers, and where Danish proverbs and customs still linger round Bayeux. They were calculated, however, to be popular amongst all classes in England, being, as Mr. Wright considers, "only a reproduction of the older mythical romances of the Anglo-Saxons;" and some of them still lend their interest to certain spots of attractive scenery, or are the delight of English children, in the form of nursery tales.

The crusaders, likewise, turned the streams of oriental literature into a western channel, and we discover many of the most beautiful of Queen Scheherazade's narratives amongst our remains of early literature, by no means improved by their adaptation to medieval manners, or their Anglo-Norman costume.

Thus we find the ballad literature of England, from whatever source imported, essentially Teutonic, with a flavor of classic learning and of oriental superstition.

The Jongleur of northern France, who found his way into the halls of the Norman nobility of England, had not unseldom travelled in the train of the crusaders into eastern lands, where he not only acquired new tales of romantic interest, and new stores of *fabliaux*, but added to his various accomplishments feats of oriental *legerdemain*. The songs he sung in the halls of the nobles were seldom of his own composing, nor were they by any means in the lyrical strain. They were almost always, as we have seen, long chronicles in rhyme, put together (like modern serial romances) with less regard to general effect and consistency than to striking incidents and a certain completeness in the different por-

tions of the story; for it was seldom that the Joueur staid long enough in the castle of the baron to give more than a few chapters of his poem. "The Troubadours of the South, meanwhile," says Mr. Longfellow, "poured forth their songs of love upon a balmy air and in the more melodious numbers of the *Langue d'Oc*." Their poems are almost entirely lyrical.

At the close of the fourteenth century, troublous times began to dawn on England, and the attention of the nobility was absorbed by those long and bloody wars of the succession known to us as the Wars of the Roses: a period deeply interesting to the statesman and philosopher, and which no great historian of any nation has yet been found to analyse with cautious discernment. The barons, engaged in the struggle for existence, had little leisure or inclination to listen to the rhyming minstrels once welcomed to their halls, whilst interest in the religious controversy, awakened by the Lollards, began to engage the attention of persons of both sexes, not actively employed in forwarding the war. The Joueur now found his calling disappearing and himself oppressed.

No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured to lord and lady gay
The unpremeditated lay.

* * * * *
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

And thus it occurred, that even the courtly tales of Arthur and of Charlemagne contributed their quota to the joint-stock incidents of the popular framers of ballads. Guy of Warwick and Bevis, the Palladins of Turpin, and the Knights of the Round Table, took their place beside more humble heroes, though, as is still the case amongst the savage inhabitants of Trastevere—the classical quarter of the Eternal City—the lowest in rank can boast the oldest blood.

A taste for ballad poetry became universally diffused in England. The minstrels accommodated their songs to the sympathies of the people, and it is chiefly to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries that the ballad literature of England may be considered to belong. Grave interests now occupied the race of feudal

nobles; the people, who at first had blindly followed where their leaders led, were learning by experience their own political value, and claimed from whichever party they agreed to serve certain privileges as their reward. The oppressions of the feudal system were, indeed, less heavy than in preceding centuries; but "Jeshurun had waxed fat," and they became more galling. The church, too, was no longer the sanctuary of liberty and the refuge of the wronged; other callings were now open to an ambitious peasant, by the institution of manufactures and the formation of the "middling classes"—and the abuses of the cloister were spoken of aloud. During the fourteenth century, a sense of intolerable oppression had roused the lower classes in many parts of Europe. The savage rising of the Jacquerie, and the more civilized insurrection of great towns amongst the Flemings, found much sympathy in England. John Bull and Wat Tyler were (like the white-caps on the troubled ocean) themselves a part of the great "waste of waters," but raised into a momentary consequence by the agitation of the whole.

When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

was not alone the crazy doggerel of the Kentish priest, but some tens of thousands of peasantry at his back were fiercely echoing the question.

The English have had always a turn for satirical versifying, and we find poems of this nature extending, at considerable intervals, from the reign of Edward I. to that of the fourth Henry, when, public attention having been called to religious abuses, the monks and clergy came in for an abundant share.

A large number of political songs that celebrate the Wars of the Roses have descended to our time, and in the reign of Henry VIII. the corruptions of monkery furnished the theme for many hundreds of verses, of which the summing up is in the works of Skelton, the scurrilous and licentious incarnation of the spirit of the times. But, in general, no branch of polite literature has suffered more than such compositions from the Lethean waters with which old Time is ever besprinkling the dust of ages. Poems of this description are ephemeral in their nature; they are like all kinds of effervescing liquids, good only when first opened. *Hudibras* itself is little

read, and no person cares to purchase political poetry when the excitement which prompted it has passed over. A singular theory, however, has of late years been broached by Mr. John Belenden Ker, which looks, at first sight, very like a hoax to the common-sense reader, but, as Mr. Ker's book (published in 1832) has long since reached a second edition in the hands of highly respectable publishers, and has been reviewed in England as a serious essay on a serious subject, we suppose we must consider it put forth in good faith. His theory, if credible, would put us in possession of a large number of lampoons, not, indeed, belonging to the period of which we are now speaking, but coming under the head of political songs.

According to this theory, in days of yore, when Charlemagne was persecuting the Saxons, and oppressing the peasantry by a foreign and onerous church sway, bringing with it a ministry of priests to whom the goaded people attributed fraud and vexation, the sufferers sought revenge by lampooning their tormentors. For a time the other party paid no attention to these squibs of a mob, till at length these became so violent and so numerous as to call for retributive measures. We must allow Mr. Ker to give the remainder of his own theory as follows:—"The remedy was ingenious, and worthy of the astuteness of the friars. An unparalleled and constant corruption of the dialect in which they were composed was taken advantage of, and the invective of the lampoon was gradually undermined by the introduction of a harmless, unmeaning medley, of a precisely similar sound and metre, in the latest forms of the altered dialect, till in time its original import was forgotten, and its venom and familiar use replaced by the present *Nursery Rhymes*!"

It is frightful to imagine the amount of disguised republicanism which the ears of the best English conservatives have drunk in in their childhood; how embryo archbishops have crowed over prophecies of the destruction of church rates and church establishments; and infant voices, afterwards to be raised in defence of the rotten borough of Old Sarum, have shouted in nursery numbers the first reformers' cry. Let us take as an amusing specimen the time hallowed old ditty of "Goosey, goosey, gander:"—

OLD SAXON.

Guise, guise, gaden dear!
Wår schell-hey waene daer;
Op stuyrs, aendoen stuyrs,
End in mèlyd is schem bear.
Dere ef met een ouwel-man,
D'aet woedn' aet sie eels Par-beers!
Hye tuck heim by die left leghe,
End seer reuve hem doe aen stuyrs.

ENGLISH MEANING.

Hear their insolent clamor!
The committee, what axes!
From us church-ridden elves
Nought but new rates and taxes,
There they sit, in the tap-room,
Nor once think of compassion;
We must pummel their noddles
If they grind in this fashion.
Let us stop their long speeches,
Their high vaunting words;
And, when they are gone to pot,
We shall all live like lords.

We have selected by far the most striking specimen of this poetry in illustration of Mr. Ker's extraordinary theory, and, although we cannot believe in his strange notion of systematic corruption in this branch of Saxon literature, we are persuaded to think it not impossible that our nursery lyrics may be of very ancient origin—may have originally been Saxon—and, passing down to us from mouth to mouth, may have gradually transformed themselves (without assistance from the monks) into the unintelligible English which has lulled to sleep generation after generation of our forefathers, and which is now to be heard, not in Britain only, or on our eastern coast, but in Oregon, Australia, and in "farthest Ind," wherever the Anglo-Saxon race has spread.

May our children continue to be nurtured with mere nonsense in the cradle! There has been of late years a conspiracy to supersede the fairy tales and Mother Goose, but we implore both the poet and the utilitarian to lay no sacrilegious hand upon the literature of long petticoats. Mothers and nurses take the side of law and order, church and king, by nature; alarm them not, O antiquary! by translating into revolutionary verses their favorite baby-songs. The age has grown too sceptical, because, according to our own new theory, we must understand and explain everything. Let mystery at least rally round the cradle, by the side of each little epitome of human life, who, to the philosopher—who has the humility to confess with David, that any of the works of God are "too wonderful" for him—is the greatest mystery of all.

From the period of the Reformation, when the English language became settled, with the Anglo-Saxon of the vulgar for its groundwork, and with valuable additions from the Norman tongue, it becomes no longer difficult to trace the current of popular opinion; nor are we forced to search out in black letter volumes the scanty relics of popular songs.

There are few things which more distinctly mark the commencement of the period of modern history, than the settlement of language, although we may, perhaps, refer this mainly to that great invention which communicated a simultaneous impulse to all classes—which gave to the higher ranks their Shakespeare and the classics—to the peasantry their broadside ballads,—and to both the revelation of the Almighty in the common tongue. We know, however, very little of the state of feeling among the lower classes during the golden age of English literature. The attention of the student of history is absorbed by certain "bright particular stars," which, by their very brilliancy, obscure the "lesser lights" around them. We know that the rule of Queen Elizabeth bore harshly on her nobles and the squirearchy, whom it was ever the policy of the Tudor race to bring into abject submission, but her memory is still cherished among the people of England; even Cromwell, in his speeches, refers affectionately to her "glorious days;" and it was not until the reign of her successor, when the dignity of the crown was lowered, while the kingly prerogative was strained—when the Protestant cause was abandoned on the continent, and the Scots, exasperated by changes in church-discipline, made league with the Puritans of the North, that we find the robes, for the first time since the Conquest, again in league with royalty, and the people of England in opposition to their king.

What causes were at work beneath the surface of society to produce these political changes, which break suddenly upon the reader of history, and which a knowledge of the condition of the lower orders of society during the reigns of the Tudors would best explain?

The political poetry of England during the reigns of Elizabeth and Mary is extremely scanty. The great bards, whose writings we so proudly inherit, wrote only for the educated classes, and on subjects not likely to interest "the million." In the time of James I., we find

a considerable change, not only in the dialect of political poetry, but in its character, its adaptation, and its themes. About this time the manners of society in England appear to have experienced a very perceptible change, and the reign of James I. is perhaps the time at which we may date the decline of the "old English hospitality." A change frequently alluded to, especially in the well known song "The Fine Old English Gentleman," and its counterpart, which, in nearly the same language that we have them now, were written in King James' reign, to describe the change of manners so distasteful to the public, and to compare "the queen's old courtiers" with those of the Scottish king.

Whoever has read Mr. Macaulay's spirited ballad upon "the entry of the Cavaliers into London," has caught the very echo of the verses of the Long Parliament times. The language, style and sentiments are precisely those of the ballads embalmed in the thin, square and long-forgotten volumes with which the press of England (as much of it as was in the hands of the king's party), during this period of English history teemed. The Cavalier poets even vouchsafed an ironical assistance to the Roundheads. The following stanzas (though very unlike his usual manner) are by the mystical, quaint, emblem-loving Francis Quarles:—

Know then, my brethren, Heaven is clear,
And all the clouds are gone,
The righteous now shall flourish, and
Good days are coming on:
Come then, my brethren, and be glad,
And eke rejoice with me;
Lawn sleeves and rochets shall go down,
And hey! then up go we!

We'll break the windows which the whore
Of Babylon has painted;
And when the Popish saints are down,
Then Barrow shall be sainted;
There's neither cross nor crucifix
Shall stand for men to see!
Rome's trash and trumperies shall go down,
And hey! then up go we!

We cannot conclude this brief review of the popular superstitions of the middle ages, without remarking the effect they have produced upon the current opinions of more recent times, especially that belief in fairies and familiar spirits, which, as we have seen, dates from the days of the Druids, and as far back as we can trace the history of any portion of the Celtic race. These popular delusions

even directed the earliest enquiries of science; and while we mourn over the talent abused, the time and money wasted in searchings after the philosopher's stone, or the elixir of immortality, we must not forget that these pursuits were paving the paths of modern science from the Aristotelian system of mere verbal definitions to that of experimental investigation and discovery.

The astrologer of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries was supposed to hold communications with the spiritual world, and indeed all science was regarded by the vulgar as under the especial patronage of the Evil One. The fairies were always believed to be dwellers in dens, and lakes, and trees, and the astrologer conjured them into his glass or crystal, to direct him to the hidden treasures which they only knew. The witch differed from the astrologer, inasmuch as her power over the spirits was believed to be the result of a compact with the Spirit of Darkness, whereby he bound himself to serve her for a time, on condition that he should afterwards be her master for ever. The witches were among the peasantry what astrologers were in rather more refined society, in their intercourse with the spirits. Royalty, religious feeling, and popular superstition, agreed during the first half of the seventeenth century upon a single subject only. King James gave his loving lieges a treatise upon witchcraft; the Puritans applied verses from the Old Testament (directed against the magicians and astrologers of the East) to the miserable old women whom circumstances or local prejudices invested with the character of witches; up to that period all scientific discoveries had been connected with

astrology; professors of philosophy were learned in the Cabala, and societies for the advancement of magic and of alchemy were not uncommonly formed.

If we examine the reports of the trials for witchcraft which the Camden Society has reprinted within the last few years, we shall find that the greater part of the stories alleged in evidence were mere mischievous freaks, in which we immediately recognize the mad pranks of Robin Goodfellow. If we are not mistaken, one of the last executions for witchcraft, which took place in Norfolk, so late as the eighteenth century, was preceded by a trial based almost entirely upon a charge of suddenly startling teams of horses, and overturning harvest carts without apparent cause, an amusement in which Puck and his fellow elves of happier memory were wont very largely to indulge. Unless indeed we are willing to admit that the familiar spirits of a pagan age became the grotesque and popular demons of our own, it would be difficult to account for the extraordinary and inconsistent attributes which the great author of evil has assumed. Whence has he borrowed the cloven foot he wears? Certainly not on the authority of Scripture; but the familiar spirits which haunted the houses of our forefathers, and presided over their household arrangements when they lived in caves and dens, are always thus described. One of the earliest woodcuts that has come down to us is appended to a ballad of Robin Goodfellow, and represents him with horns, hoofs, and tail, deformed and hairy, dancing in the midst of a ring of subject elves, such as the astrologers afterwards divided into legions, tribes, and bands of devils.

NELLIE, WATCHING.

YOU might see the river shore
From the shady cottage door
Where she sat, a maiden mild—
Not a woman, not a child;
But the grace which heaven confers
On the two, I trow was hers:
Dimpled cheek, and laughing eyes,
Blue as bluest summer skies,
And the snowy fall and rise
Of a bosom, stirred, I weat,
By some thought as dewy sweet
As the red ripe strawberries,
Which the morning mower sees;

Locks so long and brown (half down
 From the modest wild-flower crown
 That she made an hour ago,
 Saying, "I will wear it, though
 None will praise it, that I know!")
 Twined she round her fingers white—
 Sitting careless in the light,
 Sweetly mixed of day and night—
 Twined she, peeping sly the while
 Down the valley, like an aisle,
 Sloping to the river-side.
 Blue eyes! wherefore open so wide?
 They are fishers on the shore
 That you look on—nothing more.

Pettishly she pouts. Ah me!
 Saucy Nellie, you will see
 Ere an hour has fled away,
 Little reck's it what you say—
 That those eyes with anger frowning
 Darkly, will be near to drowning,
 And the lips repeating so
 Oft and proudly "Let him go!"
 Will be sighing.

Ah, I know!
 I have watched as you have done
 This fair twilight, pretty one,
 Watched in trembling hope, and know,
 Spite of all your frowning so,
 That the wave of sorrow, flowing
 In your heart, will soon be showing
 In the cheek, now brightly blushing,—
 Hark! 'tis but the wild birds hushing
 To their nests—and not a lover
 Brushing through the valley clover!

Purple as the morning-glories
 Round her head the shadows fall;
 Is she thinking of sad stories,
 That, when wild winds shriek and call,
 And the snow comes, good old folks,
 Sitting by the fire together,
 Tell, until the midnight cocks
 Shrilly crow from hill to hill,
 Stories not befitting ill
 Wintry nights and windy weather?

The small foot that late was tapping
 On the floor, has ceased its rapping,
 And the blue eyes opened wide,
 Half in anger, half in pride,
 Now are closed as in despair,
 And the flowers that she would wear
 Whether they were praised or no,
 On the ground are lying low.

Foolish Nellie, see the moon,
 Round and red, and think that June
 Will be here another day,
 And the apple-boughs will grow
 Brighter than a month ago:
 Beauty dies not with the May!

And beneath the hedgerow leaves,
All the softly-falling eves,
When the yellow bees are humming
And the blue and black birds coming
In at will, we two shall walk,
Making out of songs and talk
Quiet pastime.

Nellie said,
"Those fine eves I shall be dead,
For I cannot live and see
Him I love so, false to me,
And till now I never staid
Watching vainly in the shade."

"In good sooth, you are betrayed!
For I heard you careless saying,
'Tis not I for love that pine.
And I've been a long time staying
In the shadow of the vine!"

So a laughing voice, but tender,
Said to Nellie: quick the splendor
Of the full moon seemed to fade,
For the smiling and the blushing
Filling all the evening shade.
It was not the wild birds hushing
To their nests an hour ago,
But in verity a lover
Brushing through the valley-clover.

Would all watches maidens keep,
When they sit alone and weep
For their heart-aches ended so!

NOVELS: THEIR MEANING AND MISSION.

THE announcement of philosopher Fourier, that "Attractions are proportioned to destinies," albeit false in many, is, nevertheless, true in some respects. Thus, in literature, every longing and every susceptibility of the soul, and, in fact, every mental want, creates for itself a satisfaction and a supply. So, too, we may regard every phasis of literature as a typical manifestation of some profounder necessity that underlies and procreates it. For example: The Epos gives utterance to all the untold heroisms of our nature; and the Iliad is at once the embodiment of a nation's warlike daring, and the realization, to a certain extent, of a heroic ideal that finds its home and birth-place in every soul of man. Each man is, in a measure, an Achilles, and burns with the flame of his awful ire [*Μῆνις Οὐλόμηνυ*]; but genius alone, in

elevating everything she touches to the dignity of apotheosis, has touched with her mystic wand *this* side of the many-sided soul; and lo! it lives and breathes perennially.

History, again, develops the infinite in man; and, as Frederick Schlegel remarks, "replies to the first problem of philosophy—the restoration in man of the lost image of God; as far as this relates to Science."

So, both the physical and the metaphysical sciences respond to opposite and distinctive poles in our mental organism; while the fine arts, which hold a mediæsthetic position between the two, are, in all their provinces, an effort after the realization of that which finds full expression only in that absolute, which is the birth-place of the soul. Thus, the mind, unsatisfied with itself and subjec-

five existences, ever struggles after objective forms and embodiment; for "nature," as Emerson tells us, "will be reported."

But, besides those faculties and tendencies already named, and which find expression in some form or other, we have to take cognizance of that class which have relation to the *imagination* and the *fancy*; and which also find for themselves "a local habitation and a name," as well as a place in the world of letters. I refer to *romance* literature.

That this species of composition is a normal and legitimate development of the mind, mankind have endorsed by the fact of every nation's having given birth to productions of this kind, and by the extreme avidity with which fabulous and romantic narratives have in all times been received. Finding its primeval home in the gorgeous East—amid scenes of vastness and of splendor, where the magnificence of nature's visible forms, and the voluptuous quiescence of life, invite to lolling repose, giving birth to dreamy fancies; while every balsamic breeze and Sabean odor wafts on its wings reveries of grandeur—it reached its full Eastern perfection in those wonderful phantasies: The Thousand and One Tales.

Of Eastern romance, we may remark, *en passant*, that it will be found the almost unmixed product of fancy (or phantasy). The tendency of the oriental mind was not sufficiently introspective to elevate them to the dignity of works of *imagination*; and, besides, everything in nature was symbolical and suggestive, and speech itself was nearly pure metaphor. The East is the home of the language of flowers, and the poetry of mathematics.

Transported to the West, romance assumed a more intellectual and also a more emotional cast; losing many of its outer splendors, it clothed itself in a stronger garb, and partook of the active form of Western life. This is the hey-day of the European chivalry and romance epoch, displayed in the genial satire and the glorious humor of its brightest exponent, Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra; and the gallant or amatory harp of the Troubadours and the Minnesingers.

The subsequent course of romance literature, down to the present time, is known to every one, and need not here be pursued; as it modified its original

form, and extended the boundaries of its province of action—now taking in one field, and again another—jutting out in strange extravagances and *outré* developments, and then rising to the natural and the true; till now, when its domain embraces infinity and absorbs every subject of human feeling and action, thought and emprise. Carlyle says that romance has not ceased to exist; that, on the other hand, it is now in its full meridian splendor. And verily, we are inclined to believe it—if not in life, yet in literature.

Nothing is more easy or gratuitous than the vituperative condemnation and contempt that have so often been lavished on novels and novel writing. They are "trash," "yellow-covered literature," "wishy-washyism, namby-pambyism," &c., &c. The guardian makes it a point to keep his ward as carefully from a novel as from the measles, and would as lief that she would dose herself with rat-bane as devour a romance. Our venerated ancestor (peace to his manes), who, in early manhood, was so annoyed by the flirtations of his gay younger sister, which seemed always to succeed profound and long-continued brooding over the pages of the novels sent her from London, had, one should say, *some* reason for cautioning us, among his last words of advice, to "Beware of novels."

Uncle Greybeard, too, imagines that he has completely annihilated the whole tribe when he utters a "Pshaw!" and something about "vapid sentimentality," and "man-millinerism." True, O grave Greybeard; those which chiefly filled the shelves of your village library were most deserving of the epithets, and even at the present day many a heated press labors day and night to satiate the public appetite for just such "*trash*."

The truth, however, is, that the domain of romance-composition has been so materially extended within the last quarter of a century, the fields of thought and feeling commented upon so altered, and the type of popular novels so completely changed, that what could, to a great extent, be very well predicated of novels fifty years ago, is totally false in its sweeping application to our present species. We have now no desire for the extravagances of sentiment and action that, with a few brilliant exceptions, characterized English novels of former times. On the other hand, we are disgusted with such productions, and covet, above all, the natural in thought and

feeling. What is wanted to constitute a good modern novel, is not a monstrous assemblage of grotesquely illusive pictures of life and nature, interlarded with inconceivable sentiments, unheard-of adventures, and impossible exploits. Not at all. We demand that they be veritable and veracious segments of the great life-drama, displaying Nature and Man as they are, sentiments as they are felt, and deeds as they are done. Novels are judged as Art products, and as little sympathy is felt with the *bizareries* that are heaped together, for the gratification of very weak brains, as for the fantastic adornings of a Dutch house, or the architectural proportions of a Chinese pagoda.

We are now-a-days really very little interested in the history of that amiable creature, Miss Angelica Celestina Sugarheart, with whom that equally generous gent, Peter Giralddine Gingerbread, fell in love. The life-views and vicissitudes of this sentimental pair—how Ma was opposed to it, how Peter (poor Peter!) took to melancholy and the sea, and, after innumerable prodigious adventures with pirates on the Gulf of Mexico, returned just in time to shoot a rival, and espouse Angelica Celestina, who afterwards lived, in great connubial felicity, in a charming cottage by the side of a lovely lake. Even Miss Blandish would not declare that this is quite "divine" now-a-days. On the whole, we have come to receive these overwhelming communications with very considerable *sang froid*. Novels are now, many of them, the productions of men of the highest intellectual and moral worth, and are at present more generally read, and probably exercise a greater influence than any or all other forms of literature together. Then, in the name of truth and common sense, let us throw down the *bâton*, and cry "Halt!" to sneers and sneerers at novels. Rather would we endeavor to investigate the nature and legitimate field of novel writing, and point out the meaning and the mission of such works.

A few words prefatory, however, on the subject of a name.

There is no more unfortunate circumstance than the lack of an appropriate and experienced name for that kind of composition to which we are necessitated,

in lieu of a better, to affix the appellation, Novels, Romances, &c. They are total misnomers, every one of them. The fact is, that the thing itself has repeatedly changed, while the name has not, and thus thing and name are mutual contradictions. And, indeed, it is very much to be desiderated that Samuel Taylor Coleridge, instead of racking his and our brains with *Esemplastics*, and other such, had given us a good title for this very important class of works which are, even to the present day, denied Christian baptism. *Novel* is just *quelque chose de nouvelle*—something new, novel; and thus is as applicable to one thing as to another. *Romanes*, as the word itself imports,* is confined to the middle ages; and *Fiction*, though originally a harmless enough word, and, in fact rather expressive, denoting the result of mental *picturing*—(*fingo*) imagining—has now come to be symbolical simply of a *fib*.

"Only this, and nothing more."

On the other hand, you can scarcely, with strict propriety, call them works of imagination or fancy: for, in so doing, we include, under that term, poetry, oratory, and everything else to some extent. We shall, then, have to be satisfied with the old names—earnestly desiring that a new and more interpretative term may be speedily devised.

The domain of the novel ranges over the entire field of the real and the ideal, and thus touches at every point of man's consciousness—in the evolution of individual character, and the development of human life and nature, in their actual phases. And in these points, it is co-ordinate and co-extensive, at once, with poetry and the drama. With poetry, in being a veritable *poïesis*—an art-creation; and with the drama, in its plan or plot—in the involution of circumstance, character, and passion, and the evolution from the complexity of these life-and-death commingling scenes of grand vital results and important practical lessons. Thus, novels, especially those that are the transcendent productions of the imagination, take hold of everything that is in *rapport* with the infinite in man. The artist who created them

"Built better than he knew;"†

for, in displaying the phenomenal, an enticing hint has, at times, been thrown

* The word is French. The language was then called *Langue Romane*, and any book written in that tongue received the name of *libre Romane* (liber Romanus), or simply *Romane*; that is, *Romane book-romane*, whence *romance*.

† Emerson's Poems—The Problem.

out, that led us on with winning smiles to the home of the real: one touch of the human harp-chord, the Infinite, has set a-thrilling the old "Eternal Melodies." For so it is, that everything in life has a relation at once to the me and the not-me; and while the obverse carries the relative, the reverse bears the stamp of the absolute.

Regarding these idealistic creations, a remark or two may, at the present moment, not be inappropriate.

There be persons to whom nothing is comprehensible but what comes through the gross palpabilities of the senses. They can appreciate nothing that comes not in positive cuffs and downright hard blows. Now with these it is no intention of ours to discuss the question as to the comparative value of the real and the ideal—the practice and the theoretic. We have but to say that there are two worlds: there be two sides to everything in this world and out of it. There is the world of which your senses are cognizant—that which your eyes see, and your ears hear, and your hands handle—the physical. We will even become sensationalists enough to admit, that you have a solid frame of integument, muscle, and adipose tissue surrounding you, and an epigastric region somewhere about the middle of said framework; we will accede to your proposition, that the earth you tread on has a solidity and a reality (contingent); and admit that if you apply a loaded pistol to your head, and pull the trigger, it will stand a chance of blowing out what nature meant for your brains. There is no denying your creed so far. But, if you insist that *that is all*, then we cry "halt," in heaven's name! To your doctrine, friend, we can't subscribe *Crado!* Nay, on that score we are utter *σκηπτικοί*—unbelievers. And if ye were not

—"Quanti cibercl
Si della mente" *

so *squint-eyed* in mind, you could not help knowing that there is another world—the world of your longings and your dreadings and your imaginings—the spiritual. Where roam

"Those thoughts that wander through eternity,"

with fields and blessed isles of its own, and an infinite blue concave stretching all around. As for the predilection for

the real and the practical, it might be well to remember that theory ever stands at the base of practice; and the ideal, being the greater, includes the real. And, indeed, Leigh Hunt, in one of his papers, argues that it would be extremely difficult to prove that imaginings have not as real an existence as those to which we are in the habit of applying that rather ambitious title. Besides, if the *dictum* of our great master-philosopher be true, that

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep,"—

why may not those remembered characters that jut out with a glorious psychal existence, be as veracious to me as any of the shadows in buckram by which I am surrounded. Apply sensuous tests to them. Were you never influenced most materially by a book-character? Were you never stopped—physically arrested—by a thought? Were you never "*struck*" by some purely brain-delineation? Did Sir John Falstaff never sit and swear with you at your drinking bouts; or what do you think of a poor Burns carrying in his pocket a copy of *Paradise Lost* to fortify his mind and stay himself up with the defiant courage of Milton's Satan? Aha! my friend, you will have to come to the confession that:—

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy!"

What a glorious cloud of spiritual and intellectual witnesses have we all around us and taking up their home with us! To whom we refer as precedents in every action—with whom, consciously or otherwise, we advise every course of conduct, and from whom we draw untold consolations and benefits.

We think of a heroic Patience-man—a Prometheus Vincit—chained to the craggy rock—enduring the gnawings of the vulture, and still exclaiming:

"Κρίσιον γὰρ οἶμαι τῆδε λατρεῖν πέτρῃ
'Ἢ πατρὶ φίλῳ Ζηνὶ πιστὸν ἀγγέλον."

or of his parallel Sampson Agonistes; we think of:

"The great Achilles whom we knew," ‡

of Dantean paradises and infernos; of blundering yet sage old Don Quixote;

* Dante's *Inferno*, Canto VII., ver. 40—1.

† Eschylus' *Prometheus Vincitus*. 996.

‡ Tennyson's *Poems*—*Ulysses*.

of the hurrying words of Shakespeare's metropolitan brain; we go on adventures with Tom Jones, or dwell in desert isles with Robinson Crusoe; we philosophise with Moses (*Vicar of Wakefield*) and exclaim "Prodigious!" with Dominie Sampson; we muse with Manfred or we curse with Mephistopheles. And so it is throughout every province of human action—we are never without our *compagnons de voyage*. They hover around us or dwell with us, and perhaps there could be no more noble tribute paid to the glory and veritability of such genius-creations.

Such and so vast is the scope of novel-composition taking in the Unseen and the Eternal as well as the Temporal; embracing at once the life that now is, and that which is to come. Their name is *Légion*—numbered by the million—while thousands of Ann street presses teem with untold quantities more—diurnally. Of every possible species—and of every grade of merit—from a "Pirate's Revenge" or an "Alamance" (which may be taken as minimum) up to a "Vanity Fair," or a "Wilhelm Meister" (which approach to the maximum)—a distance that you and I, friend, would rather not travel over. So, to assist us, we shall endeavor to make a few great general divisions, under which all Romance-productions may be included.

It is worthy of note that the terms "Novel" and "Romance," though often confounded—are, in a general signification, analogous to the philosophico-metaphysical divisions, "Imagination" and "Fancy." "The fancy," says Coleridge in his *Biographia Literaria*, "the fancy combines, the imagination creates." Now this, though perhaps not a rigidly philosophical distinction, is yet capital as a general definition. Putting them side by side, then, we have Fancy—Romance; Imagination—Novel; that is, the term Romance is indicative of a combination of wonderful deeds and darings; outreisms and bizzareries; while novel (not the name—for that is senseless in such an application—but the thing) carries the idea of an Art-creation; not an accretion of circumstances and particulars from without, but an inly production of the mind in its highest imagining or poetic moods. Of course, it is not intended to be insinuated that they are not found in constant affiliation—as are all the mental tendencies—yet the preponderance of the faculty will run in the direction

above indicated. And more particularly is this true in regard to *Novels* since the rise of our present new and better school of imaginative writers, who have elevated this species of composition to its true dignity—and regarding which school, we have a few words to remark by and by. But, in the mean time to our divisions.

I. The purely *Romantic*: 1. The *Apologue*—the didactic; 2. *Extravaganzas*; 3. *Romance Sentimental*:

II. The *Novel* proper: 4. *Historico-Descriptive*; 5. *Novels Analytic*—of *Men and Manners*; 6. *Novels Idealistic*. Besides which classes, it will be necessary to include *Novels—Philosophical—Political, Religious—Eclectic*.

The first three divisions, namely, the Apologue, Extravaganza, and Sentimental productions, have relation to the class we call *Romances*; the last three, and the minor subdivisions, are what we may with propriety name *Novels*, taking that term as indicating imaginative in opposition to fanciful works. And, whether intentionally or otherwise, we find that we have, with considerable correctness, given them place in the order of their development in actual literature. For it is a fact that tales, having their foundation in the fancy, ever precede the noble flights of imagination. Even as in the individual, the fancy precedes, in relation of time, the imagination; so in the adolescence of a national literature, we have the grotesque and the arabesque before the lofty idealistic.

The first division, the *Apologue*, is one of the earliest developments in all literature. For the order of progression seems to be thus:—The madrigal—the primal form—merges into fable or allegory, and this continues until a higher type takes its place. And here again the circumstance in literature finds its analogue in life, for at no time are persons so didactic as in youth, except when a garrulous senility has brought back a second childhood. This fact is abundantly illustrated in European literature. There was first the troubadour and chivalric period, when all was song. When "believers," says Tieck, "sang of faith; lovers of love; knights described knightly actions and battles; and loving, believing knights were their chief audience." But the age of chivalry passed away, the world awoke to the sternness and the reality, the mystery and the majesty of life, and they asked to be taught. And so arose the Fable, the Allegory, the Apologue.

Of this class of writing, no finer type could be desired than that marvellous *Gesta Romanorum*, or that exquisite German, *Reinecke der Fuchs*, Reynard the Fox. This form of writing is, however, by no means a desirable one, and is always indicative of a *transition* state in literature.

The second division is that to which we have given the name of *Extravaganza*. Under which we may include not only those *jeux d'esprit*—the innumerable "*voyages imaginaires*" of former times—exemplified lately in another field, that of astronomy, by Locke's "Moon Hoax," and the "Hans Phaall" of Edgar A. Poe, but also the *biarreries* of Mrs. Radcliffe, Kotzebue, and numerous other German and French writers—those terrifico-ghostly, blood-and-thunder books, as well as the stories of exploit and adventure, *e. g.*, Captain Marryatt's tales; and also productions which owe their effect to the illustration of *practical* joke, such as "Charles O'Malley" and "Harry Lorrequer," "Valentine Vox" and "Stanley Thorn." As a *political* extravaganza, the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More is undoubtedly the most capital thing extant.

Of the *third* division, we need fortunately say but little, as they are so perfectly familiar to every one, as to require no illustration. They are usually well seasoned with "molasses," and generally conclude with the moral—"And they lived happily all the rest of their days." They are still the base of our literature, and are the chaff among which are found a few golden-grained products of true genius.

There is, however, another class of sentimental works, or rather (for that term is abused in its present application) works of sentiment, or (if the term be endurable) æsthetical productions, which have their foundation in heart-feelings, and make their thesis the emotional. These are some of the quiet home books of Grace Aguilar, Mrs. Kirkland, Elizabeth Oakes Smith, and (to be brief) Ike Marvel, as seen in his "Dream-Life" and "Reveries of a Bachelor;" while of the sentimental, in its boldest and most analytical point of view, Rousseau and Bernardin de St. Pierre are undoubtedly to be taken as the most excellent representatives.

Division *four* brings us to the most prolific and popular type of novels—the Historico-Descriptive. Under this head there is such a multiplicity of writers,

that the enumeration of any other than typical representatives is out of the question.

At the head of this class, in both its departments, stands, without doubt, Sir Walter Scott. He has *harried* not only every nook and cranny of Scottish life and manners, but has rummaged almost every salient point of history for material. If Scott, and Professor Wilson, and Mrs. Ferrier be the illustrators of Scotland and the Scotch, in their great national peculiarities, assuredly so may Mrs. Hall be considered of Ireland and the Irish, in the home-life of that people, while Charles Lever displays its more farcical phases. The English "Upper Ten" find at once a satirist and an exponent in Hook and Thackeray, while "John Bull" never had a more jolly appreciator, or more faithful chronicler, than Dickens; the salient and spirited soul of Parisian life is not so salient as to elude the grasp of a Balzac, nor so spirited as not to be seized by a Paul de Kock; German life has its thousand expositors; Italy its faithful Manzoni, and its eloquent Madame de Staël; while Northern Europe is familiar to us as household scenes through the felicitous sketches of Miss Bremer; and the East, in all its grandeur and gorgeousness, is ours through the pages of Anastasius and Eöthen.

America has no national novel, for the very good reason that there is no such thing as American society. Particular portions, indeed, and particular sides thereof have found interpreters. Western and Indian life has a Cooper; Southern, a Kennedy; and New England, a Hawthorne and a Sedgwick; but her "idea" has never yet been embodied—her pulse, the state of it, has never yet been recorded; for the reason that arterial circulation has hardly yet commenced; her "mission" has not quite got itself evolved; and the American Novel, like her "Coming Man," is only a "coming."

In a far higher than a historico-descriptive sense are Dickens and Thackeray, Rousseau and Bernardin de St. Pierre, Hawthorne and Mrs. Stowe, Richter and Goëthe; novelists, as recorders, not of phases of society and national characteristics, merely, but of (5) *men and manners*; as students of elemental human nature; and observers and reporters of this great life-drama. This it is that brings them into *rapport* with Shakespeare and the heart of universal life;

this is their crown of glory—every one of them; and that which will not allow them to perish, like the ephemeral productions of romance, but give them a lasting interest: an interest co-extensive with that human nature which they depict, and elevate them to the dignity of classics.

Closely allied with the former division are those works that have for their object a purely idealistic aim—which are not so much analyses of human nature as art-products—with a tendency purely *poietikos*—creative; having the subjective as their basis, and, as thesis, the development of a subjective state in its connection with objective realities. These have their value in the involution of the mystic—*μυστικός*—in the sense of the Schlegels. In regard to which productions, says Poe: "With each note of the lyre is heard a ghostly, and not always a distinct, but an august and soul-exalting echo. In every glimpse of beauty presented, we catch, through long and wild vistas, dim and bewildering visions of a far more ethereal beauty beyond. A Naiad voice addresses us from below. The notes of the air of the song tremble with the according tones of the accompaniment."

This form is to be found in full perfection in the exquisite imaging of Jean Paul Richter, in the ethereal "Undine" of De la Motte Fouqué—analogous, in a different form, to that magnificent tragic embodiment of *Æschylus*, "Prometheus Vincetus," or the "Comus" of Milton, or Coleridge's "Christabel," or Shelley's "Alastor." Poe, too, has given us some curious specimens of ideal fantasizing; and, like that of Paganini, it is fantasizing on *one* string. No one could better push to its utmost a hoping or a dreading, or a vague longing, or a tendency of the mind or of the emotions, or an idiosyncrasy of character. Witness his "Gold Bug," or "Leggia," or the "Fall of the House of Usher."

The characteristic and the glory of the new school of novelists is, without doubt, its vigor and earnest veracity. As we before observed, a quarter of a century has had the effect of completely revolutionizing this department of literature. By some this happy movement is referred to the influence of one writer, and by others to another. Some say Godwin's "Caleb Williams" led the way; others make Fielding its great prototype; and so on. But the true secret of

the new impulse is with greater probability to be sought for in the more profoundly earnest spirit of the age. We note, amid the crudities and absurdities of this era, the primal movement towards a radically stronger and nobler theorem of life and literature in all their departments—of a deeper theosophy and a more transcendent philosophy. The world's "Idea" now is the *true*. This idea it is that is leading us back to the search after a more satisfactory solution of all the problems that affect human existence and its concerns; that makes physical science the offspring of the nineteenth century; that has turned criticism upside down; that has given us an Emerson and a Carlyle—a Schiller and a Goethe; and that has swept away the "old drowsy shop" of Aristotelian logic and ontology, and erected—or, at least, laid the foundation—of that splendid fabric, of which some of the master-builders are Sir William Hamilton, and Kant, and Fichte, and Schelling, and the Schlegels, and Novalis, and Jean Paul Richter. And this idea has at last taken possession of the field of imaginative writing—of novels; and is leading us back to the ultimate principles of the art, which are truth itself, to the investigation of the true, with reference to society and the legitimate field of the ideals. It is giving us, instead of the puling sentimentality of those eternal love-developments, true home-sentiments and honest heart-feelings; instead of solemn pedantry, true knowledge—all understood and clearly elaborated; instead of a conglomeration of fantastic bizzareries, fit only to bamboozle one, and cause him to wonder where he is straying, presenting us with high ideals of life, and pointing out to us the heroism of doing and daring. We will not take hyperism—we demand honesty. And hence our love for Bernardin de St. Pierre, and Mme. de Staël, and Manzoni, and De Foe, and Goldsmith, and Dickens, and Thackeray, and Kingsley, and Hawthorne, and Cooper, and Mrs. Stowe. Dickens, and Thackeray, and Kingsley, and Goldsmith, are universally satisfactory, just because they are faithful to life throughout its various phases; De Foe and Cooper and Manzoni we glory in on account of their minutiae and likeness of detail—in the forest or on the sea they never fail us; Tieck and Hawthorne and Simms are artistic to a fault; while with Miss Bremer and Hans Andersen, we are delighted on account of the quietude and

unwarped simplicity of their depiction of still life.

So much for the meaning of novels. Their mission, we think, is palpable enough. We spoke, in the introduction, of every desire and proclivity of the mind being the prediction of its satisfaction in literature. Novels (we think it will, by this time, be understood *what* class we mean) are the filling up and the satisfying of that in the soul which otherwise would be blank and vacant.

And peculiarly are they the product of this nineteenth era when there is such a fecundity and such an overflowing of mental and psychal life. They are one of the "features" of our age. We know not what we should do without them. And, indeed, there is a class of writers who, if they did not develop in this way, would find no other mode of utterance whatever. How *could* Kingsley have written except through "Alton Locke" and "Yeast"? What vehicle *could* Dickens have found for the communication of just his class of ideas but that of "Nicholas Nickleby," of "David Copperfield," or of "Hard Times"? How *could* Thackeray have given us his pictures of society, but through the *camera obscura* of "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis," and "The Newcomes"?

But still they (novels) are not the whole of literature. Assuredly not! no more than *sauce piquante* makes a dinner, or the hours we spend in jocularity and abandon a life. They are didactic; but it is philosophy wearing a smiling face, and holding out a winning invitation. They are the *Utile* clothed in the garb of the *Dulce*. And in this dulcet manner, they touch human consciousness

at every possible point. They have already absorbed every field of interest. As pictures of life, and as developments of the passions, they have almost entirely superseded the drama; while every subject of interest, every principle of science, of art, of politics, of religion, finds a graceful appreciator and interpreter through the popular novel.

So that, do you wish to instruct, to convince, to please? Write a novel! Have you a system of religion or politics or manners or social life to inculcate? Write a novel! Would you have the "world" split its sides with laughter, or set all the damsels in the land a-breaking their hearts? Write a novel! Would you lay bare the secret workings of your own heart, or have you a friend to whom you would render that office? Write a novel! Have you "fallen out"—got into a consanguinity with your wife (as an English baronet, a famous novelist, did), and are you fain to give her a public castigation (as the English baronet desired)? Write a novel! (The English baronet did so.) Or, on the other hand, should any wife feel like Candeleising and retaliating on her husband? Again we say, write a novel! (By the way, the baronet-novelist's lady did so, also.) Have you any tit-bits of wit or humor—any morceaux of fun or frolic—any "insight" into art or æsthetics? Why, write a novel! Do you wish to create a sensation? Write a novel! And, lastly, not least, but loftiest, would you make (magnum et venerabile nomen!)—would you make money? Then, in Plato's and Mammon's name! write a novel!

A DAY ON THE DANUBE.

It was a cold, drizzly and desolate morning, when I was rapped out of the comfortable bed of the *Stadt London*, in Vienna, to take the omnibus for Nussdorf, four miles from the city, where the Danubian steamers lie. In any other place, I should have been disposed to keep to the sheets; but I had got so out of patience with the little annoyances of the Austrian despotism, that I was willing to leave it on the first occasion. The day before, they had kept me waiting a couple of hours, at the police-office, to get my passport returned, along with a *passirschein* or permission to depart, which everybody must have before he can quit. Thus, your out-going, as well as your in-coming, is noted by the police, and one feels as if his every step became the subject of a written description. It would have been wiser, perhaps, to remain; for I had not half seen the city, and two dozen museums, with fifty or more picture-galleries, were lost to my admiration. But one does get so weary of parading these long halls to look at paintings and curiosities which he cannot recall five minutes after they are out of sight!

The steamboat we found fast filling up with passengers, and when it was completely full, a company of soldiers marched on board, to be transferred to some place up the river. Poor fellows! they were a sorry-looking set, and I could not help pitying them as they took leave of their friends and companions, chiefly women, with tears in their eyes. A few of them, however, who had saved a kreutzer or two, to pay the expense, carried their damsels with them, and in that way managed to spread the leave-taking over the greater part of the day and the next night. Some sat in the shelter of the smoke-pipe, and ate black bread and drank wine, with a kind of forced and tragical mirth; others laid down in the barrels and boxes with their cloaks drawn snugly over them and their innamoratas; and several couples paraded the front deck, arm in arm, or closely embraced, while their lips, ever and anon, came together with a smack that had the whole heart in it. Later in the day, and as the evening drew on, I saw one pair, leaning against the wheelhouse, in the tenderest hug, with lip to lip, and they maintained their position for several hours, till I went to bed at least, or,

for aught I know, till the next morning. It should be added, to prevent mistakes, that these women were not of a beauty or charm of personal appearance to render these proceedings at all aggravating to the spectator, even though far from home.

For some miles, after leaving Nussdorf, the Danube is without interest; for the shores are flat, and that morning such objects as there might else have been to see, were quite enveloped in mist. Yet an enthusiastic old Austrian, with grey beard and grey moustache, who had taken a liking to me, at the breakfast table, because I shared a glass of his detestable Austrian wine without making a wry face, went into raptures over a fine old castle, which he called Greifenstein, and which he said was so named because a griffin had left the imprint of its claws upon the hard rock. He farther assured me that it was highly interesting, because my countryman, Richard Cour de Lion, had once been imprisoned within its walls. But his good opinion of me was evidently chilled, when I replied, firstly, that I had not the honor of being a countryman of the aforesaid Richard; secondly, that it was doubtful whether he had ever been in prison there; and, thirdly, that I could not see the first stone of the castle, on account of the rain. It would have been more gratifying to share in his raptures than in his wine; but how could I, under the circumstances? As a compensation, however, when he had gone a little further, I did contrive to get a glimpse of a half-finished, and, therefore, half-ruined old Augustine monastery, named Klosterneuberg, and I admired it accordingly, dim and shadowy as it seemed in the distance; but this was not enough for my friend, who also insisted that I should believe in a wonderful miracle perpetrated there, some six hundred years ago. The Margravine Agnes, it appears, desired to build a holy house in these regions somewhere, but could not tell precisely where, when a sudden wind carried off her veil, and took it to parts unknown. Nine years afterwards, her husband, hunting in the forest, discovered the identical veil, hanging to an elder bush, sound and whole as the day it was lost, in spite of the delicacy of the texture, and that fact was regarded as a sure indication of the will of heaven, as to

the spot on which the monastery should be built. It was, therefore, erected, or rather partly erected, there, and we admired what was left of it through the mist.

It was not until we reached Klems, "famous for its mustard and gunpowder," said my Austrian cicerone, that the clouds broke away, giving him a chance to add, "and yonder is Stein, with its fine old churches, though they are now turned into salt magazines." I was glad to see it clear, for the river here draws the great rocky hills to its banks, producing a succession of the boldest and most picturesque views in the world. I had nothing to do for hours but utter exclamations of wonder and delight at the various scenes which opened upon us. For miles upon miles, the lofty crags, each crowned with some broken castle or convent, rise almost directly out of the water, which frets and dashes around their bases, as if it desired to shake them down into its angry tide. Quaint little villages nestle in the valleys between them, or seem as if striving to climb the rough slopes, while here and there patches of vineyard straggle along the natural terraces, or clasp the very tops of the hills. At one place, great fissures had been cut, apparently by descending streams, in the granite, which bristled above in a hundred sharp pinnacles, or stretched away, like a battlemented wall, from the water's edge, to the dark fir woods in which they were lost. "How wild, how grand," said I, to the infinite delight of a group of natives, who had gathered about me as if on purpose to see what effect the scenery would have upon a foreigner. "Ah Gott, yes," they replied in chorus; "and see, oh heavens, there is old Dürrenstein!"

This Dürrenstein, or Hardstone, as we should say, is an immense donjon keep, the remains of a castle, perched on the summit of a high ridge of rock, and well defended by solid masses of masonry, but without a tree or shrub near it, which gives it a look of stern desolation. "A majestic ruin," remarked a German student at my elbow, "and the more interesting, because it was beneath that window there to the right, that Blondel, the favorite minstrel, played to Richard Cœur de Lion, during his imprisonment."

"Ah!" said I; "my impression was, that the Dürrenstein where Richard is said to have been imprisoned, was a

castle of that name on the frontier of Styria, near the old town of Freisach, where he was arrested."

"Not at all," he resumed; "it is all a mistake; the old chroniclers make it clear that he was imprisoned at Tyrnstein, which is the ancient spelling of Dürrenstein, and this is the place."

But as we approached another ruin, the castle of Spitz, our conversation was broken off by this new object of remark. It was not so massive as the last, though equally impressive, because it leads the way to a kind of palisade, which extends along both sides of the river, overlooking the other rocks, and is fitly named the Devil's Wall. At the other end of it is the castle of Aggstein, sitting on the top of a conical crag, while the village of Klein-Aggbach lies crouching at the foot, like a flock of sheep watched by a grim and bearded giant. A circuitous path, numerous guarded by bridges and gates, winds up the several declivities from the town to the ruin. How the poor people of the valley ever dislodged the reckless old robbers who once inhabited the heights, is a wonder; and they never did so honestly; but, as the tradition goes, they only captured them at last by stealth. A fellow named Schreckenwald, a veritable terror of the woods and consummate marauder, was one of the most famous possessors of the castle, in the good old knightly times; and when he died, he left it to a worthy follower, named Hadmar, whose fellows were called the "Hounds." He robbed at will, and whenever his enemies banded together and came to take him, he rolled huge stones down upon their heads, until they were all killed, or if any of them chanced to remain alive, he plunged them afterwards headlong through a certain trap-door, seven hundred feet down, to his "bed of roses" as the old joker facetiously termed the stony debris below. But once upon a time a merchant Rudiger set a bait for him which took. He despatched a vessel, apparently laden with rich goods, past the stronghold of the peremptory knight, and no sooner was it seen, than the alarm-trumpets were blown, and Hadmar and his Hounds rushed down upon the prey. But the bark, alas for them! carried, like the Trojan horse, thirty or forty lusty fighters in its belly, who seized the invaders before they were aware, and sent them to "kingdom come."

This story I translated out of the

guide-book to a pleasant-looking young German lady, who was sketching from the main-deck, when she added, "Excellent! but the place has a still deeper interest. It was the scene of one of the most romantic incidents in history, and especially interesting to you as an Englishman. It was here that Richard Cœur de Lion was imprisoned, on his return from the Holy Land, and that his favorite page, Blondel, performed the sweet air by which he was recognized."

No doubt that young lady thought me very rude, for I could not help laughing in her face; and my imported German, unfortunately, was not courteous enough to explain clearly the grounds of my merriment. But I told her, as well as I could, that I had already that morning seen three of Richard's prisons, while my red-covered hand-book insisted that it was at a fourth place, called Trifell, that the famous serenade of Blondel came off. "Or," I continued, not to crush her illusion entirely, "he might have been imprisoned in a dozen places, at different times, like my excellent friend, Harro-Harring, whose virtuous political sentiments have made him acquainted with every jail in Europe, while he is also obliged to keep a pocket-map of the various districts and towns from which his ardent patriotism has caused him to be banished."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, smiling, "have you seen Harro? he is a noble man; how could he write such an abusive ode about our good Goëthe?"

But the convent and ruined castle of Schönbühel, the magnificent palace-like convent of Molk, the battlemented towers of Weideneck, planted on the bare granite, the old town of Great Pechlarn, which we rapidly passed, diverted our attention from the discussion of Harring, and it was not long before my amiable young companion was in the midst of a series of recitations, from the *Niebelungen Lied*, descriptive of the ride of *der gute Rüdiger*, when he and his gallant train brought the fair bride of Etzel (Attila) along the right bank of the Danube, from Passau to Vienna. The rude, homely old German strains rolled from her tongue with a sweetness that I had never before noticed in them, and I was almost persuaded to adopt the German enthusiasm which raises the poem to a level with the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. What she repeated to me was the part which tells of the arrival of the cavalcade at Becklaren (the modern Pechlarn),

and their reception by the wife of Rüdiger.

"Die Fenster an den Mauern sah man offen stahn
Die Burg zu Bechlaren die war aufgethan,
Da ritten ein die Gäste, die man viel gerne sah,
Es hies dar Wirth, der edle, gutes Gemach ihnen
schaffen da.

Die Rädigeres Tochter mit ihrem Gesinde ging
Das Sie die edle Königin viel münzglich empfing,
Da war auch ihre Mutter, des Markgraven Weib,
Mit Liebe war gegrüßet mancher Jungfrauen
Leid.

Sie faasten sich bei den Händen, und gingen sodann
In einem Palast, einen grossen, der war viel wohl
gethan,
Da die Donau darunter hin floss
Sie sassen an den Lüften und hatten Kursweile
gross."

It was quite inspiring to hear the *Niebelungen* repeated, by pretty lips, amidst the very scenes to which its old epic incidents are referred, and I could have listened the whole afternoon, but the objects of emotion follow each other so rapidly on the Danube, that one has not more than a moment to spare to any one of them. We had scarcely left Pechlarn before the German student, to whom I have referred, directed our attention to the little village of Marback, and above it, on a hill, to the two towers of the church of *Maria Taferl*, a noted pilgrim shrine. This church was built, some two centuries since, on the site of a sacred old oak, ornamented by an image of the Virgin, to which the peasantry were accustomed to gather to offer up prayers for an abundant harvest, and to eat a kind of religious love-feast. In the course of time, the oak decayed, and a countryman was about to cut it down, but he cut off his leg instead, when the image began to speak with him, chiding him for his sacrilegious act, but healing his wound, at the same time, by way of recompense. Ever since, the church has been the goal of a large yearly pilgrimage—fifty, and sometimes one hundred, thousand devotees visiting it in the course of the month of September. "I have seen," said the student, "thousands upon thousands assembled on the hill, at one time, most of them from Austria and Bavaria, but some from Italy and even distant France and Spain. A more imposing sight cannot be imagined. The varied and lively costumes of the different groups, as they advance in procession; their rude encampments in the edges of the wood, where women are

busy in preparing meals; the rich voices of the peasants, mingling in some fine melody (not always sacred), which is echoed back from the cliffs and precipices; the broad river in the foreground; the waving corn-valleys and vineyards between, and the remote snowy ranges of the Styrian Alps—Dachstein, Otscher, Schneeberg—conspire to lend a singular enchantment to the spectacle. One loathes the superstition which is the occasion of it—he pities the poor creatures who have wandered so far from their homes to engage in a fruitless and debasing rite—but still one admires, too, the beautiful accompaniments!”

Turning to me, he added, “But you have something similar in your country,—in the Camp Meetings of your Methodists, as I have read?” to which I responded, “No, these gatherings are simple encampments for worship in the woods, without the picturesque dresses and music, without the poetry, and I trust without the superstition,—thus leaving out both the best and the worst parts of your display.”

These *Wallfahrten*, or pilgrimages are common all over the continent,—and are made in France, to the shrines at St. Eloi, Marseilles and Puy,—in Spain, to St. James of Compostella (see Southey's poems),—in Switzerland, to our Lady of Einsiedeln,—in Styria, to Maria Zell,—in Bohemia, to St. John of Nepomuc, and in Ireland, it is said, to Crow Patric. Each shrine has some romantic legend connected with it, and is the means of drawing considerable revenue into the church, while it is more than hinted that the most astonishing miracles continue to be performed, especially when some votive offering of rare value is laid upon the altar.

“It would be dreadful to me,” interposed the hoary Austrian in the midst of my reflections, “to be compelled to live in America, where life must be so dry, hard, practical, without the endearing remembrances of our past, or the deep, rich, many-colored experiences of our present, where, indeed, you have the barrenness of a laborious youth without its fresh and living verdure of imagination! Ah, how different,” he continued, turning to the student, “in our Germany, whose every city, building, rock, wood and hill is venerable with the lore and deposits of antiquity! These piles of stone, beautiful even in their rude and moss-grown dilapidation, which the lightnings of centuries have toppled down and

shivered, point us back to the glories of the imperial rule, to the splendors of chivalry, to epochs of mighty developments and renowned events, to characters as strong and rugged as the rocks they trod, and as true as the steel they unsheathed only in the cause of woman and God! Nor was religion then a superstition, as some call it, but an ever-living sense of the Invisible, which spread the outward memorials of his existence everywhere, in the loneliness of the forest, in caves and grottoes, in the crowds of the market place, along highways and bridges, as well as amid the pomps and grandeurs of the cathedral. It is easy enough, in these days, to make a jest and a mockery of the pious usages of our fathers; but to them they were a profound and earnest life, full of the sweetest consolations and the most inspiring hopes. Those legends of monks and devils, those simple hymns, those crucifixes at the roadside, those images of the Holy Virgin on trees and household altars, were not only the poetry of their existence, but its solid food and nutriment. Nor in the substitution of trade, politics, travel and revolution, for these simple, but hearty religious faiths, have your modern people gained much either for the soul or the mind.”

This speech, which seemed to be thrown down as a challenge to the student, was immediately taken up, and in less than ten minutes, he and the old man were in hot dispute as to the comparative merits of the ancients and moderns, the catholics and protestants, faith and science. I can not say that I wholly comprehended it, but the student, I believe, contended that there was more poetry in truth than in error, and that the most unlimited popular freedom, both religious and political, was not inconsistent with the deepest reverence or the holiest emotions of love, gratitude, faith and devotion.

“The time will come, if it is not already,” he exclaimed, with a fine enthusiasm, “when science itself will make known to us a structure of society of which all previous conditions of society have been but the faintest expectation and prophecy; when the virtues and accomplishments of the different ages and nations of the past shall be revived and combined in all mankind; when the glorious arts of Greece, purified and elevated by the deep-toned piety of the middle ages, and directed by the energetic action of America, shall be a com-

mon possession; when the lowliest man shall lodge more sumptuously, and be surrounded by more appliances of intellectual and moral enjoyment than the haughtiest nobility now; and when the genius of our race, emancipated from the distractions of toil and necessity, shall devote its entire activities to the realization of its ideal of excellence in every sphere"—

"Ah!" interrupted the Austrian, "but that will be in heaven!"

"Yes," continued the student, "in the heaven which man will make for himself, under God, on this round green earth, whose every agony, and groan, and bloody sweat, has been a step in the process of her divine redemption!"

This student, by the way, was a character, as I found on further conversation with him. He was tall and thin, with long, curling black hair, which fell from his cap to his shoulders, had a bright glassy eye, and a face expressive of mingled simplicity and earnestness. His dress consisted mainly of a long linen travelling frock, fastened round the waist by a leather belt, high top boots, a broad shirt-collar, turned over without a cravat, a canvas-bag, which hung at one side, and an old much worn guitar, suspended at the other. "*Ich bin ein Dichter* (I am a poet)" said he to me, in reply to a question, "and am wandering over the Fatherland to see its people and scenery. Ach Gott, what a beautiful land it is, glorious in mountains and rivers,—and such noble men and women! Can America be half so beautiful or good?"

Without, however, giving me time to reply, he pulled a small package of manuscripts out of his bag, and said, "These are my poems, read them; they are fine, full of the true sentiment, and I hope soon to go to Leipzig to get them published." The cramped German hand in which they were written looked forbidding to me—a novice in that chirography—and I asked him to repeat some of them, which would be better. Straightway he unstrung his guitar, and sung, in a fine, manly voice, to a skilful accompaniment, several strains, which were, indeed, as he said, full of sentiment, and, as I fancied, not without thought. One of them—whether original or not, I cannot say—was a stirring, martial air, and the words ran, as nearly as I can recall them, in this wise:—

Hear what a German mother said,
Wildly waving a banner red,
As her country's host went tralling past,
With rolling drums and trumpet blast—

"Come forth, my sons, come, join the band,
Who battle for our fatherland;
Come, leave the plough! come, clutch the sword!"
Three noble youths came at her word.

The first is sunk to his last sleep;
The second rots in a dungeon deep;
The youngest, wounded, writhes in pain;
Ah! he will never walk again!

"What rocks it?" said that mother grey—
"Their name and mine shall live for aye;
They fought for fatherland and right,
And God accepts my widow's mite."

It was a bold strain for the Austrian dominions, but one had a right to doubt whether the old stronghold of Frienstein, which we were then passing, and which had listened to many a bolder one in the days of its robber-knights, would echo it back to the ears of the Kaiser, or his spies, at Vienna. I was disposed to grapple the student to my heart, for I found that we had republican sympathies to exchange, and mutual republican aspirations for Germany to indulge. We quite forgot the fair scenery in the enthusiasm of our talk, relating, on his part, to the hopes of the liberals in Europe, and, on mine, to occasional reminiscences of Kossuth, whom I had seen in New York.

When we had finished our talk, which seemed to us more grateful and spirited than the small bottle of *Auslager* by which it had been moistened, the moon was glimmering through the trees of a wild gorge into which the steamer seemed about to penetrate by force. There was a sensation perceptible on deck, too, which indicated that we were near some exciting locality. I found that we were approaching the *Strudel* and *Wirbel*, as a rapid and whirlpool, formed by the passage of the river over sunken rocks between an island and the main land, are respectively called. It was formerly a dangerous passage, but the rocks have since been partly removed, and the current is comparatively smooth. The rapids of the St. Lawrence are a thousand times more formidable, but the scenery, on all sides, what can surpass that? The high rocky island, surmounted by the watchtower of a dilapidated castle, and a huge stone crucifix—the hoary, moss-covered tower of Langenstein—the swift eddying stream—the illuminated forests—and the dark ravines of the

shores—filled the imagination with awe and rapture. It was such a scene as I had never before looked upon—wild, grand, mysterious, full of the gigantic strength and ruggedness of the middle ages, but softened into a varying grace by the mild splendor of the moon, now shimmering over the water, and now dancing in a thousand sparkles among the trees. Yet, as we advanced, the stream narrowed, the mountains on both sides grew more precipitous, the ruins more frequent, and the whole prospect more wild. The current appears to have broken its way through a mountain of granite, for the rocks rise sheer out of the water, here and there feathered with forests, and everywhere seemingly carried up still closer to the sky by the structures which man has raised for worship or defence. Around the points of the bleak rocks the river roars and foams, towns are crushed into the silence of death between the gorges, and the steamer, as she forces her way among the cliffs, seems some newborn monster, come to drive away the elves and cobolds with which the earlier fancy of our race peopled regions like these. We were kept upon deck, by the fascination of the scene, until a late hour of the night, nor were the weird stories of the Black Monk, who has haunted these hills since the eleventh century, as narrated by the German lady, a small part of the charm. Even after I had retired, too, I could still hear the strings of the student's guitar faintly ruffling the air with its low melodies, while his voice gave forth, in a strange, half-startled, half-plaintive tone, the following legend of one of the crumbling ruins:—

On Weissnicht's rocky borders,
An ancient castle stands,
Which glances in the moonlight,
Far over the neighboring lands.

A deep and rapid river
Around its basement raves;
You hear for many a furlong
The roar of its angry waves.

There, from earliest ages,
Of in the quiet night,
Mysterious music awakens
A ravishing, wild delight.

Who seeks that hoary castle?
Who treads its silent halls?
A captain and his trainbands
Have come to watch on the walls.

The captain, in his chamber,
Has laid him down to rest—
The pallid moonbeams bathing
His face and his heaving breast.

"What means," he cries, "that music—
Those strains so heavenly clear?
Who comes in the midnight watches,
To greet my slumber here?"

Alas! the tone that lures thee
Plays one thou dost not know!
Behold it dancing and dipping
Down in the flood below!

"It bears me—the sweet cadence—
On wings to my native land;
Where sits my beloved—the dear one—
Why wrings she so her hand?"

Well might she sit there weeping,
Knew she thy fate forlorn;
For thou on those airy pinions,
To quite other land art borne!

"Oh, joy!" exclaims the sleeper,
"What soothing balm is this?
I dream that from gloomy ceremonies
I rise to a realm of bliss!"

Ah, no! it is not dreaming,
Thou brave young Swedish knight;
Thy soul, in the moon's pale glimmer,
Is taking its final flight!

The music sinks into silence,
Its fatal work is done;
The river, through the darkness,
Goes rushing and roaring on!

In the morning we found ourselves fastened to the wharf at Linz, the capital city of Upper Austria, lying in an exquisitely beautiful region near the celebrated Salzkammergut, and as I proposed to stop there, the old Austrian, in taking leave, kissed me on the right cheek and the left, the student warmly pressed me to his breast, and the young lady, shaking my hand, asked me to visit her and her parents, who lived at Andernach, on the Rhine. I was grateful to them for all these tokens of interest, except the kisses, which, coming from the bearded mouth of an old fellow that might easily have been my grandfather, and whose pipe, just removed from his lips, was evidently as venerable as himself, would have been pleasanter from another source that I thought of, but will not name!

Whom should I meet, as the first person on landing, but Bison, that veritable Great Western, puffing away at a tawny meerschaum, while he gave directions to a courier about the destination of his luggage. "To the *Rother Krebs*," he shouted, with the air of an English milord, and catching me by the arm, hurried me off to the *Gast-stube* of that excellent inn. He had just returned from

Regensburg or Ratisbon, as it is sometimes called, whither he had gone after his remarkable escape from the countess and her husband at Vienna. "An instructive place to visit," he remarked, as we got quietly seated at a trout breakfast in the restaurant of the *Red Crab*, "with plenty of old churches, a cathedral, a palace, a town-house, and the most delectable dungeons. I spent a day in inspecting the instruments with which our ancestors, in the good old times, tortured their fellow-citizens. They were in a chamber on the ground-floor of the Rathhaus, which I take it means a human rat-trap. We crawled, by the light of a lantern, through a damp narrow vault, opening on each side into a series of gloomy cells, till we reached a broad apartment, named the Torture Chamber. At the door was a bench, on which the prisoner was allowed to sit while his amiable friends were preparing the peculiar machinery of their vocation. No doubt he was kindly permitted to choose which one of the infernal spits he would prefer being put to worse than death upon. There was the "larded hare" (*der gespickte Haase*), for instance, a huge roller armed with spikes, on which he could be drawn back and forth by means of a windlass at one end; or, there was the "bad Bessy" (*die schlimme Liesel*), an immense triangle of wood, on which his arms or legs could be stretched from his body; or, again, there was the "Maiden's lap" (*die Jungfrauen laos*), a high arm-chair, with a cushion of spikes, on which he might sit with heavy weights hanging from his feet; or a dozen other similar contrivances, all just as facetiously named. What a pious set they were, too, with all their fun, as the great crucifix shows! And that the judges might not be cheated out of the penalties they ordered, a simple trellis-work only separated them from the sufferers; there they could see every writhing and hear every crack of the bones, as well as the extorted confession; and when they were done with their victim, a trap-door hard by dismissed him to the eternities!"

"Bison," said I, "your narrative is enough to breed an indigestion, so let us take a stroll about Linz!" We did so, but were not much interested by the city, which is like a poor picture in a beautiful frame. For the environs, especially the view from a hill behind, on which

there is a public garden, are exceedingly picturesque. They overlook the massive fortifications of the town, and beyond an extensive plain, through which the Danube wanders, with pleasant villages at intervals, and in the remoter distance, ranges of snow-covered peaks. It was in this plain, and among those mountains, that the bloody battles between the peasants and their oppressors were fought in the year 1625, just a century later than the more famous peasant-war, which desolated so large a part of Germany. Ferdinand II., who was one of those monarchs who persuaded themselves that subjects ought to think with the king, had resolved to extirpate Protestantism from his estates, and he sent out his army to perform the work of conversion. His ally, Maximilian of Bavaria, joined him in the scheme, and they had a fine butchery of it together. But after a time the most loyal people get tired of being killed, which was the case with the peasants then, and they made a stand against the slaughter, under a stalwart and wealthy hatter, named Fadinger. They soon cleared the country of the troops, giving back, as was the custom of those days, as good as they had received, and leaving only a few of the fortified towns, Linz among the rest, in the possession of the regulars. Fadinger was killed in trying to take Linz, and his successor in command also badly wounded; and the poor peasants would have been compelled to retire from the field, if a new commander had not appeared in the shape of an unknown student. His name they could not learn, and history is ignorant of it to this day; but he fought like a hero; he drove the Austrians and Bavarians from the city; he afterwards defeated Adolph, the Duke Holstein, at Wesenufer; he routed General Lindlo in the forest of Pram; overcame General Lödel on the Welzer-Weide, and severally repulsed the besiegers at Gmunden, Weibern and Efferding, where he had taken up his positions. In all these engagements no quarters were either asked or given on either side, and the carnage was terrible. But the army having recruited its forces under Pappenheim, the student was at last driven back. He retreated, making a desperate resistance all the way, to the Calvarienberg, near Gmunden, where he and his poor followers prepared for a final rally. In a discourse which he pronounced to them, he inflamed their

religious sentiments to a pitch of ferocious enthusiasm; then, singing their Lutheran hymns, they fell upon the Bavarians with impetuous but vain prowess; they were repulsed and pursued into the very streets of Gmunden, being out to pieces at every step; and from Gmunden chased to Wolfsegg, where the brave noble soul of the student breathed its last. Many of his followers were quartered alive, and their bodies burned by the hangman; but a green hillock among the beautiful Salzburg Alps is still pointed out as the spot in which they were buried. Popular gratitude, as embodied in the popular tradition, has converted the Unknown into a scion of nobility, led by his sympathies to take part in the cause of the oppressed; but to me the story is more impressive, if we consider him, as by birth and descent, a genuine son of the people, willingly casting away

his life for them, without hope of reward or fame.

In the afternoon we took our reluctant leave of the Danube. It is much the noblest river in Europe; in size comparable to the great rivers of America, the Ohio, the St. Lawrence, the Hudson; and rich everywhere in historical associations. It has floated the armies of Trajan; it bore the crusaders in their chivalric quests; Sobieski and Monteculi fought on its banks; it witnessed some of the most brilliant deeds of the all-conquering Napoleon; and it is now the centre of battle between Russia and the Turks. As we jumped into the Eilwagen, on our way to Salzburg, I felt like quoting the lines of Campbell, written on quitting the grand old stream, but I found them too long, and not remarkable for their local fidelity.

THE FAMOUS QUARRIES OF THE WORLD.

SITUATED in a beautiful valley, shut in on three sides by high mountains, and open, on the fourth, to the sea, four miles distant, is the busy town of Carrara. Its population of seven thousand inhabitants exist entirely by the employment afforded them in the quarrying and working of marble.

The town is a cluster of studios and workshops. In ever street, and in almost every house, can be heard the clang of hammers and the click of chisels, and in the studios can be seen the finest architectural and ornamented work ever executed in marble; but those of ideal sculpture, whether original or copies from the antique, are of an inferior quality. They always lack a proper finish, and are often deficient in proportions. The price at which they are sold is an apology for the former, and ignorance is an excuse for the latter—if for ignorance there be any excuse. The town is full of fine casts of the celebrated Greek statues of Rome and Florence; but it is seldom that a satisfactory copy is produced; and they are often made in marble of second quality, while modern originals, that are a disgrace to the men who produce them, are made of the purest marble to be found in the quarries, on the same prin-

ciple, perhaps, that a bad picture needs a splendid frame to sell it. They are well aware that the poorer the work, the better must be the marble; for, the first thing that many modern connoisseurs speak of, in viewing a work of sculpture, is the quality of the marble: if pure, they congratulate the artist on his *wonderful success*.

The government of Carrara has, for many years, endeavored to improve her citizens in taste and knowledge of the fine arts. They have a free academy of design, containing casts of all the most celebrated Greek statues, where artists can study under competent teachers; but in the midst of the most splendid models, and enjoying all the advantages of tuition, there is no approach to the original talent of former ages. Every year there is a subject given out by the council for a *bas-relief*, which must be produced in a given time, without the assistance of drawings or models. The students who contend for the prize are searched to see that they have nothing that will assist them, and locked into separate apartments, where they work until the time expires, when their works are compared, and the student that evinces the most talent is sent, for three years, to Rome to study

in the academy of St. Luke, at the expense of the government. It is surprising to see the conventionality that exists among them; their *bas-reliefs* are so near alike, in composition and in sentiment, that one would suppose they were all done by the same artist, who made slight changes in his design. It is not always the most promising one who becomes the pensioner; many a poor fellow has been rejected, who afterwards, by his own exertions and perseverance, has become eminent, while his successful rival remained for ever in obscurity. A striking instance of this fact is the celebrated French artist, Delaroche, who, when a student at Paris, was not thought by the learned council of the academy to have talent enough to warrant his being sent to Rome, as a pupil in the government academy. His attempts to accomplish that object all proved unsuccessful; he was rejected with contempt by men who have since paid him homage. He has been, for many years, president of the institution that would not receive him when he needed their assistance. His transcendent genius has eclipsed all his former rivals who, with every advantage and encouragement, have gone down to oblivion.

Of the multitude of artists that study in this, and in other schools of design in Italy, very few are ever heard of out of their own city. In one room of the Carrara institution, are casts of the best works of sculptors, who acquired their first ideas of art in this school of design. They are few in number, and one reads the names of most of their authors for the first time; among them, however, I saw the name of Tenerani, who is still living at Rome, and whose name belongs with those of the great men of Italy.

In some of the studios I visited, they appeared to be working for the American market. They were manufacturing all kinds of busts of Washington, except such as would be considered faithful likenesses; and in another, they had busts and statuettes of Franklin in every state but the finished, and that state they seemed to have no acquaintance with. I met a gentleman there who had bought a bust of Washington that he wished my opinion of. I gave it; I did not think it well done, nor a good likeness according to the authentic portraits. He replied: "What could you expect for such a price?" I admired his love for Washington, but I despised it for art.

He could not afford to get a good likeness, so he got a bad one.

The ornamental branch of sculpture is much more extensive and successful. In that department they have few equals. Nearly all the ornamental work for architecture that is called for in Europe, and also many of the fountains, and all the garden statuary, is executed in this vast manufactory. While at Grand Cairo, Egypt, I saw a large and costly fountain in the villa of the Pasha, at Shoobra, that I recognized at once as the Carrara work. Upon inquiry I was informed that the fountain and the floor of the great mosque, now building in the Citadel, were made at Carrara.

The quarrying of this world-renowned marble is quite another thing from working it in a quiet studio. To have a just impression of the immense labor and danger that attend it, one should visit the caves in a week day, when everything is in operation. The path from Carrara to the quarries lies beside the torrent Torano, which flows through a village of the same name; after passing the village you enter the fine gorge, partly artificial, between the Monte Grestola and the Poggio Silvestro, when you reach the quarries of Grestola and Cavetta. The former supplies the best statuary marble in the world. There are upward of two hundred quarries that are now worked, but out of this number there are but five or six that yield the first quality or statuary marble.

Even these sometimes produce nothing but second quality marble for months. The statuary marble from the Grestola quarry is superior to all others in hardness, transparency, and delicacy of tint, which brings it much in demand for nude statues. It is often too transparent for a portrait bust, or for small works; but, for ideal busts and statues it is unsurpassed.

Some of the other quarries turn out marble of good quality; being generally less transparent, it is better suited to bas-relief sculpture, and statuettes, as too great transparency destroys the force of light and shade where the cutting is delicate. It will all take a good finish except the kind known as "Bittuglia," which appears good, but is too soft.

The Serevezza marble, which is quarried ten miles further south, in the same range, is, by some sculptors, preferred to all other. It will take a higher finish than any other marble of Italy. It is a

close-grained stone, not very transparent, and admirably adapted for small works. The vein is, unfortunately, worked out, but they hope to strike another in the course of time. Some years ago, the Emperor of Russia got the lease of the quarry for a given time, for the purpose of getting out marble for a church; before his lease expired, he had succeeded in exhausting the vein of all that was suitable for sculpture. What little there is left in the hands of the marble dealers, readily sells at four dollars a cubic palm, which is a large price when the blocks are small.

The Brandon quarry of Vermont produces marble that bears a close resemblance to the Serevezza, but the former is a stratified stone, that renders it unfit for statuary. By going deeper into the quarry they will find the marble free from this objection.

The best quality of veined marble found in the quarries of Carrara, is the "Ravazzone." The cave is three miles further up the ravine, under "Monte Sagro." This portion of the quarry district is most picturesque; the view from the summit is extensive and grand. On the one side is seen the town of "Massa" and the Mediterranean Sea—on the other, a range of lofty mountains, with warm grey peaks, that give evidence of inexhaustible mines of marble.

The quarries are always dug into the face of the mountain, often at a height of fifteen hundred feet above the valley, and four thousand feet above the sea. They commence the quarry by blasting off the discolored and broken surface of the rock, until the sound marble is reached, which is cut into blocks—drawn to the mouth of the cave, and launched into the valley beneath.

While there the last time I saw a quarry that was opened a few days previous to my visit. They drilled to the depth of thirty-two feet, at an angle of forty degrees, into the face of the mountain, after which they inserted a copper tube, and poured through it a large quantity of diluted muriatic acid, which decomposed the marble, until the bottom of the cavity was of immense size, they then charged it, with seven hundred pounds of powder, which threw off the whole face of the cliff. Thousands of tons of refuse marble, slid into the gorge beneath. Such operations are not of unfrequent occurrence, and it is the most reasonable thing they do, for

they are far behind the age in all the facilities afforded by mechanics.

I am sure that those quarries, in the hands of American or English directors, would produce double the quantity of marble, with one fourth the labor and expense. I have been over the grounds many times, and I see nothing to prevent the construction of a railroad from the "Marina" to the farthest quarry. The ascent is gradual, and the distance only eight miles. Such an improvement would reduce the price of marble at least one-third. The blocks that now require two weeks' time and from fifty to an hundred head of cattle to move them, could be taken to the shipping place in a few hours.

There might also be some means devised of getting the marble from the cove into the valley, without such loss of material as they are now liable to. The last time that I visited the quarries I was accompanied by an English sculptor, who had never seen them before. His astonishment at their Cyclopean operations was amusing. We stood on a high jutting rock that overlooked the ravine for miles. Some distance below us they were throwing the marble from a cave, high up the face of the mountain, into the gorge, a thousand feet beneath. I pointed it out to my companion, who replied that he could see nothing but some small fragments rolling down. The transparent atmosphere, peculiar to that country, had deceived him with regard to the distance. He had been accustomed to looking through a London fog; but when he heard the thunder that their fall causes, rumbling through the valley, he exclaimed, "Truly this is a fearful place." Upon returning, we passed some of the blocks we had seen coming down the mountain. One of them I measured, and found it would weigh over fifty tons. The first fall that it made was from a ledge upwards of an hundred feet high; it then struck an incline, and bounded until it reached the lowest point of the ravine—a depth of nine hundred feet—nor did it stop then, but rebounded and landed sixty feet higher on the opposite side of the gorge. It was of course much bruised and broken, and its value greatly diminished. If such blocks were squared in the quarry and slid down an inclined plane into the valley, by machinery, they would more than pay for the extra expense of doing it, and in any but an Italian country it would be done.

Tiles for floors are wrought in the caves and brought down the rugged paths by the women who are employed in the quarries. They make about six journeys a day, carrying each time from fifty to seventy pounds of marble upon their heads. For this laborious work they receive one Tuscan paul, or ten and a half cents per day.

There are no labor-saving machines among them. It was only year before last that they had any means of shipping the marble, but to take it from a sandy beach, with a flat boat, to the vessel, which was compelled to lie at a distance on account of shoal water. In August, 1852, an English marble dealer built a pier, on his own account, which the Italians look upon as a new era in the business, and probably the Grand Duke of Tuscany thought the marble would get out of the country too easily, for soon after that he levied a tax upon every pound of marble that is exported. It is now all weighed with steelyards, for they have no idea of scales, where cart and all can be weighed without unloading. This process is as slow as it is laborious, and greatly adds to the first cost of the marble.

I asked a gentleman who has an interest in the quarries there, why he did not try to introduce some improvements among them; for instance, the method we employ for splitting rocks of granite, termed the "feather and wedge"—a process too simple to require more than a single demonstration.

He replied that he had tried to enlighten them in various ways, but found it was of no use; that they could or would not comprehend anything that was not manual labor. Such, I am confident, is the case, from what I know of Italian character, and their laws are such as forbid the employment of any labor-saving machines. There is not a steam-engine in Central Italy. All the boards and timber used for building and other purposes are sawed by hand.

I have seen nearly all the quarries of marble in the world, and I am sure that none of them are, or have been, worked to such a disadvantage as the quarries of Carrara.

The Pentelic quarry, in Greece, and also that of the famous Paros, were worked with the greatest economy and knowledge of the material. The caves to this day plainly show it. The former furnished the marble for the Parthenon, and for many other temples of Athens,

some of which are still in a good state of preservation, having resisted the elements for more than two thousand years. Such would hardly be the case, had the marble been blasted from the quarry with gunpowder. Previous to 1687, the Turks had possession of the Acropolis, which was, even then, used as a fortress. They had long been in the habit of heaving their cannon balls from the marble of the temples; the Parthenon, with the exception of what it had suffered from their depredations, was perfect. Time was willing to spare it, for the wonder and admiration of ages to come, but the destroyer's hand was against it. It was besieged in the above year by the Venetian army, under command of Morosini, when a bomb-shell fell through its roof, causing the explosion of a magazine, that hurled its proud columns to the earth, and scattered its glorious sculptures to the winds.

The quarry of Paros, that produced the Parian marble, is, in one respect, unlike all others. It was commenced at the top of the mountain, which formed a vast pit, from which the marble was raised to the surface; it had not been worked for twelve centuries, when the French Government, in 1840, got permission to quarry marble enough for the tomb of Napoleon at Paris. The marble is known by its coarse granulation, exhibiting, when broken, shining sparry crystals. It is usually of a warm, and sometimes of a pinky hue, that probably made it a favorite marble with the ancients for nude statues—the Apollo Belvidere, the Venus di Medici, and many other of the celebrated statues, are made of it.

The blocks from these quarries were never of large size; probably the largest block of statuary marble ever got out, was the one used for the group known as the Farnese Bull now in the museum at Naples.

While last at Carrara, I saw the largest block ever got out of those quarries. It was free from veins or defects of any kind, and measured twelve hundred and thirty Genoese palms, or more than one thousand cubic feet, and was valued at eight thousand dollars. It had not then undergone the perils of an avalanche, which will more positively decide its value. When considered as a *precious* stone, it is of large size, but, when viewed alone, as a stone, it would not be noticed by the side of many of the products of the ancient quarries of Egypt. The obelisks, some of which have been carried

to Rome, are larger blocks of stone than any that are quarried in these days. The one erected in the Piazza del Popolo is often mentioned as being seventy-six feet long, nine feet square, and the companion of the one now standing on its original foundation at Heliopolis, in Egypt. I think there is a mistake in the account of its dimensions, or in that of its having occupied that position, for I made an accurate measurement of the latter, and found it to be seventy-two feet high from its true base (which was reached by an excavation of five and a half feet), and nine feet by seven feet and a half at the base. It is well known that the obelisks occupied either side of the entrance to the Egyptian temples, which would lead one to infer that they were of equal length.

The one in the Piazza of the Church of St. Peter is eighty-three feet in length. It formerly stood in an ancient circus that occupied the site of the sacristy of the church. It was moved out, and placed in its present position, in the fourteenth century, at an expense of ten thousand pounds sterling.

The column known as Pompey's Pillar, that formerly stood in ancient Alexandria, but which stands one hundred and ten rods from the walls of the modern city, is composed of a base, surmounted by a solid shaft of red granite, twelve feet in diameter, and ninety feet long, upon which is a cap, sixteen feet square at the top, and ten feet high. Some of the blocks, now lying in the walls of the Temple of the Sun, at Baalbec, in Asia Minor, contain six thousand cubic feet, and one that is still in the quarry, and handsomely squared, measures nine thou-

sand. I saw many others, in the deserts of Egypt, of sizes that would hardly be credited, but, as my object is merely to give some illustrations of what has been done, in the way of quarrying, that will show what might be done at Carrara in these enlightened times, I have said enough.

The marble quarries of America are yet to produce the marble that will be called for in the United States; the time will come when little or no marble will be imported from Italy. Experience has shown that the mountains of our own country contain the marble best adapted to our climate, but as yet we have not gone deep enough to find the first quality. The Brandon quarry, of Vermont, before alluded to, produces marble of a fine grain and delicate tint, but it is a stratified stone, which renders it unfit for the purposes of sculpture. By going deeper into the ledge they will, undoubtedly, find it of a coarser granulation, and, consequently, free from this objection. The Rutland quarry, in the same state, produces marble similar to the "Bittuglia," of Carrara, but inferior, as it contains veins of flint, that make it very difficult to work.

The exports of Carrara to this country are almost as great as those to all the rest of the world. This marble is indisputably far superior, in beauty, to any we have yet discovered, but if the attention and enterprise of our people were earnestly directed to the subject, I believe that our own country would be found as rich, in this product, as she has proved to be in many others that were thought to belong alone to the old world.

A TRIP FROM CHIHUAHUA TO THE SIERRA MADRE.

DURING the last winter, while living in the city of Chihuahua, I was looking out for an opportunity of visiting the western part of the State, a country nearly unknown to geographers and naturalists, though promising a considerable degree of interest to both, as I was led to suppose even from the scanty information I had been able to gather about it at the capital. In that country, where the treacherous Apache lurks in every chaparral and every glen of rocks; where a deadly arrow may be expected

from behind every object large enough to cover the form of an Indian, nobody, if he can help it, thinks of travelling alone; and the kind reader, who will follow me only one day's journey on a road studded with the monuments of murder, and through a country desolated by it, will not call me a coward, if I, like others, wished to find some reliable travelling companion. This I found at last in the person of my friend Don Guillermo, who is a merchant in the city of Chihuahua, and was about to visit some of the most

western settlements of the State, near the frontier of Sonora, for the purpose of collecting money.

At the beginning of February we were ready to start. The journey, as far as the condition of the road would allow it, was to be made in a carriage drawn by two excellent horses, and driven by Don Guillermo himself, while his servant, Jesus Dominguez, on horseback, was to ride ahead of us, to see whether the road was safe, and to warn us in case of danger. I need not say that we were well armed. Two pairs of Colt's revolvers, two double-barrelled shot guns, and one rifle, all ready for use, were in our carriage, and a rifle and pair of pistols formed the armament of Jesus.

This man had the well merited reputation of great courage and much experience and skill in the daily little wars with the Indians, of which this country is the theatre. When a boy, he was a prisoner among the Apaches, who killed his father and brother, while he was happy enough to become a favorite of the famous Gomez, at that time the most terrible chief of these savages. Gomez himself gave him liberty, and brought him back in safety to the settlements in the neighborhood of the city, and when he left him, gave him friendly advice how to avoid the danger of again falling in with his tribe. "When you travel," the old chief said to him, "never go on the road, but always some hundred steps aside of it; for near the road the Apaches are hidden and will kill you." To us, Dominguez was as much as an escort of ten men. He would have suffered himself to be scalped alive before he would have deserted us in a moment of danger. He was as good-natured as a child, which, as he is a man of a colossal stature and mighty frame, makes a very favorable impression. At the same time he is generally of good temper and an entertaining disposition, and his dramatic talent in the imitation of an Indian, by which he has sometimes amused himself to frighten a party of cowards, is worthy of all praise. He has been in many a scrape with the savages, has been wounded more or less severely several times, and has had many a narrow

escape. As he knows that liquor makes him mad, he never touches mezcal nor agudiente, nor brandy nor whisky, and, as the reader sees, is altogether to be recommended as a guide to any traveller in the north of Mexico.

We left Chihuahua the afternoon of the 3d of February, taking the road to the little town of Santa Ysabel, distant about 30 miles south by west from the capital. Immediately outside of the city, the wilderness begins. Leaving the bold and bare summit of the Cerro Grande to the left, and the rocky glen of a wild mountain torrent of crystalline water to the right, the road leads over rocks of porphyry and scattered fragments of basalt, and through deep *arroyos* or ravines, occasionally the hiding-places of Indians, who, from time to time, amuse themselves even here, a few miles from the seat of government, in killing some poor old woman or some boy going behind his jackass laden with a few shillings' worth of roots and branches of bushes, which are used for fuel in the city. We had to travel only 12 miles this afternoon, and arrived soon at the Rancho* del Fresno, where we camped at the side of one of the houses, and had soon a good fire burning, at which Dominguez was preparing our supper. Before a quarter of an hour had passed, different persons travelling the same road and attracted by the cheerful aspect of our camp, had gathered around us, and the evening was passed in good humor and lively conversation. The latter chiefly turned upon the perils of the road. A man coming with his servants from the Rio Conchos and driving a herd of cattle for sale to the city, brought "*novedades*"† from the southern part of the state. A party of men from Chihuahua on their way to Durango, where it was their intention to buy horses, had been attacked by a band of Comanches and completely routed, leaving several dead, some mules and three thousand dollars in cash on the spot. An old man from the Villa de la Concepcion, a place we were then bound to, gave an account of the depredations lately committed by the Apaches in that neighborhood, and exhibited several

* "*Rancho*" is the designation of a smaller cattle-farm, and sometimes means the buildings of such a one, while lands put in cultivation for the purpose of raising corn or any other crop are called a *labor*. A large estate is called a *hacienda*; but to merit that designation in Mexico, an estate must have a very considerable extent indeed. Between Chihuahua and El Paso the road leads for eight days through one single hacienda, that of *Encinillas*.

† *Novedades*, i. e. news, is always meaning unhappy accidents, chiefly such as are caused by the Indians.

"*¿Ya no tiene novedades?*" or "has no misfortune befallen you?" is the common question of politeness mutually addressed to each other by travellers on the road, and always chiefly in respect to the Indians.

"*No hay novedades*,"—there is no news—means as much as the road is safe, no Indians have been seen.

wounds on his body, caused by balls and arrows received in his former encounters with the savages. In short, nobody, except myself, was present at our camp-fire, who had not experienced more or less severe injuries or losses by them.

The plains, valleys, hills, and mountains of the eastern portion of northern Mexico, bear a vegetation of quite a peculiar character, forming what is called chaparral. The word is derived from chaparra, which, in the Spanish language, means a dwarf-oak. The chaparrals of Mexico, however, are formed by a diversity of shrubs belonging to quite other families of plants, and the thickets of dwarf-oaks, which, indeed, occur in the more western part of the country, are not comprised under that denomination. In Mexico, a chaparral is a tract of country covered with shrubs and bushes, mostly armed with spines, belonging, however, to very different families of plants. Among these, the Mezquite (*Algarobia*), and some other shrubs of the family of the *Mimosa*, are the most common. Others, like the "creosote-plant" and "grease-wood" of the Americans, the first being the *Larrea Mexicana*, the second a *chenopodiaceous* shrub, predominate in other sections of country.

Some remarkable forms, like the "Fouquieria splendens," the "Junco," or *Koeberlinia*, the "Topopote" and others, will, by their strange appearance, strike even the most superficial observer. Intermixed with these singular shrubs appear the stiff and spiny forms of cactuses yuccas, agaves, and dasylires. Between these bushes and prominent plants the soil is often bare, being composed, in some places, of loose sand, in others of hard clay; other tracts are covered with a carpet of grass and flowers. Now and then even patches of pure grass are interspersed, or the chaparral itself is alternating with fine savannas. But these do not predominate in the section of country referred to. Trees, with some exceptions, are of the most rare occurrence. Some fine groves of cotton-wood trees and willows are found in the bottom-lands of the Rio Grande; the same kind of trees are seen along the course of some little streams, and the "alamedas," or public walks of the towns, derive their denomination from the Spanish word, *álamo*, which means cotton-wood. Occasionally the traveller may discover a lonely ash or walnut-tree. But, with these exceptions, no trees are to be seen

in this section of country for hundreds of miles. The scenery is not without an aspect of grandeur, but very desolate. Nevertheless, when a hundred high-grown yuccas around you, lifting their plastic crowns over the lower chaparral, waft their bunches of a thousand white lily-shaped flowers in the air, or the scarlet panicles of the *fouquieria* shine like burning flames on the tops of the high, thin, leafless, spiny stems, the desert is clad in a kind of strange beauty, suggesting to me the idea of an antediluvian flower-garden, calculated for a race of men of three or four times the measure of our own race.

This type of vegetation, which may be characterized as that of the valley of the Rio Grande and its neighborhood, continues, in an easterly direction, into western Texas, where it begins to pass, by the gradual transition of a beautiful park-like country, with increasing number, size, and diversity of trees, into the timbered lands of the Mississippi basin.

On the other side, in a westerly direction, the transition into another character of vegetation is less gradual, and on our road the change could be observed even in the first few miles from the city. The chaparral disappears, the grass grows denser. Farther on, different kinds of evergreen oaks, stunted and shrubby at first, but attaining more and more the size and form of trees as you proceed more and more to the west, appear thinly scattered, or in patches on the mountain sides. The high table-lands which you have to traverse, form savannas of a nearly exclusive gramineous vegetation. The Sierra Madre, at last, is covered with high timber of the finest pine trees, and beyond it is the "tierra caliente," or hot country of Sonora and Sinaloa, with the luxuriance of a tropical or subtropical vegetation.

The next morning we had to pass the ill-renowned *Cañada del Fresno*, one of the most dangerous places in the state of Chihuahua. This is a little valley about four miles long, affording, by the form of the hills on either side, and the nature of the vegetation, consisting of thickets of stunted oak, a series of hiding-places, admirably well fitted for ambuscades, of which the Apaches have so well availed themselves, that, in the whole length of the passage, there is scarcely a distance of a hundred steps which has not soaked the blood of some unhappy traveller. Some governor of Chihuahua, who once passed here, and found the road so stud-

ded with crosses as to appear like an immense grave-yard, gave order to remove and burn them, observing that these sad monuments could have no other effect but to frighten the traveller. Since that time, these *memento moris* have again augmented to a number sufficient to keep your mind well prepared for death all the time till you have reached the open savanna on the table-land beyond the cañada. During our passage, Jesus Dominguez gave proof of his redoubtable courage. With rifle in hand, he rode always some hundred yards ahead of us, investigating every thicket, every corner of the hills, and every hole in the ground. Don Guillermo drove his horses at as quick a pace as the road would allow, while I, sitting at his side, with a pair of revolvers in my belt, and a double-barrelled gun, loaded with buck-shot, between my knees, kept a lookout on both sides of the road. We found, however, no use for our arms. The road was so much travelled this morning, that it was altogether safe. We met several "conductas," or caravans, going either in our, or in the opposite direction, and, without "novedades," we reached the plateau, where we saw the fine buildings of the Hacienda de los Charcos in the distance, and herds of cattle spread over the savanna.

This beautiful and valuable estate is the property of Don Estanislao Porras, one of the richest men in Chihuahua, and one of the few rich men in the country who owe their wealth to their own exertions. At the upper extremity of the cañada Don Estanislao is erecting a large fortified building destined to form a refuge to travellers, the greater part of the valley being likewise his property. Four weeks later, after we had safely returned to the capital, a band of Apaches took possession of this house during the night, and from behind the walls which were intended to afford protection against them, killed a party of twelve or fifteen persons carelessly passing at dawn of morning. On the high savanna which we had reached beyond the cañada, we saw another proof of the industrious activity of Don Estanislao. From the foot of the mountains to the north-east, distant at least eight or ten miles, he constructed a canal running straight down to the road and intended to irrigate the intervening tract of land. This great improvement, too, has proved fatal to some unfortunate travellers. The savages have used the canal as a trench,

in which they have been able to arrive near the road without being observed, and from which they could make an unexpected and successful attack.

The table-land on which we were now travelling, presented one of those views characteristic of northern Mexico, which the sensible traveller may have seen a hundred times repeated, without ceasing to be affected by the peculiar style of beauty which they exhibit. If nature has any charms here, she does not hide any of them, and leaves nothing for imagination or sentiment to add to what stands in clear, distinct, naked reality before you. No cluster of trees casting their shade over a patch of green turf, make you dream of the happiness of a homely spot. No stream of running water leads your thoughts down the valley, nor makes you inquire for the distant country where its waves are bound to. No clouds are moving on the sky above your head. The atmosphere forms no part of natural scenery here—it is only the empty space around it—and the mountains at the horizon close the picture so harmoniously and satisfactorily, that you forget to ask what is behind them. It is the mere plastic beauty of form which strikes your mind. Before your eye spreads a wide, smooth, level plain, covered uniformly with tender grass, without any other visible object. It is surrounded by steep, bare, rocky mountains. The striking contrast of their sharp and alpine forms, with the horizontal surface of the plain, is softened by a beautifully curved concave line of transition at their foot. No awkward detail nor petty ornament is to be seen. The whole is executed by nature, as the artist would say, in the rigorous purity of the historical style; and of a historical character is, indeed, all you see. It is the simple record of great and simple natural accidents you have before your eyes.

The road over the savanna was smooth as a table. Don Guillermo, who, in a joking manner, wanted to try the speed of our vehicle in case of danger and insufficient courage on our side, drove our horses at a gallop. Our carriage rolled over the plain at the speed of a railroad car. Soon the savanna was passed, and we found ourselves at the entrance of a mountain defile, through which, over rocks and heaped-up fragments of porphyry and basalt, with scattered pieces of bluish and greenish chalcodony; the road descended into the deep

valley of Santa Ysabel, where, along the course of a little river, lined with cotton-wood trees and willows, without leaves, of course in this time of the year, we saw green fields of wheat, cultivated by irrigation. During the summer, when the meadows around the town are green, and the trees along the little river cast a dense shadow over the crystalline waters which run over pebbles of every color, Santa Ysabel must be a lovely spot. The valley is surrounded by high mountains of grotesque forms. Those to the north were formerly inhabited by a tribe of Apaches. When at night their savage revels were accompanied by an equally savage music, their drum was heard in the town, and still these rocks are called the "Sierra del Tambor"—the mountains of the drummer. The town has been originally established as a mission among the Tarumare Indians, and its situation, like that of all similar places, has been admirably well chosen.

In the afternoon, while Don Guillermo was attending to some business, I took my gun and went along the river for the purpose of shooting ducks. During this walk I suddenly hit upon a man who had not seen me till I stood quite near him, and now looked at me with that wondering interest with which I would have looked at an aerolite just fallen down from beyond the clouds. "Where did your grace come from?" he asked me in rather frightened tone. "From Europe," I jokingly answered. "Just now?" "Some time ago." "But where from just now?" "From your town." "But how did your grace get there?" "In a carriage." "With Don Felix?" "No, with Don Guillermo." "O, with Don Guillermo of Chihuahua," he now said in a recomposed tone; "I know his grace very well, and as your grace has seen the world, you certainly can give me information of a youth, who is a relation of mine. He was placed with a man at Donana as apprentice for four years to learn four different trades. Now six years have passed and no notice from him has ever reached here."

This evening I saw a man who, some years ago, had the arrow of an Apache shot into his body, of which the point has remained ever since. Yet the man is healthy and of a powerful constitution.

Our next day's journey was a short one. We left Santa Ysabel at noon, and at four o'clock in the afternoon were at the little town of Carretas. This

place is situated in a pretty well cultivated valley. Its little river joins that of Santa Ysabel, and their united waters run into the Rio Conchos, one of the chief tributaries of the Rio Grande. The valley, like others in this section of country, is formed by a sharp cut into the table-land over which the road from Santa Ysabel had led us this morning, and over which we had to continue our voyage to-morrow. At Carretas this cut is about 500 feet deep, forming a steep escarpment of corresponding elevation to the southwest.

Not only this evening, but also the following day, which was a Sunday, was spent at Carretas, where we enjoyed the most amiable and kind-hearted hospitality in the house of Don Felipe. . . . Wherever I have entered the houses of Mexican country-people, I have found hospitable, most polite and perfectly decent manners. The style, it is true, is neither fashionable nor corresponding to the notions of English or Anglo-American life. There is however no want of natural good taste, and the unprejudiced observer must defend this people against the unjust representations to which they have been exposed.

Sunday evening some of the principal men of the place were assembled in the house of our host. The Apaches formed the chief topic of conversation, and I took a great deal of interest in hearing some anecdotes of a famous chief of these savages, who some time ago had been the terror of the country around. This Indian had been well educated by a priest in Sonora. At a certain age, however, he had run away, had returned to his tribe and become its chief. As such he soon made himself terrible. He used to rob the mail, open the letters, and, as he had learned to read, inform himself of the time when some rich transport of goods was to pass. He had carried off a Mexican girl, with whom he lived, and who appears to have loved him most passionately; for, when his band was ultimately exterminated by a party of Mexican troops, and he himself was killed, she refused to surrender to her own countrymen, and fell, fighting like a true Indian squaw, after her arrows had pierced the bodies of several soldiers.

Monday morning we left Carretas. The road which ascends the escarpment of the table-land is very steep. When we had reached the high plain, we saw the village, surrounded by fields of green

wheat, deep down at our feet. Beyond its valley the eye follows the horizontal line of the opposite section of the table-land, over which several detached groups of mountains rear their rocky summits in the dark-blue sky.

Our road on the table-land took a northwesterly direction, ascending, at a very slow and uniform rate, it is true, but without interruption for more than six hours. Before us two twin mountains of conical form appeared above the horizon, the depression between them coming nearly down to the general level of the latter, which was formed by the table-land itself. Through this depression, which is called the "Puerto de Coyáchic," we had to pass, I was told. As the deep cuts or gleys which intersect the plateau in the neighborhood of these mountains could not be seen nor even guessed from the distance, it appeared quite singular that a road, made by reasonable men, should have been directed just through a narrow mountain pass, while the country all around appeared flat and smooth like the floor of a parlor. More to the left, another isolated mountain was seen rising from behind the margin of the plain. This was the "Bufa de Cosihuiríachic," described by Dr. Wislizenus, who gives its elevation, according to barometrical measurement, at 7,918 feet above the sea, and 1,643 feet above the town of Cosihuiríachic. As the latter is situated in a glen cut at least seven hundred feet deep into the surrounding table-land, the bufa cannot rise more than nine hundred feet above it, and the elevation of the table-land near Cosihuiríachic and Coyáchic must be about 7000 feet above the sea. Near Carretas it is a good deal lower; near Santa Ysabel still more so; and the valley and plain of Chihuahua, according to Dr. Wislizenus, is only elevated 4640 feet above the sea. Thus, the general level of the country is seen to be rising in a western or south-western direction, and this rising was found to continue till we reached the eastern foot of that chain of mountains, to which the natives strictly apply the name of Sierra Madre, a name which they never extend, as some travellers have done, to the more eastern chains. Nor can these be called the branches of the Sierra Madre, as they are in no connection with it, their character being that of short and detached ridges, which run parallel to each other, and are surrounded and divided by the smooth savannas of the general

table-land as the islands of an archipelago are surrounded and divided by the sea. Several kinds of evergreen oaks, growing to the size and form of a vigorous old apple-tree, are scattered all over the savanna, forming little groves or patches, or standing singly in almost regular distances. They grow more densely where the table-land, either to the right or left, shows one of those slight depressions which form the uppermost beginning of some side-branches of the valleys of Carretas and San Borja. This latter valley could not be seen when we first arrived on the table-land this morning, and the distant, dark mountain-chain beyond it, which is called the Sierra de San Borja, seemed to stand immediately on the edge of the table-land. As, however, the road led us on, we occasionally caught a glimpse of the intervening valley, and the steep slopes down into it, spotted with numberless oak trees, which stand scattered over the wide mountain savannas with the regularity of the trees of an immense orchard, presented one of the most singular views I have ever seen.

On the southeastern side of the Puerto de Coyáchic the traveller finds no difficulty. The elevation is inconsiderable, and the slope pretty gradual. But when, from the wild mountain scenery which fills the space between the two twin-summits at the highest part of the passage, he looks down what is called the Cuesta de Coyáchic into the deep valley below his feet, of which he does not even perceive the bottom, while on the opposite side his eyes meet an almost perpendicular wall of escarpments, worn out by time into the most fantastical shapes, the possibility of getting safely down into the valley and out of it again on the other side will appear somewhat doubtful. The road, however, is much better than it appears. The priest of Coyáchic, Padre Gallejo, has shown a degree of enterprise as rare with his countrymen as with the particular class to which he belongs. On his own private expense, and according to his own directions, he has caused the most important improvements to be made on this tract of road. The padre, however, has not acted as a mere patriot; he is even more, he is at the same time a speculator. After we had passed Coyáchic, he sent a boy after us to collect a toll of half a dollar for his road improvements.

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Sierra Madre, particularly in the neighborhood of the town of Batosedgachic, which is a famous mining place, a population of Tarumares is to be found in an undisturbed and original state, with their old Indian religion and social condition. But, without being actively hostile to the Hispano-Mexican race, they abstain from every kind of intercourse with foreigners. When unexpectedly a traveller enters their habitations, they leave them; when they see him coming, they go out of his way; when he puts a question to them, they give no answer, though they understand him well; nor will the highest offer induce them to trade with him.

We left our carriage at Concepcion, and continued our voyage on horseback. The first village below is Santo Tomas. The situation of this place has a good deal of interest. The eastern Sierra has a very high summit here, which is called the Cerro Grande de Santo Tomas, and horizontal strata of cretaceous limestone are placed across the valley, forming a barrier of hills which only leave a deep and narrow ravine through which the Rio Yaqui winds its course, till it reaches at the village of Tejológachic, the open valley again. The study of this locality would prove highly instructive in a geological point of view, as the relations between the horizontal cretaceous strata and the upheaved masses of older fossiliferous, metamorphic, and volcanic formations of which the high Sierras on both sides of the valley appear to consist, must be easily observable here. I am very sorry that circumstances did not allow me to spend some time in this investigation. We hastened on without losing one moment's time. Passing Tejológachic we came to Matachic, where we slept that night. The Apaches had driven away here, only a few days ago, one hundred and fifty head of cattle, and nearly all the male inhabitants of the place, united with those of Tejológachic, Santo Tomas, Temósachic, and Yepómera, were out on a "*campana*" to fight the savages in their very mountain recesses. The people of these villages are very brave, and well exercised in the use of the rifle. They are generally successful in their expeditions against their mortal enemy.* But this war is a war of extermination, and will not soon be closed. Between Matachic and Temó-

* The government of Chihuahua, not long ago, had ordered its citizens to abstain from such private campaigns against the Indians, not, as might be expected, with the object of restoring peace with them, but "because such war was the business of the military."

sachic, we passed the rancho of an old gentleman, Don Blas Bencomo, with whom Don Guillermo had some business. We found him in a deplorable state. Some weeks ago he was pursuing two Apaches. Just in the moment when he had overtaken them, he fell with his horse, and immediately was lanced by one of the savages. The arrival of his son only, who killed the Indian, saved the old man's life.

The village of Temósachic, which was the farthest point of our voyage, has a very remarkable situation. The valley of the Rio Yaqui seems to be entirely shut here. The gap in which the river burst through the Sierra Madre is so narrow that it is difficult to discover it, and the communication which exists, in a northwesterly direction, between this valley and the plains of Carmen and Corralitos, which extend towards the celebrated Casas Grandes and the Gila River, is equally hidden from the view. The village of Yepómera, two miles to the north of Temósachic, is the outermost settlement in this part of the state of Chihuahua. To the west, the boundary line of the state of Sonora is only a few miles distant, while the country to the north and northeast is entirely deserted, since the beautiful haciendas situated there have been destroyed by the Indians. Hundreds of miles of the finest country in that direction, are now without inhabitants.

Contrary to the general dryness of northern Mexico, the valley of Temósachic and Yepómera is full of springs and little streams. The water of some of them has an elevated temperature, which keeps the meadows green and the cattle fat all over the winter.

It is well known, that one of the greatest social evils of Mexico is the institution of *peonage*, or the law which puts the person of a debtor, unable to pay, at the disposal of his creditor. We delayed only one single hour at Temósachic, yet this short time afforded me an occasion to observe how this institution or law is working, and taught me more than a whole volume on Mexico could have taught me.

A respectable citizen of that village used to be a customer of Don Guillermo, who had no objection to give him a few hundred dollars' worth of goods on credit, and the customer regularly paid his account at the end of the agreed term. The man died, and his son came to Chihuahua with a letter pretended to be

written by his dying father, in which he, the son, was recommended to Don Guillermo, who was entreated to extend to the latter the friendship he had shown to the former. Don Guillermo complied with the request, and the young man took a bill of goods on credit. Three years passed since that time, and he did not pay. Now Don Guillermo suddenly appeared at Temósachic. "Where is Natividad Andrada living?" he asked the first person he met. "There is the house of his mother," was the answer, while the place was pointed out with the hand. We rode up before its door, in which a decent looking old woman appeared. "Is Natividad Andrada in?" "No, sir." "Is he near?" "Yes, sir, he is in the village." "Then, let him come; I must speak him." In a few minutes he appeared. He was a young man of fine proportions and a regular face, whose originally noble expression, however, was disturbed by the consequences of a disorderly life. "Natividad," Don Guillermo addressed him, "as you do not come to me, I must come to you. Why did I never see you at Chihuahua?" "Sir, I was unable to pay you; I had no money." "Can you pay me now?" "No, sir, I cannot; I am poor; I have nothing." "Do you know how much you owe me?" "Not exactly, sir." "It is three hundred dollars." "It is so, as your grace says so." "And you really cannot pay me?" "No, sir!" "Not even part of your debt?" "I have nothing." "Then you must come along with me, and I shall make you work." "Well, sir, I think it is but just." "Then make ready; for I am returning without delay." "I am ready. What I have on my body is all I have to take along." This property consisted of an old straw hat, a ragged old blanket, a coarse cotton shirt, a pair of wide pantaloons of unbleached cotton, and a pair of sandals.

During this whole conversation, we had not alighted from our horses, and the old woman had said nothing. Now she burst forth in tears, while she addressed Don Guillermo: "Your Grace is in your right," she said, "but how miserable am I—old and helpless as I am! He is my only child; yet I have long known that he would not be the consolation of my age. He did not follow the example of his father. But, alight from your horses, gentlemen, and enter my humble dwelling," she added, with that politeness which is natural even to the lowest

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must be avoided by the traveller, who turns his horse round them in a respectable distance. Several times a party of savages have taken possession of the old walls, and from behind them have made their attacks on the unsuspecting people who happened to travel the road. When we passed here, the sharp and experienced eye of Juan Dominguez discovered a number of horses and men halting in a distant part of the savanna. He declared them to be a party of Apaches. If they were, however, they left us unmolested. Near San Antonio and Concepcion we saw fine herds of cattle. These, however, are but poor remnants of a former wealth. Herds of hundreds of thousands have been destroyed by the savages.

We arrived at Concepcion early in the evening, and remained here the whole of the next day. This town, with its full name, is called the Villa de la Concepcion de Papigóchic, the last word being the old Indian name, which, in the Tarumare language, means a place of snipes or plovers. A considerable number of Tarumare Indians still live here, as they do in all the villages farther down the valley, which have the rights and prerogatives of Indian "Pueblos," even if their present population consist chiefly of "*gente de razon*," "reasonable men," as the Hispano-Mexicans call themselves in opposition to the Indians. These Tarumares, however, though among themselves they still continue to speak their old language, appear to have lost their original manners. There are others of their villages situated in some less frequented parts of the country, where, though they have adopted the name of Christians, and are in a loose political connection with the government of the state, a part of their old social system has been preserved. Their lands, there, are common property of the community, and, from time to time, are divided according to the wants and working capacities of the families. A certain portion is reserved in favor of the old, the sick, and the helpless. This is worked by all those who are able to work, and the produce is stored in public magazines. These stores, as well as the individuals whom they are intended to serve, are superintended by certain male and female officers which are called Tenanches. In some valleys of the

Sierra Madre, particularly in the neighborhood of the town of Batoseagachic, which is a famous mining place, a population of Tarumares is to be found in an undisturbed and original state, with their old Indian religion and social condition. But, without being actively hostile to the Hispano-Mexican race, they abstain from every kind of intercourse with foreigners. When unexpectedly a traveller enters their habitations, they leave them; when they see him coming, they go out of his way; when he puts a question to them, they give no answer, though they understand him well; nor will the highest offer induce them to trade with him.

We left our carriage at Concepcion, and continued our voyage on horseback. The first village below is Santo Tomas. The situation of this place has a good deal of interest. The eastern Sierra has a very high summit here, which is called the Cerro Grande de Santo Tomas, and horizontal strata of cretaceous limestone are placed across the valley, forming a barrier of hills which only leave a deep and narrow ravine through which the Rio Yaqui winds its course, till it reaches at the village of Tejológachic, the open valley again. The study of this locality would prove highly instructive in a geological point of view, as the relations between the horizontal cretaceous strata and the upheaved masses of older fossiliferous, metamorphic, and volcanic formations of which the high Sierras on both sides of the valley appear to consist, must be easily observable here. I am very sorry that circumstances did not allow me to spend some time in this investigation. We hastened on without losing one moment's time. Passing Tejológachic we came to Matachic, where we slept that night. The Apaches had driven away here, only a few days ago, one hundred and fifty head of cattle, and nearly all the male inhabitants of the place, united with those of Tejológachic, Santo Tomas, Temósachic, and Yepómera, were out on a "*campana*" to fight the savages in their very mountain recesses. The people of these villages are very brave, and well exercised in the use of the rifle. They are generally successful in their expeditions against their mortal enemy.* But this war is a war of extermination, and will not soon be closed. Between Matachic and Temó-

* The government of Chihuahua, not long ago, had ordered its citizens to abstain from such private campaigns against the Indians, not, as might be expected, with the object of restoring peace with them, but "because such war was the business of the military."

sachic, we passed the rancho of an old gentleman, Don Blas Bencomo, with whom Don Guillermo had some business. We found him in a deplorable state. Some weeks ago he was pursuing two Apaches. Just in the moment when he had overtaken them, he fell with his horse, and immediately was lanced by one of the savages. The arrival of his son only, who killed the Indian, saved the old man's life.

The village of Temósachic, which was the farthest point of our voyage, has a very remarkable situation. The valley of the Rio Yaqui seems to be entirely shut here. The gap in which the river burst through the Sierra Madre is so narrow that it is difficult to discover it, and the communication which exists, in a northwesterly direction, between this valley and the plains of Carmen and Corralitos, which extend towards the celebrated Casas Grandes and the Gila River, is equally hidden from the view. The village of Yepómera, two miles to the north of Temósachic, is the outermost settlement in this part of the state of Chihuahua. To the west, the boundary line of the state of Sonora is only a few miles distant, while the country to the north and northeast is entirely deserted, since the beautiful haciendas situated there have been destroyed by the Indians. Hundreds of miles of the finest country in that direction, are now without inhabitants.

Contrary to the general dryness of northern Mexico, the valley of Temósachic and Yepómera is full of springs and little streams. The water of some of them has an elevated temperature, which keeps the meadows green and the cattle fat all over the winter.

It is well known, that one of the greatest social evils of Mexico is the institution of *peonage*, or the law which puts the person of a debtor, unable to pay, at the disposal of his creditor. We delayed only one single hour at Temósachic, yet this short time afforded me an occasion to observe how this institution or law is working, and taught me more than a whole volume on Mexico could have taught me.

A respectable citizen of that village used to be a customer of Don Guillermo, who had no objection to give him a few hundred dollars' worth of goods on credit, and the customer regularly paid his account at the end of the agreed term. The man died, and his son came to Chihuahua with a letter pretended to be

written by his dying father, in which he, the son, was recommended to Don Guillermo, who was entreated to extend to the latter the friendship he had shown to the former. Don Guillermo complied with the request, and the young man took a bill of goods on credit. Three years passed since that time, and he did not pay. Now Don Guillermo suddenly appeared at Temósachic. "Where is Natividad Andrada living?" he asked the first person he met. "There is the house of his mother," was the answer, while the place was pointed out with the hand. We rode up before its door, in which a decent looking old woman appeared. "Is Natividad Andrada in?" "No, sir." "Is he near?" "Yes, sir, he is in the village." "Then, let him come; I must speak him." In a few minutes he appeared. He was a young man of fine proportions and a regular face, whose originally noble expression, however, was disturbed by the consequences of a disorderly life. "Natividad," Don Guillermo addressed him, "as you do not come to me, I must come to you. Why did I never see you at Chihuahua?" "Sir, I was unable to pay you; I had no money." "Can you pay me now?" "No, sir, I cannot; I am poor; I have nothing." "Do you know how much you owe me?" "Not exactly, sir." "It is three hundred dollars." "It is so, as your grace says so." "And you really cannot pay me?" "No, sir!" "Not even part of your debt?" "I have nothing." "Then you must come along with me, and I shall make you work." "Well, sir, I think it is but just." "Then make ready; for I am returning without delay." "I am ready. What I have on my body is all I have to take along." This property consisted of an old straw hat, a ragged old blanket, a coarse cotton shirt, a pair of wide pantaloons of unbleached cotton, and a pair of sandals.

During this whole conversation, we had not alighted from our horses, and the old woman had said nothing. Now she burst forth in tears, while she addressed Don Guillermo: "Your Grace is in your right," she said, "but how miserable am I—old and helpless as I am! He is my only child; yet I have long known that he would not be the consolation of my age. He did not follow the example of his father. But, alight from your horses, gentlemen, and enter my humble dwelling," she added, with that politeness which is natural even to the lowest

of Spanish extraction, and she repeated her invitation till we accepted. "Yes," said Don Guillermo, on entering the little house, "his father has been an honest man. But how came it that his son is in so bad circumstances?" "O, sir, the boy gambled away all he had." "Without the letter of his dying father, I would not have given him credit: how could his grace write that letter, knowing the bad character of his son?" "O, sir, my husband never wrote that letter; the boy, following the bad advice of a companion, forged it." "Then it is right that you are punished," said Don Guillermo addressing Natividad; "and you, señora," he added, speaking to the old woman, "may console yourself. The boy, as he is now, is of no advantage to you. I shall take care of him. I shall teach him how to work and live in a decent manner, and, if possible, shall make him return to you an honest man. You shall go with me to Texas," he said to the young man. "Whenever your Grace pleases," he replied; and, after a short delay more, during which we took some "tortillas" and "frijoles," while Natividad went to see a young woman and a child of which he was the father, we left.

It is worthy of remark that this whole transaction, which entirely changed the situation of a family in less than half-an-hour, was without the interference of any public authority. When we came back to the Villa de la Concepcion, nearly the same transaction was repeated in respect to another debtor of Don Guillermo. Guadalupe Vargas appeared to be a very smart and satirical, but equally careless and good-natured fellow. He had been a pedlar, had bought goods on credit, had gambled the value away, and, like Natividad, had left Don Guillermo unpaid. And he made as little resistance to follow us as his fellow debtor had made—though he accepted his fate in a very different mood. When he heard that he would have to follow his new master on a voyage to Texas, he merely begged leave to see his old mother, who was living at a village in the neighborhood of Carretas, some distance aside of our road. "He wanted the blessings of his mother for his long and dangerous voyage in a foreign country," he said, in a most frivolous mixture of piety and sarcasm. Natividad, who, with all his vices, showed a more serious and sentimental character, sighed deeply. "My mother," he said with an ex-

pression of sadness and regret, "will not bless me!" "Man!" Guadalupe addressed him, "what, dost thou sigh now?—Regret is good for nothing!—Begin a new life!—Does not Don Guillermo, a most excellent and accomplished gentleman, open the gates of the world to thee?—What dost thou know of the world?—Nothing!—Now thou wilt know it!—Thou wilt see the United States!—Thou wilt become a man!—Thou wilt pay thy debts!—and when, after an absence of years, thou wilt come back to thy native place, thy mother may be dead, but thy children will be grown up, and thy father may even aspire to become alcalde of Temósachic?"

All this is so entirely characteristic of Mexican life that I could not omit its particulars. The two fellows who now were, and still are the peones of Don Guillermo, exhibit some of the bad and some of the good qualities of Mexicans, or if the reader does not agree to find any of the latter in the two characters as I have represented them, I may say that good qualities, at least, were readily developed in them as soon as they were placed under better moral influences than those under which they had formerly lived. I have since travelled with both these men through different parts of the state of Chihuahua and down to San Antonio de Bexar, and have been pleased to see their honesty, activity and good will. And their situation is that of the Mexican nation in general—a nation which is placed by the history of the whole Spanish race under circumstances most unfavorable to moral development, but is endowed with good natural qualities which will not be lost in the destiny of the new world.

But I have to return once more to Temósachic, and to relate the few incidents of our voyage back to Chihuahua, which may be worth mentioning.

While in the house of Natividad, a fine young woman came in, inquiring for information of her husband, who was gone to Chihuahua, and was absent beyond the usual time. I mention her because she had an appearance very different from what is believed to be the exclusive type of Mexican blood. She had flaxen hair, blue eyes, and the fairest and most delicate complexion. Persons of this description are not at all rare in the "tierra fria," or high cool region of northern Mexico. Whether it is the influence of climate and

the flexibility of the human constitution, or, on the contrary, the ineffectuality of climate and stability of that constitution, what they prove, I do not presume to conjecture.

When we mounted our horses to leave Temósachic, I felt shocked by the idea of Andrada being obliged to follow us on foot and to keep pace with the lively trot in which we started. I could, however not help it, but only looked in silent astonishment at him as he trotted along like a faithful dog, now behind, now before, now aside of us. At Concepcion he was joined by Guadalupe, whose swiftness, at first start, proved insufficient to keep with that of our carriage, but who soon learned how to move his legs, when he saw no alternative but either to follow or to be left behind in the wilderness without arms, and to run the danger of being scalped by some straggling Apaches. This must appear cruel to anybody who considers it under another, but a Mexican point of view. After the first day, however, the two fellows often amused themselves, just as dogs use to do, to run ahead of the carriage, while it was in its quickest motion. What Mexicans of the lower classes can accomplish in travelling on foot is nearly incredible. When, in the month of April, General Trias marched on Mesilla, I travelled with the brigade, and had occasion to witness the whole infantry trotting without interruption for hours, to keep pace with the cavalry, artillery and wagons, whatever the rate might be at which the horses could get along on a good piece of road; and one day the brigade made twenty-eight leagues, or about eighty miles in twenty-four hours to reach the next watering place*, and not only soldiers but even women, bearing a little child on one arm and a calabash with water in the hand of the other one, made that forced march, on which to hold back was to die.

We passed the first night on our way back at the rancho of Don Blas Bencomo. If the Apaches kill a great number of people in this country, the survivors know how to restore the losses. "Que muchacheria!"—"what a bevy of girls!"—cried Jesus Dominguez, when we entered the court-yard of the rancho, and saw us surrounded by more than half a dozen of young women. Our wonder, however, in-

creased, when, attracted by curiosity, some dozens of children assembled around us, all of them the offspring of the inmates of that single house. Families with a numerous offspring are, indeed, very common in this part of Mexico. At Santo Tomas, where we passed the following night, the wife of our host, who was quite a young and very fine-looking lady, told us that she was the mother of eight children.

At this latter place we went, in company of the *alcalde* or chief magistrate, to see the church, a down-crumbling edifice, built by the Jesuits, who first established here a mission among the Tarumares. The high altar, with its surrounding ornaments and the ceiling, are thickly covered with gold. Though nothing of good taste can be expected at such a place, still there is a considerable degree of finish on that part of the interior. The rest consists either of naked walls, or is ornamented in the most barbarous style. Among different paintings of very different merit is that of one of the first *padres* and most active missionaries, who died here in 1640.

In a room below the church are the sepulchres of all the *padres* who have ended their lives here. Among them is that of the founder of the mission. The *alcalde* led us down. When we arrived we found Jesus Dominguez, who had preceded us, standing before the embalmed corpse of that same saint—for the *padre* really has been canonized—which he had taken out of his grave and placed upright against the wall. Just as we entered he was addressing the corpse in a most frivolous manner, making some very disrespectful cranio-logical remarks on the exceedingly small size of its skull. The *alcalde* laughed. We ordered the corpse to be carefully replaced, and the grave to be well shut again. This little incident is quite characteristic in respect to the present state of religious feeling, if not in Mexico in general, of which I do not venture to judge, at least, in the State of Chihuahua.

I have nothing to relate of our second stay at Concepcion, except that the weather had become exceedingly cold, and accordingly the large "sala" in the house of Don Raphael, having neither window or fire-place, very uncomfortable. This was not the fault of our kind host, who treated us in the most hospi-

* From the Ojo de Luzero to Gaudalupe, on the Rio Grande. The Charcos Grado had no water.

table manner, and did everything to honor and please us. Chimneys are rarely, and glass windows nearly never found in that country. Everybody, in cold weather, is wrapt in his "serape" (blanket) or "capa" (cloak), even in his room. The poor people who have not sufficient covering, suffer exceedingly during the cold season. As soon as the sun rises in the morning, they are seen to stand about in the streets and lean against the walls of the houses, for the purpose of thawing their stiffened limbs in its rays. Happily these rays are very warm, even in winter, while a piercing cold may prevail in the shade.

From the Ranchitos to Coyáchic we took a route different from that by which we had come. We passed west of the Laguna de Cerro Prieto, at the very foot of the Sierra Madre, which, however, near as we were, we could not see, the atmosphere being entirely obscured by falling snow. We passed a night at Cerro Prieto, where the direct road from Chihuahua to the mines of Jesus Maria enters the Sierra. We then came to the village of Los Llanos (the plains), situated at the lake of that same name, and, travelling along its northeastern shore, arrived at the Bajío del Chato. As already observed, we had the good fortune of seeing no Apaches at that ill-reputed place. We did not pass it, however, without having, at least, some little excitement. Just at the most dangerous spot, where a little ravine runs down from the southern extremity of the Sierra de las Casas Coloradas against the lake, a cloud of cranes, geese, and ducks, suddenly rose more than a thousand steps before us. As we saw no traveller on the road—who could have scared these birds but some Apaches?—signs like this are always regarded as warnings in an Indian country. Jesus Dominguez rode up to our carriage and calmly observed that, "Los Indios" might be in the "arroyo." And here again he showed his courage. Handing his hat over to us, he bound a handker-

chief round his head to keep his long hair from falling over his eyes, he put fresh caps upon his rifle and pistols, and fearlessly galloped ahead straight to the very place of supposed danger. We armed each of the two men who formed our infantry, placed our revolvers and rifles at hand, and followed him. No enemy, however, could be discovered. A little farther on a new alarm was given. Dominguez had advanced so much that he was covered to our view by a little elevation of the savanna. Suddenly we saw a traveller at a distance to our right, who made signs to us to hasten on, pointing in the direction of Dominguez. We could only suppose that he was attacked by the savages. I grasped the rifle, Don Guillermo drove the horses into gallop; Natividad and Gaudalope kept pace with them, and thus we raced up the little hill, where we saw our servant standing quietly in the road with a peaceable traveller, whom the other one to our right hand had seen approaching, and believed to be an Apache. Trifling as these little incidents are, they show the degree of fear and excitement in which the inhabitants of this country are constantly kept while travelling.

The rest of our voyage passed without any accident, and we safely arrived at Chihuahua after an absence of seventeen days.

If the kind reader should ask how it happened that, travelling through a country reported to be the most dangerous part of the State of Chihuahua, I have not even seen those terrible Apaches, of whom I have spoken so much, I have to answer that these savages are rarely to be seen except when they attack, and that they never attack except when they believe themselves sure of success without risking too much. If, therefore, I had seen them on this journey, it is very likely I should be unable to give a description of the interview.

A THANKSGIVING.

MY heart is full of songs unsung,
That shame the slowness of my tongue;
And God beholds how thronged with praise
My thoughts walk down the silent ways
That lead from life.
I pray, thus with your hand in mine,
We may encounter Proserpine
At evening, wife.

You know, my love by any grace
Was caught, till held in your embrace.
But if true-love was that estate,
Some truer word must vindicate
My present life.
I lay and sang by Hippocrene
To your sweet eyes, who should have been
In battle, wife.

But now if any ill or care
Assail me, 'tis not hard to bear
With you. And sweet becomes more sweet,
And in the footprints of your feet
Blossoms my full life.
What matter, from its starry aim
My shaft diverged, your eyes proclaim
The victor, wife.

I victor! Go, give God the glory:
'Tis too improbable a story.
Do I not wonder every day,
As one might, finding fruit in May,
That this my life
With no one purpose well begun,
Is crowned before the race is run,
By thee, sweet wife?

You stay me here. Well, be it so.
Yet when I kiss you softly, know
It is in pledge of fealty
That my worse spirit owes to thee.
Ah bitter life!
Without thee; and ah! gentle death
That joins us by a fleeting breath,
For ever, wife!

THE SHADOW.

THERE is but one great sorrow,
All over the wide, wide world;
But that in turn must visit us all,—
The Shadow that moves behind the pall,
A flag that is never furled,

Till he in his marching crosses
The threshold of the door,
Usurps a place in the inner room
Where he broods in the awful hush and gloom,
Till he goes, and comes no more!

Save this, there is no sorrow,
Whatever we think we feel;
But when Death comes, all's over:
'Tis a blow that we never recover,
A wound that will never heal!

CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES OF THE RUSSIAN WAR.

PAST AND PRESENT.

SUCH is the title which we give to the following article. In our next number, it is our purpose to follow it up with a second, to be called: "RUSSIA, PRESENT AND FUTURE." Within the compass of these two articles, of moderate length, it is our desire and intention to treat of those things in the History, Present Condition and Prospects of that great empire, which may be interesting to our readers at this momentous period; and especially of such events as may throw some light on the causes and probable results of the present war between Russia and Turkey, in which England and France are taking so remarkable a part, and to which Austria, Prussia, and Sweden hold relations so interesting and important.

It is with good reason that well-informed men,—men of a philosophical spirit, who have read history not simply to know the Past, but also to foreknow the Future,—are beginning to contemplate the position, great extent, immense resources, and vast military strength of the Russian empire with very serious apprehension. The portion of that empire which lies in Europe is greater by more than a quarter of a million of square miles than all the rest of that continent. The Asiatic is far more than double the European part in geographical extent—the former having nearly 4,500,000 square miles, and the latter 2,025,000—and if we add Russia in America, and the Island of Nova Zembla, we shall find that the Russian empire contains more than *seven millions of square miles*, and is little less than one-seventh part of the land-surface of the earth! It is the largest empire of which history has ever spoken. That of Rome was not so extensive; nor will those of Alexander, Tamerlane and Charlemagne compare with it.

On the other hand, formidable as Russia really is, her power is far from corresponding to her geographical dimensions. In this respect, the Roman empire in its palmiest days,—those of Trajan, when it had one hundred and twenty millions of inhabitants,—far exceeded anything which Russia has yet reached; for it included all Middle and Southern Europe, Northern Africa and Western Asia, to the confines of India;

and the Mediterranean Sea was nothing but a Roman lake. Never did an empire possess advantages of climate, soil, productions and facilities for intercommunication, comparable to that of which the "Seven Hilled City on the Tiber" was the capital. In these respects, the empire of the Czars is far from being equal to that of the Cæsars. On the contrary, from its very northern position, and the sterility of the soil in immense portions of it, the Russian empire labors under very great disadvantages. With the exception of the trans-Caucasian province of Georgia, no portion of the Russian empire lies south of $43^{\circ} 50'$; whilst its extreme northern line is in latitude 79° . We may safely say that nearly all of it that is of much account for agriculture, lies between latitudes of 44° and 60° . This zone, 16 degrees (or 1112 miles) in width, includes the southern part of the entire empire, with the exception of Georgia. This zone, we may add, includes, it is probable, four-fifths, if not more, of the entire population. Even in the southern portion of the empire, there is scarcely a river which is not frozen up during four months every winter; whilst those in the northern are rendered unnavigable, for the same cause, from six to eight. All the seaports are closed for months by the ice; and commerce entirely ceases during that season of the year.

As to the population of the Russian empire, very different estimates are made by different authors—from 57 up to 70,000,000! It is evident that many writers are deceived by not looking at the Russian authorities with sufficient care; for these seldom include either modern Poland or Finland in what they call Russia. The consequence is, that when they speak of population of the country, number of Roman Catholics, Jews, &c., it is absolutely necessary to know whether they mean to include the *whole* empire, as it now stands, or not; for want of precision in this respect, the authors of the seventh edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* have committed several errors of a serious nature in their notices of Russia. The same thing was done by the Hon. Wm. H. Seward, in a speech which he delivered in the Senate of the United States, a few years ago, in which he said

that the population of Russia was 54,000,000. If he had added the population of Poland and Finland he would not have been much aside from the truth, so far as *Europe* is concerned.

When we were in St. Petersburg in 1846, Count Kisseleff, the minister of the Public Domains, was kind enough to give us from the books in the Department of the Interior, as well as from his own, many statistics relating to the empire. At that time, he assured us the population of the entire empire might be safely put down at 66,500,000. It is now probably not far from 69 or 70,000,000; of which about 63,000,000 are in European Russia, including modern Poland (a country about as large as Pennsylvania, and having a population of 4,500,000 or 5,000,000), the Baltic provinces (Courland, Livonia, and Esthonia, which once belonged to the Counts of Prussia and to Sweden), and Finland, most of which has been annexed to Russia within the present century.

It will be seen, from this statement, that the Asiatic and American portions of the Russian empire must be very thinly populated. In fact they are but little worth, excepting for their vast mineral resources, their fisheries, and their furs and skins. Siberia, as the entire of Asiatic-Russia (with the exception of Georgia), is commonly called, is a vast extent of mountains and sterile plains or *steppes*, with a very small proportion of ground fit for cultivation. We have known personally several gentlemen, Russians and others, who resided or travelled there for years, and they have given us but one testimony in regard to that vast and dreary region. It is only in the western and southern portions of it, where its gold, platina, and other mines—in the Oural Altai mountains—are found, that there is any permanent population worth speaking of. It is to those portions of Siberia that the "convicts" are sent—from seven to eight thousand every year—not to work in the mines, save in the case of *great* criminals, but to become *serfs of the crown*, and cultivate the public lands.

But although the Asiatic and American portions of the Russian empire will never have a great population, and are chiefly valuable for their mineral resources, their fisheries, and the abundance of skins and furs which they yield, it is far otherwise with the European part of it. That vast country, whose population is now nearly equal to that of France,

Great Britain and Ireland combined, is capable of sustaining, with ease, two hundred millions. Even although a large portion of the zone north of latitude 60° may be poor, marshy, abounding in lakes, and in many places abounding, too, in *rocks*, and much of the southern part sandy and sterile, and containing, in the southeast, large *steppes*, on which nothing grows save buffalo grass, the stunted cactus, and small shrubs and bushes; yet there is a vast extent of excellent land in the central, western, and southwestern parts, which is even now populous, and is destined to become far more so. It is precisely this part of Russia which is so steadily and even rapidly advancing in population, manufactures, education, and everything else that belongs to true civilization. The climate, though cold in the winter, is not excessively rigorous, as it is in the north. It is the land of wheat, rye, barley, oats, buckwheat, flax, hemp, of the apple, the pear, the peach, the plum; and in it rise the Volga, the Don, the Dnieper, the Dniester, which flow down into the Caspian, the Asoph, and the Black seas. In it, too, rise the Lima and the Dwina (or Duna, as the Russians call it), which fall into the Arctic Ocean, and the Neva (which is the outlet of lakes Onega and Ladoga), another Duna, the Niemen, and the Vistula, which fall into the Gulf of Finland and the Baltic. These ten rivers are navigable in the six or seven warm months for boats of various sizes. On their lower courses steamboats are now to be seen ploughing their way; and on some of them, a considerable number.

Large portions of this vast country—larger, as we have already said, than all the rest of Europe—are covered with primeval forests. This is especially true of the northern, eastern (towards and along the Oural Mountains), the western, and southwestern "governments" or provinces. We have often travelled ten and even twenty miles at a stretch, in Western Russia, without seeing a house or a field—nothing but the forest far and wide. This is quite remarkable in the western confines of Russia proper, and the eastern side of old Poland, in its most powerful day, about the longitude of Smolensk, and even further west.

But enough of geographical description. Let us advance to more interesting, though scarcely less important subjects. We say scarcely less important, for God has with His own finger, as it

were, written the destinies of the nations on the very *surface* itself of the earth. Its great features have determined, and will long determine, the history of mankind. Mountains, and seas, and straits, and to some extent even *rivers*, have contributed to separate the human family, and create numerous states and kingdoms, for the most part small—in the former case bold, brave, hardy, and warlike; in the latter, adventurous, and addicted to commerce and colonization. Widely different have been the conditions and pursuits of men when congregated on large plains. *There* it has not been found difficult to bring large masses under the government of an ambitious and powerful military chief, which his descendants, if possessed of similar character and talent, may continue to hold. Where there is but little civilization, military power is the only force which is sufficient to maintain the adhesion, or agglomeration rather, of mankind in masses. The plains of the Euphrates, the Tigris, the Ganges, the Yang-tse-Kiang, and many others of greater or less extent, illustrate this position. When civilization has become sufficiently advanced, it makes it possible to bind men together in large nationalities by suitable political institutions, and still more by strong and reciprocal interests. Civilization, too, can bring under one government neighboring and even distant portions of the human race, which have been sundered by mountains, by rivers, by straits, and even by seas and oceans; for it can furnish the means of overcoming, and, as it were, of removing such barriers. The good common-road, the railroad, the ship, the steamboat, the diffusion of a common language and a common religion, the planting of colonies—all these are means which civilization can employ (as we see illustrated in our own great country and some others at the present day, and as will be illustrated all over the world in some future era), to give political governments vast extent and influence over large portions of mankind, even where there is considerable diversity of language and religion.

But the history of Russia does not seem to confirm some of these positions; for, although it is a plain, ages upon ages passed away before it was brought under one government. In fact, that consummation has been reached only within comparatively modern times. Let us look at this subject for a moment. It is

fundamental to all correct knowledge of the history of the Russian empire. It is true that Russia in Europe may be said to be one vast plain; the greatest, probably, on the earth. The northern and southern portions of it, for hundreds of miles inward from the Arctic Ocean and Black Sea, are almost perfectly level, and the central parts are scarcely more than undulating, or at most hilly. We have several times passed over the road from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and have seen nothing approaching to a mountain in point of height, even on the table-land on which rise the great rivers of the country—some flowing off to the southeast, and others to the northwest. Moscow stands in what may be called a vast plain. With the exception of a ridge of some elevation on the west, which the Russians dignify by calling it the "Sparrow Mountains," but which we should hardly consider respectable hills, there is nothing but a boundless plain in all directions.

Russia is not only very level, but it is low; so much so, if it were made a *perfect plain*, it has been calculated that it would have an altitude of only 350 feet above the ocean. Whereas, if Europe were reduced to a dead level, it would be 630 feet above the sea. Russia is the lowest country of large extent in Europe; Spain, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Turkey, and Greece are the highest.

How, then, if Russia be a plain, as it were, of such great extent, has it happened that it was not sooner brought under one government? We will explain this, by calling the attention of the reader to the important fact, that from very early times, until within a few centuries, emigration from Asia greatly affected the interests and destinies of the countries on the eastern and contiguous side of Europe. This emigration was *en masse*, for the reason that it was made by whole tribes of people, headed by bold chieftains, who fought their way, sword in hand, into regions better, as they supposed, than those which they had quit. Our old historians used to say that these great emigrations came from "about" or "beyond the Black Sea,"—sometimes from about or beyond the Caspian Sea; and there the matter ended. But it is now settled that these emigrations came from the high table-lands of what is now called Independent Tartary and Bokara, where the soil is far from being fertile, or the climate genial, and whence the inhabitants, *nomadic* in

their manner of living, were induced to emigrate, from time to time, in the hope of finding better countries in the distant West, or in the distant East (for they did emigrate sometimes, and even recently, into China), and the more distant South. On their way to Europe, they must go either south or north of the Caspian and the Black Seas. Those who went south, must traverse Asia Minor, and cross the Hellespont or the Bosphorus. As soon as civilization was sufficiently advanced in Greece, the inhabitants of that wonderful country resisted this invasion of Europe, so far as their country was concerned. Twice they repelled the Persians, and saved Europe. To this day the young Greeks, who strut about the streets of Athens, dressed in the gay Albanian costume, are for ever talking of Marathon, and Salamis, and Platea, and saying—"If it had not been for our brave ancestors, what would have become of Europe?" They have some reason for talking in that way. Alexander the Great, and his successors in the Macedonian kingdom, for two centuries, and the Romans for many centuries more, effectually prevented the southeastern part of Europe from being desolated by Asiatic barbarism.

But it was not so with the northeastern part of Europe—what is now called Russia. The Greeks planted colonies in the Crimea, and along all the north coast of the Black Sea, and those colonies flourished at times, and enjoyed extensive commerce with Greece, and all the countries on the Euxine, the *Ægean*, and the Mediterranean Seas. But these colonies had no protectors. Neither the Macedonian kings, nor the Republic of Rome, nor, indeed, the emperors of Rome, nor even those of Constantinople, ever took possession of Russia, or Scythia, as it was then called. They did not conquer or hold even the southern part of it, though it was much less distant from Rome, and incomparably less distant than some countries in the east, which they both conquered, and long retained.

The result was, that there being no barrier in that direction, tribe after tribe of armed and uncivilized people marched round the Caspian Sea, or through the Caucasus, into Europe. There was a great gateway between the Caspian and the Oural mountains, and no one to defend it against such desolating irruptions, before which the incipient civilization which spread out from time to

time from the Greek colonies on the northern coasts of the Black Sea, and in process of time the Greek Colonies themselves, suffered a complete prostration.

As for the tribes of Asiatic barbarians who did the mischief, some of them—as the Magyars, for instance, the progenitors of Kossuth, and a part of the modern Hungarians—penetrated into the valley of the Danube, one of the finest countries in Europe. Others penetrated into Germany, and traces of them are to be seen to this day. Odin and his followers reached even Denmark, and the southern portions of Sweden and Norway, took possession of those countries, and laid the foundations of the Scandinavian states. Their descendants made their mark effectually in England, France, and other portions of Western Europe.

But the greater number of the Asiatic barbarians, who came like swarms of bees from an old hive, and reached Europe by the route which we have just named, took up their abode, if abode it may be called, either of choice or necessity, on the plains of Scythia and Sarmatia, as the western portion (afterwards called Poland) was sometimes designated. Then they roamed about, living in tents, having no possessions but their cattle, their sheep, their goats, and their horses. The chase and the fishery furnished much of their food, for a long period, if we may judge of them from the scanty notices which the Greek and Roman historians of those earlier times, and the Byzantine historians of the "Lower Empire," have deigned to give us at a later day. Often at war with each other, and nomadic almost without exception in their manner of life, it is not astonishing that the progress of civilization, and ultimately of Christianity, was so slow in that vast trans-Euxine and almost Hyperborean country.

And yet there was progress. During the intervals—which gradually became greater and greater between the descent of these avalanches of Asiatic barbarism and heathenism, and afterwards of Mohammedanism—civilization and Christianity did make some advances. For a long time, however, their influence was only felt in the portion of the country which borders on the Black Sea. Gradually they penetrated further and further into the interior, until, after the lapse of ten centuries, they reached the very heart of the empire, and afterwards spread up to the shores of the Baltic Sea and the

Arctic Ocean. Certainly, it was a very imperfect civilization and Christianity which made these achievements. Be it so; they were better than barbarism and heathenism; certainly better as a preparation for still greater and better things. Whatever they were, they were dear to the people who received them, and are dear still to their descendants. They are no way disposed to ignore either the civilization or the Christianity of their ancestors, or of themselves. And they know full well that they are indebted to the Greeks, and the Church of Greece, and of the Greek empire, for both. By the simple-hearted and imperfectly civilized and Christianized Russians, Constantinople was regarded for ages as the greatest city in the world. And it was for a long period—from A.D. 400 and thereabouts, to 1450, a period of a thousand years—a wonderful city. With all the miserable government which sometimes existed there, it was still a great and proud city. During the latter half of that period, and far more, it was vastly superior to Rome, or any other city in the world. When the "Great Schism" took place, in the ninth century, which separated the Latin or Western, or Romish Church, from the Greek, or Eastern Church, the Russian Christians, as was natural, took sides with the latter, and looked up to the Patriarch of Constantinople as the head of their church.

We have said enough to show why the Russians—the people of Russia proper especially—who, to the number of fifty millions, profess the faith and practice the rites of the Greek Church, should so strongly sympathize with the Greek Church in Turkey, and why they should feel so much interest in everything that is connected with Constantinople—the city to visit which was the highest wish in the hearts of their ancestors. And, although the "Tartar Invasion" did, for a long time, cut off all direct intercourse between their country and Constantinople, yet they could not think of having a Patriarch of their own until the Greek empire and Constantinople fell a prey to the Turks, the last great horde of Asia which invaded Europe. But, let us look a little at the Political History of of Russia and also of Poland.

Reader, have you ever been present at the performance of Haydn's *Oratorio of the Creation*? If you have, you must remember that there is at the outset a tremendous mingling of all the

sounds of the instruments employed; and an awful dissonance is heard for some time. This is intended to represent *Chaos*! At length, and very gradually, something like harmony begins to be noticeable, and the tones of the clarionet are heard above all the rest; and, finally, every vestige of confusion and discord disappears, and the most delightful stream of symphony flows forth—every note falling into its proper place. The effect is wonderful. Just so, in her early history, Russia is all confusion. Every petty tribe, and the number was immense, seems to be on bad terms, if not at open war, with its neighbors. The manners of the people were repulsive. They were an uncivilized, ignorant, rude collection of tribes, speaking different dialects, and, in some cases, different languages, among whom nothing was more striking than an entire want of everything like *nationality*.

By degrees, and very slowly, according to the Russian historians, the Slavonic tribe gained the ascendancy, and, in the fifth century of the Christian era, founded the cities of Kief, on the Dnieper (or Borysthene), in the south; Novgorod, on the Volkopp, in the north; and Cracow, on the Vistula, in the west. Each of these cities became the capital of a kingdom; the last named becoming the capital of the kingdom of Poland. For several centuries, these three kingdoms were wholly insignificant. In the ninth century, Ruric, who is said to have been a "Northman," or Norwegian, came with a large number of armed followers, by sea, and, ascending the Neva, founded on its banks the city of Ladoga, a short distance from the lake which bears the same name. Conquering the surrounding tribes of uncivilized people, he ventured to march to Novgorod, 120 miles to the south, took it, and established himself there; and there he died. His son Igor succeeded him, but being a minor, or imbecile, his uncle Oleg, or Olap, carried on the government for him. The wife of Igor, whose name was Olga, was the first of the persons connected with the Russian Court who professed Christianity. Oleg transferred the government from Novgorod to Kief, which he had conquered—thus the northern and southern portions of the Slavonic race were brought under one sceptre. A grandson of Igor, Vladimir the Great, was a man of vast energy of character, and success in war;

and, if the Russian historians are to be believed, he gave to Russia almost her present limits, so far as Europe is concerned. His wife, Anna, was a Greek princess. Through her influence, probably, at least in part, Waldimir embraced Christianity. He did much in the way of giving good laws to his people; but committed the great mistake of dividing his vast empire between his numerous sons, constituting the eldest the paramount prince at Kief, and the others subordinate to him. This arrangement nearly ruined the empire, and was the source of many civil wars for a long period.

In the twelfth century, a descendant of Waldimir founded the city of Moscow, and made it the capital of the empire. By this time, Christianity had penetrated up into the northern portions of the country, and the prevailing and established form of it was that of the Greek Church. On the other hand, the missionaries who carried Christianity into the Western Slavonic kingdom, or Poland, as it has long since been called, were from Rome. It is said, however, that the Poles received, as did the Hungarians, the Moravians, and the Bohemians, their first ideas of Christianity from Greek missionaries, but that they were speedily supplanted by missionaries from Rome. It is quite likely that the Patriarch of Constantinople and the Bishop of Rome would make strenuous efforts to make their respective churches dominant in those countries. Rome triumphed: the Poles became Roman Catholics, and *this* fact constituted the earliest and one of the most effective of the causes of hatred and of war between two nations whose origin was essentially the same. The Eastern and Western Churches were, in the latter part of the ninth century, and in the tenth, at "swords' points" with each other, as they have been ever since. But the Poles advanced more rapidly in civilization, under the dynasties of Piast and Yagellon, than did the Russians, because of their proximity to Germany, and great intercourse, alternately peaceable and warlike, with the German nation.

About the middle of the thirteenth century, the Tartars, emerging from Asia by a northern route, overran and conquered almost all Russia—driving the "Grand Prince," or monarch, up to Novgorod; and for two hundred years, the Russians were tributaries to the Tartar princes of Astracan, and were much longer mo-

lest by those of the Crimea. At the same time, the Swedes, the Livonians, the Teutonic Knights, and the Poles, attacked them from the west and north-west. The Poles conquered all the western side of the empire, and held it for nearly three centuries. They took Moscow, and held it some time, and even advanced their armies to Kasan. Between the Tartars, on the one hand, and the Poles on the other, the empire of Russia was, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, well-nigh annihilated. This fact constitutes a second cause of the deadly hatred which the Russians have ever since had for the Poles. It also shows us why they so hate the Tartars, and, in fact, all Mohammedans, and especially the Turks, who, after their conquest of the Greek empire, overran the northwestern part of Russia, and founded intimate alliances with the Tartars of the Crimea, commonly called the *Crim-Tartars*. It was the deep and settled purpose of the Russians, cherished through the period, five centuries and more, to "settle up" with both the Roman Catholic Poles and the Mohammedan Tartars and Turks, for the injuries and even persecutions which their Church endured at their hands. They have paid, and overpaid, the Poles and the Tartars: with the Turks, they have not yet gotten through. It was Ivan I. (commonly called Vasilievitch the Great), who reigned from 1462 to 1505, that freed Russia from the yoke of the Tartars. His grandson, Ivan Vasilievitch II., did much for the civilization of Russia, but was not so successful in his wars with the Poles. He conquered Kasan in 1552, and Astracan two years later, and put an end to the reign of the Tartars in the eastern and southeastern parts of the empire. His son Feodor, or Theodore, who died in 1598, was the monarch who conquered Siberia, or rather the western part of it. With him terminated the dynasty of Ruric. After fifteen years of an interregnum, in the first part of which Boris governed the country, Michael Romanoff was chosen Czar, and ascended the throne in 1613. Upon his death, in 1645, his son Alexis succeeded, and reigned until 1676. It was in his reign that the Russians had their first war (in 1671) with the Turks, who had been their neighbors since 1472. Feodor III., his son, was a good ruler, but he died in 1682, leaving the throne to Ivan III., an imbecile brother, and to Peter (known as the Great), his half-brother. In 1689,

Ivan was persuaded to abdicate, and Peter alone took the helm of state, and set about making Russia an *European* country, whereas it had hitherto been Asiatic. The Strelitz, a body of troops like the Janizaries of Constantinople, which Ivan II. had created, Peter annihilated—killing some of the chiefs with his own hands. He changed entirely the organization and discipline of the troops; entered the army himself as a common soldier, and rose to the rank of a general, under the instruction of foreign officers. His efforts to create a navy and establish manufactures were incessant. In his wars with the Swedes, he was eminently successful, and founded the city of St. Petersburg (in 1703), as soon as he could get possession of the adjacent coast for a few miles. He did much for the civil administration of his empire, and to *Europeanize* its army and its institutions. He was, in all respects, a wonderful man. He died in 1725. The reign of his wife, Catherine I. (1725-27), and of his grandson, Peter II. (1727-30), were unmarked by events of importance. The Empress Anne, a niece of Peter, reigned from 1730 to 1740. During her reign, Russia conquered Azoph, and extended her influence in the direction of Poland. In her reign, the military school system of Russia was commenced.

Under the government of the Empress Elizabeth, 1741-62, and that of Catherine the Second (or Great), 1762-96, the boundaries of Russia were greatly extended. The three "Partitions" of Poland (1772, '93, and '95), occurred in her reign; by each of which Russia received a part of the possessions of her ancient rival and enemy, or "recovered," as the Russians say, what Poland took from her.

The Crimea was conquered in 1783, and the reign of the Khans of Crim (or Little) Tartary came to an end. In 1851, there was still living in the Crimea the last lineal descendant of these Khans; a man rich in lands, abounding in flocks and herds, and much respected by all who knew him. The Emperor Alexander took him to England in 1815, where he was educated, at Oxford, renounced Mohammedanism for Christianity, and married a young lady of Edinburg—a Miss Neilson—whose mother, brothers, and sisters we know well. Their only child—a daughter, then an elegant young lady of eighteen years—we had the pleasure of seeing at the house of Mr. Poletić, once the Russian minister at Wash-

ington, in the autumn of 1840. Since that time she married, and died. Her father still lives, we believe. And this is the end of the House of the Great Khans of the Crim-Tartars!

The unfortunate, but well-meaning, Paul, succeeded his mother in the throne, and was put to death by Count Panin and others, in March, 1801. Alexander, his son, reigned from 1801 to December 1, 1825. During his reign Russia extended her boundaries in the direction of Turkey, to the Pruth, and the mouth of the Danube, gained possession of Georgia, a province beyond the Caucasus, completed the annexation of Finland, and received, at the Congress of Vienna, the *Grand Duchy of Warsaw*, which Bonaparte had created in 1809, but which thenceforth took the name of the "Kingdom," or rather "Vice-Royalty of Poland." This gave to the Russian empire its present limits. The reign of Nicholas, who succeeded his brother Alexander, has, up to this time, added nothing of importance in the shape of territory, so far as we can remember, to the empire. The war with Persia, in 1826, and that with Turkey, in 1827-28, did little more than illustrate the Russian arms. The suppression of the attempted revolution in Poland, 1830-31, and the aiding of the Austrians against the Hungarians in 1849, have been the only other military events, previous to the present war with Turkey, England, and France, which have marked the reign of the present Emperor.

We have given this little sketch of the history of Russia, for the double purpose of setting forth the *growth* of Russia, and the *causes* of her feelings and her conduct in relation to the Tartars, the Poles, and the Turks. Without some preliminary survey of this sort, we should hardly be able to form correct opinions either of the origin and objects of the present war, or of the probable future of this gigantic empire, whose great power and menacing attitude are beginning to create so much alarm in the minds of not a few men, who have, till recently, not been able to descry any sinister omens in the Orient.

As to Poland, we may say, in passing, that she seems to have owed her disappearance from the list of nations (not *nationalities*), which we trust is but for a season, to several important causes. One was the vicious nature of her government, which, however the Poles may call it a *Commonwealth*, was one in

which the *people* were almost nothing, and the king, the nobles, some Roman Catholic bishops, and a few delegates from the larger cities, everything. The peasants were, for the most part, *serfs* till 1793, and the Jews, half a million in number, not much better. How was it possible that there should not be great perturbations, arising from faction, in such a government, especially after the year 1572, when, the Lithuanian dynasty coming to an end, the Poles changed their government into an elective monarchy, with a Diet still composed of such materials as we have described? Of the ten monarchs whom the Diet elected in the period of two hundred years—from 1572 to 1772—some were able and distinguished men. Certainly, no one can ever pronounce the name of Sobieski without the greatest respect. But the greater portion of them were poor creatures, and the immorality of their court exceeded even that of France, which is saying a great deal. The first of these elected monarchs made his escape from Poland, and returned to France, where he was afterwards the worthless Henry III. The third on the list was Sigismund, a renegade Protestant, a descendant of the great and good Gustavus Vasa, of Sweden; we are grieved to write it. The Poles consider him to have been one of their ablest monarchs. In our opinion, he did more to ruin Poland than any other man who ever occupied her throne. He was a Jesuit, and labored hard to put down, and even extirpate, Protestantism in the kingdom, which, in his day, still included the great western provinces of Russia—Courland, Lithuania, Podolia, Volhynia, and the Ukraine, and could not have had much less than eighteen, if not twenty, millions of inhabitants, half of whom, all in the eastern portion, belonged to the Greek Church, having been converted to that faith when under the dominion of Russia. During his reign, of thirty-six years and more, a course of oppression and persecution was commenced in relation to the protestants, who once numbered several millions, and formed nearly half the Diet, which ended in their being almost rooted out of the kingdom. There are not half a million of people at this day, within the limits of what was ancient Poland, who are protestants, and many of them are *Germans*. In the modern kingdom of Poland, there are about one hundred and ninety thousand protest-

ants, of whom ninety thousand may be Poles. And yet we heard at Warsaw, in 1846, on what we deem good authority, that there were some fanatical Roman Catholic proprietors, who, stirred up by its fanatical priests, just before an expected revolutionary outbreak (which actually occurred in Gallicia, the Austrian part of Poland), could, and did, put knives into the hands of their dependents, in order that they might massacre their few protestant neighbors.

Not only did the government of Poland oppress and persecute the protestants in the western side of the kingdom, they oppressed and persecuted the members of the Greek Church in the eastern part of it. And all this to please Rome. And what was gained by it? The protestants, in their distress, could hardly do otherwise than rejoice when protestant Russia was ready to intervene in the affairs of the kingdom. The same feeling existed, it is reasonable to suppose, in the breasts of the members of the Greek Church in the provinces which Poland had conquered from Russia. It is difficult to believe that they were not, at least very many of them, by any means, very reluctant to see Russia interfere and re-annex them to her dominions. And this actually occurred; Austria, a Roman Catholic country, receiving the smallest, but by far the best part, of Roman Catholic Poland. And when attempts at revolution were made in the modern kingdom of Poland, which is Russian, in 1830, and in Austrian Poland (Gallicia), in 1846—attempts which enlisted the sympathies of every protestant in these United States and Great Britain—the man who should have been their friend, because he calls them his "children," gave the revolutionists the most fatal stab of all. Reader! do you ask who he was? It was Pope Pius VIII., in the former case; and Gregory XVI., in the latter. Certainly, by this time, the Poles ought to know who are their friends. Can any man believe that if Poland had become a protestant country (as England, Holland, Scotland, Sweden, and some others), in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as she would have done, if the government had given that protection which it ought, that the bravest people in Europe would have been conquered, and parcelled out like a flock of sheep, by such nations as Russia, Austria, and Prussia, were then—even if those nations had

dared to make the attempt? We have heard intelligent Roman Catholics of Galicia confess that Prussia has governed her portion of Poland best, Russia next best, and Austria worst of all. And she is a Roman Catholic nation, and the Poles who fell to her share by the infamous spoliation were also Roman Catholics.

Nor ought the Poles to forget that in the day of their power they treated Russia very much as Russia has treated them in turn. God is just. It is a dangerous thing for one nation to do wrong to another. Let Russia beware, lest, in her lust for territorial conquest, she wake up a spirit of retaliation which will one day work her destruction. But let us return from this long digression.

No one can read the history of Russia with care, without being struck with the fact that its civilization may be said to have made exceedingly slow progress before the reign of Peter the Great. Nor has it been half so rapid since, as it would have been, if all his successors on the throne had had as enlightened views as he had of what is needed to secure the civilization and elevation of the people. There were many and great defects in views and plans, but he was a great man in many respects. He undertook a task which required the strength of a giant. Unfortunately, Peter commenced his work at the top, instead of the bottom, of society, or rather, he ought to have commenced at both the top and the bottom—not neglecting the middle. The entire population, throughout all its strata, was in his day rude, ignorant and barbarous after the Asiatic type. The nobles, or boyards, wore thin, long beards and their sheep-skin coats, and many of them were beastly drunkards. The cities were small in size, and not numerous, and in none of them was there the least spark of true European civilization. There is no great amount of "middle society" or of "middle classes" in Russia in the present day, with all the help that the annexation of the Baltic provinces, Finland and the modern kingdom of Poland has given her; there was none at all, or none worthy of mention, in Peter's day.

Peter did not go to work with vigor to educate the laboring people of the cities and villages, as he should have done. He knew nothing of *Normal Schools*, institutions absolutely necessary to form teachers in such a country as Russia, or any other where much is to

be done. Peter felt an interest in literary societies and institutions. He was not ignorant of the importance of science; and he certainly did something in that direction. But his schemes did not go down deep enough. And as to the manners of the higher classes, but little improvement was made in his reign. What if he did require the nobles to shave their beards (and occasionally he carried the rule into effect *per force*), upon the pain of not being allowed to come into the palace? his own life was immoral, his manners so rude, and his example in living in his little cottage, which greatly resembled an Irish shanty, in the centre of the fortress which he built on an island in St. Petersburg, was not calculated to give his nobles very elevated ideas of princely morals and princely manners.

Certainly there was no great advance in the brief reign of his wife, Catherine I., who, unless belied by history, was intemperate in her habits, and even worse, if that be possible. Peter II. was a mere boy of thirteen years, and reigned only three years. The Empress Anne was, in some respects, a woman of better character than some of the other female sovereigns of Russia; and yet she was no better than she should be. The military and political affairs of the empire were ably managed by Munich and Ostermann; but better was done for the education and elevation of the people. Ivan IV., her nephew, who succeeded her, if we may so speak, was but two months old! And he reigned but eighteen months, when he was, poor child, dethroned by the voluptuous, proud, ambitious, sensual daughter of Peter the Great, who bore the name of Elizabeth. What could be expected under her reign, in the way of advancing civilization, or any other good thing among the masses?

Reader, if you desire to know something of the character of the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, and of the manners of her court, we advise you to procure the "*Memoirs of the Princess Dashkoff*," published in London by Murray, some twelve or fifteen years ago, in two goodly octavo volumes. They are worth a cart-load of the volumes which the present war is calling forth in such quantities in England and France, of some of which we shall perhaps have a few words to say either in this present article, or in our next. Among other things you will find, that this paragon of an empress *knouted* a

noble lady and sent her to Siberia, because she had provoked her jealousy! You will find, also, that quarrelling with one of the noble courtiers, she had a great nest made for him in a corner of one of the rooms of her palace (we think it was the Winter Palace), and sentenced him to sit in it for days, like a *goose*, and to cackle like a goose! Having no children of her own to succeed her, she left her crown to the son of her sister Anne—another daughter of Peter the Great—who took the name of Peter III. After a reign of six months, he was dethroned and put to death by, or through the connivance of his wife, who ascended the throne, under the name of "Catherine the Second," as the Russians call her, or "Catherine the Great," as she is commonly called by the historians of other countries. The Princess Dashkoff, who rode by her side when she galloped into the city from a suburban palace (both dressed as military officers and seated in men's saddles), to summon and harangue the regiments and then ascend the throne, denies that the empress was privy to the murder of her husband, though she admits that she consented to his dethronement, and this after they had been married seventeen years! The pretext was that his government was unpopular, because it favored Prussia, as well as for other reasons.

Catherine reigned thirty-four years, and died in 1796. She was a woman of strong sensual passions; and yet she possessed much good sense and a sound judgment. Her energy of character was most extraordinary. She did a great deal to increase the territorial dominions of Russia, develop its resources, and promote its commerce and manufactures. The present emperor, who is her grandson, is of the opinion that she did more for the true interests of the empire than even Peter the Great. She was not indifferent to the subject of education, especially that of the nobles and middle classes. The "Smolna Monastery," as it is still called, (because it *was* once a monastery) situated in the upper part of the city of St. Petersburg, and near to the Neva, is the largest female school we have ever seen, and one of the best. There are there 750 young ladies, from fourteen or fifteen years up to twenty-two, and from all parts of the empire. This institution is very complete. It has a fund of seven millions of "paper rubles," which in our money may be put down at \$1,540,000. It took us a day to ex-

plore it from top to bottom, to hear many classes examined, to learn the nature and extent of the studies, occupations, amusements, etc., etc., of these 750 pupils; many of them belonging to the very highest families in Russia.

Catherine the Great established two Institutions for Foundlings; one at Moscow, the other at St. Petersburg, which are the largest probably in the world. As they were for a long time conducted, they offered a premium, if we may so speak, for licentiousness. All children that were brought were received, and those that survived were trained up to be teachers, governesses, mechanics, etc. In the month of September, 1840, we examined the books of both of these institutions, and the one in Moscow had 16,000 entries already for that year, and they would, as we were informed by the physicians and one of the directors, probably reach twenty-eight or thirty thousand by the end of the year! Those of the Institution of St. Petersburg had not reached so high a figure. But the emperor has made a great change within a few years. Illegitimate children may be received, but to remain only a certain time; then they will be given to any one in the country who will take them and bring them up; whilst the persons to be brought up in the establishment must be the children of officers of the army and navy, and other employés of the government, whose salaries are small.

Certainly the *manners* of the people, especially of the higher classes, had improved considerably in the days of Catherine the Great, whatever their *morals* might still be. Yet there was rudeness enough, as we might expect, if what the youngest sister of Frederick the Great of Prussia, wrote to her brother (then an exile from the court of his father) about the character, conduct and habits of the Russians who accompanied (if we remember rightly) the husband of Catherine the Great and his wife when they visited the Court of Berlin, about a hundred years ago. If they had been beasts, instead of human beings, they could scarcely have left the rooms in the palace which they occupied in a worse condition. It is well known that it was an amusement with Catherine and her courtiers to play "hide-and-go-seek" and "blind-man's buff." We can assure the reader that no such "doings" take place in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, in these times. The strictest de-

corum is maintained, and the most refined and easy manners are everywhere visible, in all assemblages of the nobles and others at the palace of the emperor. There is no court in Europe where greater propriety of conduct is seen than in that of the Russias in these days.

The Emperor Alexander did much for Russia, in some respects. The empire was greatly enlarged in his reign of twenty-four years. Universities, grammar schools, schools in the military colonies, female schools and schools for the common people, certainly advanced much during his reign.

The Emperor Alexander was an amiable but not strong-minded man. During the last twelve years of his life he certainly appeared to be a man greatly under the influence of religious principles. For two or three years before his death, his health greatly failed, and he made up his mind, whilst on a visit which he made to the Crimea in the autumn of 1825—leaving the empress at Taganrok, a watering place on the Sea of Azoph—that he would resign the sceptre to his brother Nicholas (and so wrote to his good friend, Prince Alexander Gallitzin) the next year, and would spend the rest of his days on a beautiful home which he had found in that most beautiful of all the parts of Russia, with a few friends, "trying," as he said, "to prepare for heaven."

The present emperor is certainly one of the most able of all the monarchs who have reigned in Russia. He has done a great deal to promote the material interests of the empire; nor has he been indifferent to the education of the masses. Of his thirteen ministers not one is more estimable than Ouzavoff, the Minister of Education. He is himself a scholar and a good man, and takes a deep interest in the education of the people. From his statements to us, and published documents which he put in our hands, a few years ago, we certainly infer that education is advancing in Russia, and with it the desire for knowledge is increasing. Of the Ministers of Agriculture, Commerce, the Interior, Justice, the Public Domains, who were then in office—and most of them are still—we formed a very favorable opinion. They are doing much in their respective spheres to promote the best interests of the empire. It is certain that the interests of agriculture, manufactures, commerce, internal improvements, education, etc., are much cared for under the present reign, although the emperor, it must be allowed,

still commits the grand mistake, and has always done so, of giving up so much of his time, and expending so much money, in behalf of the army and navy. By far too much money is expended upon the navy, for a country which has comparatively so little commerce. The navy of Russia is the third in the world in point of extent; and yet her commerce is far from having attained to a corresponding importance. Her army at this moment must embrace a million of officers and men—perhaps 1,200,000. And although the Russian soldier does not receive a third part of the wages—perhaps not a fourth part of the American or English soldier, still the aggregate of the expenditures on a million of soldiers and fifty or sixty thousand sailors, must be a large sum.

One thing is certain; it is that the Russians are not behind the other nations in military science. The twenty-seven military schools, embracing 9200 young men, and from which 1100 annually go forth into the army, are admirably conducted. It employed us diligently one whole day to visit the three military schools in St. Petersburg. The first one we examined had 1000 cadets, all young nobles, the second had 650, and the third had 158. The instruction is almost identical with that of our West Point academy. The text-books are French, for the most part, so far as our memory serves us. The colonel who accompanied us at the close of the visit lent us the then last Report of the Grand Duke Michael, the commander-in-chief of the army, to his brother, the emperor, on the state of the military schools, as well as of the army in general. We were permitted to keep that document one night. It comprised 110 manuscript pages, and was written in French. We also visited the admirable naval school at Tsarskoeselo, 24 miles from St. Petersburg, and nearly on the road to Moscow.

The literature of Russia is far more extensive than most Americans suppose. The universities are seven in number, and are at St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kasan, Charkoff, Kief, Dorpat, and Helsingfors. The last named is for Finland, and is established at the capital of that country, and no longer at Abo (Obo, as they pronounce it), where it long was. The instruction is given in the Swedish language in this university. The university of Dorpat is in Livonia, one of the Baltic provinces, and is probably the best of the whole. The instruction is given in German. The other five universities are for

the instruction of the *Russian* youth. The institution at Wilna is not, we believe, a university, though it is often called such. There is no university at Warsaw, nor has there been since 1831. The young men of Poland are required to go to Dorpat for their university education.

It will be seen from the preceding statements that there has been a great deal of progress in Russia, in certain directions, within the last 150 years, and especially within the last fifty. The railroad is going to do wonders for that great country. Abounding in iron and manual labor, it will not be difficult to construct great lines of railroads in all parts of the empire, especially as the country is so level. The road from St. Petersburg to Moscow is completed. There is one in progress from the former city to Warsaw. It will be 700 miles long. There are several railroads in Poland, uniting Warsaw with Vienna and Berlin, as well as with places within that kingdom.

Nothing astonished us more in Russia than the perfection to which the manufactures of that country have attained—especially those of iron, woollen, and cotton. Their manufactures of leather, hemp, copper, as well as some other articles, are quite remarkable.

These things give us the conviction that Russia, notwithstanding the Asiatic looks, dress, and manners of the masses, is very steadily, if not very fast, becoming an European country, and that her civilization is so far advanced that it will soon have a vast effect to increase the

population of the European portion of the empire. The emperor, some twelve or fifteen years ago, was greatly bent on carrying into effect the gigantic scheme of liberating the *serfs*, forty-eight millions in number, of whom 20,000,000 belong to him—or, as we should say, to the crown or government—1,600,000 live on appanages of the crown—that is, on the estates that support the various portions of the imperial family—and 26,500,000 to the nobles. Most of the serfs are cultivators of the ground, though many are mechanics. They cannot be separated from the estates on which they were born. Those who are farmers pay either *in kind*, or in *money*, the rent which is due to the proprietors. The mechanics and crown serfs pay in money, so much per head for themselves and their families, except the children under four years. The amount is far from being excessive. All that they can make beyond is their own property. Some of them grow wealthy. They often buy their freedom, and set up as proprietors themselves. The emperor's plan was to require the proprietors to sell the serfs as much land as they can cultivate, at a fixed price, and allow them a certain number of years in which to pay for it. Some proprietors are acting on this plan, which was recommended by an ukase some years ago.

But we are in danger of making this article too long. We will therefore stop here, and in our next resume the consideration of the present state and prospects of Russia, and give a sketch of the rise and progress of the present war.

THE REPROOF.

On merry wooer, leave thy hoarded jest,
Thy armory of "quips and wretched smiles,"
Lay by thy graceful trifling for a while,
Put serious earnest feeling to the test;
Giving thy weary wits a welcome rest,
Let thought and sentiment the time beguile.
Sport is the wreath upon the capital
The pillar's solid majesty to crown.
But pillars built of wreaths would crumble down
With their own weight. So, fading, on us fall
The flowery columns of thy Palace Hall.
Wit is thine enemy,—upon it frown;
Or thou, blind Sampson, at thy foe's proud call,
Shrouddest thyself in an inglorious pall.
O man of strength, who might lift Gaza's gate,
And quell Philista's power, ahn Sampson's fate!

THE REPLY.

Liza needs its play and love its varied phase;
The bended bow wears out with constant strain;
And feeling, sharpened into arrow pain,
Frays the tense heart and spends its strength in vain.
Engrossing passion dulling, droops, decays
Or cumbers with its load the aching brain.
Its sluggish stream moves turbidly along,
While mountain torrent glitters on its way;
The merry sunshine leaps within its spray,
Which bounding, bubbling, trickles liquid song;
The foam that floats upon the reddening glass
Proclaims its force and vigorous overflow;—
So frolic's effervescence does but show
The life and brilliance of love's wine. Alas!
For stagnant souls, love's fantasies who blame,
And call its vital vehemence but shame!

THE EDITOR AT LARGE.

DIMES is once more the rage. Since the publication of our last number, he has suddenly come into fashion. Two years ago, Dimes was the adored of Fifth Avenue and Grammercy Park. He was very young, very rich, with most exquisitely thin legs. His redowa was a miracle, and his small-talk never flagged. He led "the German" with an easy grace that his peers strove in vain to imitate, and, for a brief space, reigned the monarch of the winter season. But, alas! in an evil hour, he cultivated moustache and whiskers. Scarce had his youthful beard attained a sufficient length to give employment to his hand in the pauses of conversation, when a rival, with a smoother face, a larger fortune, and thinner legs, burst from his state of school chrysalis into the gay garden of fashion, and the star of Dimes paled before the ascending planet of Waffles. From that time forward, Dimes was comparatively a misanthrope. He joined the Hudson club, frequented the New York Hotel, and lounged in the lobbies of the opera, with a huge lorgnette, through which he stared at Waffles in the private box that he used to occupy, and leaning over the ladies in whose cars he used to whisper. Dimes had gone out of fashion. But things are changed now.

Yes, we are speaking well of you, gentle Dimes, even though we did not know that you were looking over our shoulder while we were writing your praises. If we had detected your presence, we would perhaps have said something ill-natured, for it is pleasant sometimes to have a quarrel with one's friends. Such acts like a thunder-storm, and clears the social atmosphere, and the sun shines out all the brighter afterwards. Do you know, Dimes, that M. Alfred de Meilheurat, the distinguished author of the *Manuel de Savoir Vivre*, lately published in Paris, would have pronounced it ill-bred in you to look over our shoulder in the manner you have been doing? That wonderful master of etiquette would have condemned you to some French Siberia for such a crime. M. de Meilheurat must be a marvellous man, and the next time you go to Paris, seek him out and court his society. You will return to us with additional lustre, my Dimes, after having enjoyed the intimacy of such a rare being. M. de Meilheurat,

burning with anxiety to train up a conventional race of human creatures, has put forth the tables of his law in the shape of a manual of etiquette, which has already run through three editions. We would give the ticket for Perham's gift enterprise that we bought the other day, to meet a man whose life was modelled on M. de Meilheurat's book. He must be the most unhappy wretch in existence. Neither his feet, his hands, head, face or body, are his own; they all belong to M. de Meilheurat. This awful man marches among his species, armed like a French gardener, with huge shears, clipping humanity into what he believes to be symmetry. Our natures must have no offshoots; no remarkable boughs sticking out so as to give us an individual character. A monotonous uniformity must reign amongst men, or M. de Meilheurat will expire of disgust. We must not look at the furniture of our friends' rooms when we enter them. It is a crime against M. de Meilheurat. When we talk to a lady we must turn the conversation upon the topic of dress, in order that we may praise hers. We must not write to people of distinction unless the four angles of our envelope are exact right angles. We must seal with red wax. If we sit next a lady at dinner—and we always do when we can get one under fifty—we must keep our eyes firmly fixed on that happy female's plate, so that the instant she has eaten the last morsel of her spring chicken, we may, with telegraphic speed, furnish her with her *roti*. We must not brush our hat with our hands while paying a visit, because such is the habit of a *bourgeois*. We must not wear our hair beyond a certain length; and, in his anxiety to make us entirely perfect, M. de Meilheurat absolutely informs us that we must not make our appearance in society with dirty nails! This Parisian Confucius further acquaints us with his definition of a distinguished man. He says that "a distinguished man may be recognized by the fineness of his linen, by the elegance of his boots, the careful disposal of his hair, and the perfect fit of his gloves." This definition is encouraging, my Dimes. How easy to be distinguished! With what ease can we pick up from tailor, bootmaker, and *chemisier*, the necessary qualities to elevate

us above the common herd! On the other hand, what paltry fellows Sir Walter Scott with his thick shoes, and Dr. Johnson with his snuffy coat, must have been! Could M. de Meilheurat ever get over that grease spot on the velvet coat that poor Goldsmith used to hide with his hat? Would Daniel Webster, in blue coat and buff waistcoat, ever pass muster before an autocrat who pronounces a black suit to be indispensable at a banquet? We do not wonder, O Dimes, that three editions of such a book were demanded in a few months. It is so pleasant to know that at the annual expense of a few thousand francs we can be immediately distinguished.

A distinguished man, according to M. de Meilheurat, was the late Count d'Orsay. Yet, even d'Orsay's marvellous coats and faultless boots were not able to preserve his memory from the soiling touch of slander. Mr. Patmore, father of that most impudent of all bad poets, Coventry Patmore, has been, of late days, writing a book made up of reminiscences of his "friends and acquaintances." It seems, by the general scandal in which he involves everybody he mentions, that he has treated all his acquaintances like friends. Among other victims, the Count d'Orsay comes in for his share; and Mr. Patmore resuscitates the old story of the celebrated dandy having been a tailor's model, and not paying his tradesmen's bills. This is indignantly denied, in a letter to the *Athenæum*, from the Count's accountant, a Mr. Hutton, who says that d'Orsay, during the space of twelve years, paid upward of £18,000 to tradesmen. This does not seem to us to make the matter any better. Every one knows that Count d'Orsay lived at the rate of six or seven thousand pounds a year, which, multiplied by the twelve years, makes a total of seventy-two thousand pounds. This, less the eighteen thousand, becomes fifty-four thousand pounds, which, of itself, constitutes rather a pretty little debt. But, after all, as Belisarius Mynns says, what is debt? Debt, sir, is the umbilical cord of Genius, that binds it to its mother earth. Were it not for debt and its consequences, where would not the poet soar to? He would rise beyond the sphere of common imaginations; he would wander in empyreal halls, where the footfall of the vulgar can never sound. But debt, as it were, humanizes him, and casts over the ethereal nature enough of mortality to endear it to the universal heart. All

great men have been in debt. Byron was embarrassed, Coleridge dreamed on through an army of duns; and we doubt not, but that Will Shakespeare had his little account scored up behind the door of the Bidford tavern. Leigh Hunt generally resides in an atmosphere of pecuniary difficulty. The number of executions that take place in his house are appalling, and render it a sort of domestic Tower Hill. Thackeray dedicates one of his books to his tailor, as the only tribute he can render that worthy individual for having trusted him for innumerable coats and waistcoats, and the *con amore* manner in which the difficulties of Mr. Richard Sniveller are described by Dickens, seem to indicate an experience on the author's part of the pains and pleasures of debt. You have never known the word, magnificent Dimes! It is an experience lost. You, who have had a check-book since you were fifteen, and have never been able to "overdraw," have no acquaintance with the debtor's side of human nature.

In England, somehow, native literature does not appear to be flourishing just at present. The way in which genius is neglected in the British islands is really shameful. Men of acknowledged ability are forced to have recourse to public appeals, while the publishers spend their money lavishly on transatlantic authors. The touching and modest advertisement which we subjoin, clipped from a London literary journal, will at once exemplify what we allude to:

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, an Author, whose writings have obtained universal praise, will be happy to give a LECTURE on THE BEAUTIFUL, in public or private. Poetry, Prose, and Acrostics written. One of his poems for 14 stamps—Address AUGUSTUS, 6, Friar's Wharf, Oxford.

Here is a man of evidently brilliant talents and a classical name. That his authorial instincts are of the sublimest character, we have no excuse for doubting. The offer which he so frankly makes to lecture on THE BEAUTIFUL, sufficiently indicates that his soul revolves in an elevated sphere of thought. Then what a contrast between the powers of the man, and the means of subsistence he is compelled to have recourse to. "Augustus"—would that we knew his patronymic also!—is doubtless a bard of extraordinary merit and wondrous force. He may be Sydney Yendys for all we know, and "Balder," that avalanche of incomprehensible beauty, may have tumbled from his Alpine intellect upon the astonished world! Whoever he be, for

his genius is all that we can assert of him, he has our sympathy. His grand mind has to lower itself to writing "poetry, prose or acrostics." For the small charge of fourteen penny stamps, he will inclose one of those divine productions of his intellect. Even Parnassus is invaded by the spirit of progress. We doubt not but that Castalia is fitted with a modern pump. That Pegasus has been trained to do his mile in "two forty," and that Melpomene has exchanged the *cithurnus* for prunella shoes.

London is the only city we know of—always excepting Paris, which is the natal place of Bohemians—that furnishes the class of literary vagabonds, to which we presume "Augustus" belongs, in its true perfection. The literary Bohemian is one of the strangest animals under the sun; ungrateful, too, when he becomes a little successful. We have been the more forcibly reminded of this on meeting with a volume by James Hannay, entitled "Satire and Satirists," being six lectures delivered by that young gentleman in London last spring. Originally a midshipman in the navy, he one day out the service, or the service out him, a question that has never been satisfactorily settled. He took his revenge, however, for whatever injustice he may have suffered at the hands of his commanders, by publishing a little volume called "Biscuits and Grog," which was full of personalities and sneers at the naval service and its dignitaries. This was followed by "The Claret Cup," and a book entitled "King Dobbs, or Sketches in Ultramarine," which last is by far the best light work that Mr. Hannay ever published. All were distinguished, however, by the same savage satirical spirit, sparing no one, and especially bitter towards the lords of the Admiralty. These brochures were followed by a novel in three volumes, called "Singleton Fontenoy," which has been reprinted in this country, and is a work of very unequal merit. The chief portion of Mr. Hannay's early literary life has been, however, devoted to starting comic periodicals, every one of which died almost as soon as born. Having watched over the cradle and the grave of such a number of jocular infants, he was one day summoned from his duties as midwife and undertaker, to the important task of feeding a grown up funny paper, and became enrolled on the list of contributors to Punch. Yet Mr. Hannay was himself, about four years ago, one of the

most flourishing specimens of a literary Bohemian that one could meet lounging in the Quadrant in the afternoon, with close-buttoned coat and empty pockets. Now to read his book, one would never imagine that once he wrote jokes for small comic periodicals at threepence a line. He has risen a little in the world of late years. Thackeray employed him to scrape together, in the British museum, the learning with which his lectures on the English humorists was adorned. Mr. Hannay is a fine classical scholar, and a man of extensive reading. One can see in his own lectures what sort of labor he is fresh from. There is a subdued Thackerayan coloring about them. The same colloquial style that gives Thackeray's orations their original air, peeps faintly out beneath Hannay's more elaborate essays. The same way of depicting the genius of an author, more by pictures than by analyses; the same rapid grouping of accessories, and the use of the same emphatic and sometimes startling phrases, all indicate that the author of "Singleton Fontenoy," and the juvenile writer in "Punch," has made a close study of the author of "Vanity Fair." But there is no class on which Mr. Hannay is so hard as that from which he has scarcely yet emerged—the small comic writer. He is merciless upon his old companions. The pet bird, when loosed, after a year of luxury and high feeding, assaults, without distinction, his wild comrades of the trees, and Mr. Hannay, petted by "Punch," for an admission to whose columns he once sighed in vain, and taken by the hand by Michael Angelo Titmarsh, turns with sudden ferocity upon those whose ranks he has forsaken, and lays about him with venomous goodwill.

And strange fellows are those same Bohemians, to whom their late leader has turned traitor. They number, probably, not more than twenty or thirty, and live entirely among themselves. They seem to have no respectable acquaintances, but are free of the theatres, and spend much time behind the scenes. Nearly all of them have at some time or other done something in the theatrical way, either adapting a piece from the French, or doing some portion of a burlesque, in partnership with some other Bohemian, one supplying the plot and songs, the other putting in the jokes and smart bits of dialogue. They meet at one another's rooms—that is, all who have got rooms, for some lead a nomadic life, and are

never known to have an address—where they drink gin, provided by whichever of the party has got any money, make epigrams that are worthy of immortality, and forget all trouble or care for the morrow in the jovial atmosphere that they themselves create. They are all needy, and all seedy. If you had ever the luck to have been present at the toilette of a member of that body, O Dimes, thou superb apparition! you would have been initiated into mysteries of dress which even your fertile brain could scarce have imagined. You would have seen the edges of the hat carefully inked, and the cuffs of the whitening coat submitted to the same process. You would have seen a wonderful process of legerdemain, by which a white pocket handkerchief is converted into a shirt-bosom. You would have beheld expedients to conceal the frailties of boots, and astounding mechanical skill brought into play for the purpose of resuscitating gloves. You would have seen window-blind cords turned into braces, and braces into trowser-straps. You would have witnessed the construction of paper phantasms that looked like shirt-collars, yet were not. In short, you would have been the observer of mysteries compared to which those of Isis must have been puerile. There was one man, a member of the London Society of Bohemians—which, by the way, was known as “the gang”—who was a miracle of attire. Meet him at three o’clock in the afternoon, going to dine at one of the cheap French cafés in Leicester Square, and you met him in his glory. It would certainly strike you that there was something odd about his costume. A painful tightness and strapping-downedness everywhere, but no more. His black moustache was well waxed; his hat was jaunty, and had a mock shine upon it; his tread, though cautious, was easy and assured. You saw that he had gloves, too, for he held them in his hand. But to those in the secret he was a sham. They knew that he was exteriorly composed of ink, and pins, and fragments of garments. They knew that he held his gloves in his hand because they were not fellows, and that he had spent an hour at least pasting oil-skin over his broken boots, so as to make them look like patent leather. This man was a comic writer, and composer of burlesques. He was very clever, but very poor; honorably, so we heard, for it was whispered that he supported a mother and two

sisters. But sometimes after he had made “a haul” out of some paper or theatre, he would suddenly disappear from society, and the next his friends would hear of him was that he was in Paris.

To do them justice, “the gang” were generous enough towards each other. They seemed to have a common purse. If one of them happened to have any money, they all dined with him until it was gone. If none of them were in funds, they still dined together—on credit. They were being continually “sold up” by landlords, and continually spending their money, when they got it, with a rush. The way they herded together was curious. Once upon a time, one of them went to Paris, and by some extraordinary piece of good luck, or good management, established what he called “a tiok,” at a hotel. This wonderful event was, of course, communicated without delay to his compeers in London. The next packet brought over four of the gang to share their companion’s good fortune. They established themselves at the hotel, and lived like princes, but whether the adventure terminated in Olichy, or whether the landlord loved literature too well to imprison its votaries, we never heard. But, with all their faults, they were a fine set of fellows—clever, good-hearted and reckless; and doubtless, with more money, they would have been honest men. However that may be, Mr. Hannay, who was their leader and their idol, and who used at Mr. Blanchard’s chambers to lay down the law over gin and water, they listening and applauding all the while, should scarcely have turned his hand against his friends.

This gossip about literature and literary men seems to affect you, Dimes. What are you fumbling for in that tight pocket? Oh! nonsense. You are quizzing. You don’t mean seriously to say that you have been writing a poem? Oh! only an imitation! Struck by the rhymes of the poem called “The Weeder,” in our September number, you were consumed with an ambition to rival it. Well, we don’t agree with you, Dimes, that the rhymes constitute the only excellence of “The Weeder,” for we think that the subject is very picturesquely treated; but we will read your poem to please you. What is it called? “The Vegetarians.” Ah! so you have been dining with those absurd people, who maintain that “Fruit is the only proper food of man.” Well, we pity you. Notwithstanding all the treatises written to prove that farina-

ecuous food is the natural one, we never met a disciple of the school who was not a fool in grain. But for your poem, Dimes. Attention!

THE VEGETARIANS.

The feast was spread; and such a shabby feast!
From all such feasts I cry, Good Lord deliver us!
No soup smoked there; no sign of any beast,
And I—I was carnivorous!

There at the head, where once the sirloin reigned,
Emblem of Saxon plenty and of happiness,
A sago-pudding now the place maintained
In most insipid pappiness.

The turkey too, that lordly bird was fled,
No more to satisfy our keen voracity,
And watery beans lay smoking in his stead
With wonderful audacity.

Gone was the sucking-pig, whose tender flesh
Was with so many healthy juices succulent;
The black-cock, too; the partridge, white and fresh,
With head of wild boar, truculent.

There was no sign of rabbit or of hare,
No tiny red-bird yielded odors savory;
Unheard-of dishes thronged the bill of fare,
In farinaceous bravery.

Nor could I see that grand and famous joint,
On which e'en kings bestowed their royal benison;
What carried flavor to its highest point,
The noble haunch of venison!

To seek upon that ample board, was rash,
For any substance by a Christian edible;
Nothing was seen but cabbages and squash,
Or something as incredible.

Pumpkins in pies, and pumpkins boiled, and fried,
And stewed, and all without a grain of nutriment;
What trouble, too, the real thing to hide
Beneath some false accoutrement!

Potatoes dressed in fifty different ways,
As if the soul of dinner was variety,
With several courses of the Indian maize
Amalised us to satiety.

Dishes like these, the lengthy table swelled,
So that if one came by, with glances cursory,
From all the paplike mixtures he beheld,
He'd fancy 'twas a nursery.

I could not stand a banquet in such style;
So, after chronicling these strange occurrences,
I took my hat, and, with a bitter smile,
I went to dine at Florence's.

Well, certainly, Dimes, you appear to have used up all the triplet rhymes in the dictionary. Some of the rhymes are good, but *entre nous*, old fellow, I don't think much of the poem. There! don't fly into a rage about it; every one must make a beginning, you know; and, as a salvo, I will tell you one point on

which you have eclipsed the author of "The Weeder." You, in a greater number of verses, do not once resort to the participial adverbs ending in "ly" for a rhyme, whereas, he makes use of four. There: let that calm your perturbed spirit. But, let us give you a piece of advice, O Dimes. Don't build your hopes upon poetry; stick to prose, old fellow, as long as you can. There's Bardax, the great publisher, will tell you that poetry is a drug, and it's no use for you to reply, like Halleck, that "you wish it were a drug, for then it would sell." Poetry is an awful swamp to get entangled in; and unless you have a powerful lantern of your own, the *ignes fatui* will lead you to destruction. See how poetry is appreciated. There's Tom Hood, one of the greatest of modern poets. He died in poverty, and now they have built a monument to him, and Monckton Milnes, the parliamentary rhymist, speaks an oration over the sculptured stones. But Hood wanted the loaf while he was alive more than the marble now that he is dead. There, for many a sad year, was that great genius obliged to paint his face, and play the clown, while the crowd flung him coppers for his jokes. He whose heart was swelling with the sublimest and most natural poetic instinct; he whose love of fields and flowers, and lofty trees, amounted to a passion; whose subtlety of poetic expression is not surpassed by any writer, living or dead; he, who conjured out of the blackness of a night, on Westminster bridge, a tragedy of womanly despair, that will live for ever; and who, with a single song, shook every heart in London with an earthquake of pity. This man, so full of tenderness, so full of the knowledge of his own poetic powers, had to spend his life wringing puns and quips from his brain, in order that he might live. Now and then the mask is lifted. Now and then we see that Hood, the jovial punster, is a melancholy, heart-broken, disappointed man. A nightingale that flies about the world, yet finds no echo for its natural melody, and is fain to sing grotesquely, if it would find protection. We can never think over Hood's fate, the jester by profession, and poet at heart, without disgust at the want of discernment in those among whom he lived.

But let us leave such melancholy topics, my Dimes. Let us put the cypress wreath into its sheath, as The Letter H would say, and unfold the falchion of

merriment. What shall we talk about? Whom shall we abuse? Shall we descend with an avalanche of ridicule on the head of the American Correspondent of the London Critic, the funniest and most foolish individual we have encountered in print for a long time. Or shall we talk to you about Gray's autographs, which have just been sold in London. The MS. of the Elegy, by the way, is a curious specimen of word-polishing. In nearly every line there are three, and sometimes five corrections, and what is still more curious they are nearly all for the better. We do not believe in systematic poetry, but we do believe in elaborate revision. A good poem is, we think, generally dashed off hurriedly at first, though the germ may have been a long time slumbering in the author's brain. But to the after-polishing and phrase-altering that it gets it must unquestionably owe much of its success. Gray must have taken immense pains with his poems, if the MS. of the Elegy be a fair specimen. Let it be a lesson to those poets that print in haste and repent at leisure. But we see you are weary of all this literary talk, my Dimes. Let us glide gracefully off to some more varied region. What say you to a chat upon the drama? See what theatrical prospects loom upon us! The New York Theatre, rising Phoenix-like from the ashes of the Metropolitan. Devoted jointly to the production of English opera and native dramas, may we not expect something pleasant in the ensuing winter? Now is the time for you, O Dimes, who are ambitious of earning literary laurels, to write a grand original American Drama! Don't let it be historical. Don't call it "Bunker Hill," or the "Siege of New Orleans," or anything of that sort. Let us have a good comedy of American life; not vulgarly flippant, or nationally slangular, but delicately anatomizing the various shades of our very peculiar and somewhat anomalous society. We know no man better calculated than you to accomplish such a work; but above all, do not forget to appeal to the feminine sentiment. Have a tender, loving woman in it, and somewhat of impassioned speeches from the Adonis to the Diana of the piece. The success of that trashy drama of Bulwer's, "The Lady of Lyons," is owing almost entirely to its broad appeals to the feminine heart.

Study your actors before you write. Fix upon a certain company, and do not trouble yourself so much about suiting the capabilities of the individual per-

formers, as giving them parts that *they* will like. Actors are the most whimsical and thick-headed race in existence. They have no idea of the proprieties of nature, and in nine cases out of ten, act by tradition. If Garrick had thought fit to stand on his head in the mad scene in Hamlet, all actors since that time would have religiously stood upon their heads in the same place, at the same time, and for the same number of seconds as the great Mr. Garrick. Who that has studied our English style of declamation on the stage, has not been disgusted with its artificial character? Let any man, with a good musical ear, listen for half an hour to the elocution of even our best tragedians, and then declare impartially, if he ever heard any man, under the influence of even the most powerful excitement, inflect his voice in like manner. Their voices seem continually climbing some vocal Alps; now shrilling on the topmost peak of the gamut, the next instant darting like an avalanche to the very bottom of some ravine of sound. Even Rachel, who is the very queen of artifice, and who produces with a single intonation more powerful effects than any living tragedian, is eminently unnatural. With her, however, the distortion is of such colossal proportions that it becomes majestic, even as the human-headed Bulls of Nimroud, impossible monsters that they are, quell with unexplainable dignity, our smiles at their strange outlines. To us it seems as if the French vaudeville actors were the only faithful delineators of nature that the stage has ever seen. Their exits, entrances, and movements on the boards are easy and unaffected. They do not turn directly to the boxes when they make a point, and they are not afraid to play certain scenes with their back towards their audience, when the proprieties of the piece require it. What can be more absurd on our stage, than to see a couple of lovers in a drawing-room which is only furnished half-way down the stage, on account of the necessity of scene-shifting, deliberately leave the furnished portion, and, chair in hand, march down gravely to the footlights before they begin their conversation? We have absolutely seen a devoted lover, while talking with his mistress through a window at the back of the stage, turn his back to her and his face to the audience with every sentence that he uttered. A French actor, however, does on the stage precisely what he would do in his own apartments. He does not

keep sticking himself into picturesque attitudes, that the young ladies in the private boxes may admire him; he is just as much at home as our actors are abroad.

Actors, poor fellows! sometimes cannot help carrying their home with them on the stage. We will tell you a little story, Dines, for the truth of which we can personally vouch. It will make you sad perhaps, but we should rather like to see those fine eyes of yours filled with tears.

We went one night to see a comedy. The chief actor was a favorite one, and the theatre crowded. The curtain drew up, and amid a burst of applause the hero of the piece made his appearance. He had, however, scarcely uttered twenty words, when it struck us that something strange was the matter with him. The play was a boisterous comedy of the old school, and required considerable vivacity on the part of the actors to sustain it properly; but this poor man seemed utterly lifeless. He walked and talked like a person in a dream; the best points he passed over without appearing to have perceived them; his limbs trailed as he walked; his smile was ghastly, his laugh hollow and unnatural; and frequently he would stop absently in the middle of a speech and let his eye wander vacantly over the audience. Even when in his character of the silly husband, he had to suffer himself to be kicked about the stage by the young rake of the comedy, and afterwards to behold that careless individual making love to his wife and eating his supper, while he was shut up in a closet from which he could not emerge, his contortions of ludicrous wrath that had never before failed to bring down thunders of applause, were now such dismal attempts to portray the passion, that hisses were plainly audible in various parts of the theatre. A storm of sibilant and abuse, long gathering, now burst on the head of the devoted actor. Insults rang through the house; noisy people pounded with sticks and umbrellas on the floor; and to verbal attack, orange-peel, apples, and pea-nuts soon succeeded. The poor fellow stopped at last, and turned to the shouting crowd. Never did we behold such misery in a human countenance. His face, worn and haggard, showed doubly meagre in the gaslight, and large tears rolled down his painted cheeks. We could see his lips quivering with inward agony; his bosom swelling with suppressed emotion, while his whole mien was so eloquent of un-

utterable sorrow, that, after the first glance, there was no man in the house that dared not to pity him. The audience was moved, and by degrees the clamor subsided into a solemn silence. He stood near the foot-lights, quiet and dejected. When all was calm, he spoke, and, in a voice broken with sobs, proceeded to offer his little explanation.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "though, in my performance to-night, I am conscious of having merited your displeasure, believe me that in one point you do me an injustice. I am *not* intoxicated. Emotion alone, and that of the most painful kind, has caused me to fulfil my allotted part so badly. My wife died an hour ago, and I left her bedside to fulfil my unavoidable engagement here. If I have not pleased you, I implore of you to forgive me. I loved her, grieve for her; and if misery and anguish can excuse a fault, I bear my apology—here!"

He placed his hand upon his heart, and stopped. A burst of tears relieved for a moment his paroxysm of grief, and there was not a corner of that house, Dimes, that did not re-echo that poor actor's sobs. The audience was completely overcome, and an honest burst of sympathy made the painted trees on the stage tremble as if struck with a sudden storm. Women wept loudly, and strong men silently, and during the remainder of the evening the performance was scarcely audible through the hurricane of applause with which the crowd sought, after their own fashion, to soothe the poor actor's wounded heart.

There was something very melancholy, my friend, in the thought of that wretched man's coming from the bed of death to don gay attire, and utter studied witticisms for the amusement of a crowd, not one of whom dreamed of the anguish that lay festering under the painted cheek and stage-smile. Think you not, then, that in the great theatre of Life there are many around us like that poor actor, smiling gaily at the multitude, while at home lies some mystery of sorrow, whose shadow is ever present with them in busy places, and in solitude revels upon their hearts as a ghoul among the tombs?

Depend on it, there is many such a life-drama enacting near us, as fevered, though not so spasmodic, as Alexander Smith's.

Talking of Smith, suggests a theory which we formed the other night in bed regarding poetry. It is this, that sum-

mer is prolific of poetry, at least, of such poetry as we get now-a-days from such young gentlemen as condescend to write. In the first place, people go to the watering places in summer, and at that time may be supposed to gather those delightful similes about the sea, which every one reads now with so much pleasure. Thence come the manes and tails, the tawny hides, the creamy bosoms, the emerald hair, the starry tabards, the milky arms, the moony eyes, the sandy whiskers, and oyster-shell teeth, with which old ocean has of late been decorated. Neptune, as described by the Smiths, Biggs, and Bradburys, would present a remarkable appearance. What a subject for an imaginative artist! But our theory! Summer is liberal of lightning; summer is liberal of rain and moonlight, of dust, of leafy vines, golden suns, and silver moons. Now, of these above-mentioned properties, and of these alone, is our modern poetry made up. They are to be picked up only in summer, therefore summer is the cause of the poetry. Therefore this present summer—*vide* the columns of the Critic and the Athenæum—has produced an unequalled crop of poets. The amount of stars, moons, and suns, that these gentlemen have consumed must render the supply alarmingly short for their successors. No man can be expected to use second-hand planets, and we regret to say that the remaining stock is exceedingly short. There are still, perhaps, enough of stars left to satisfy a moderate demand, but suns and moons are at a premium. "Amorous waves, wagging their creamy tails like tawny lions," quote at a moderate figure; but if anybody requires a Mars, perfectly new, and warranted with "fiery hair," we would advise an early application.

You have not read "Firmilian," you say? O! Dimes, thou art a man to be pitted. Aytoun, the Blackwood man, and reputed author, has never done anything so good before. It is a withering satire upon Smith, and Biggs, and Bradbury, but more particularly Smith. Under the *nom de plume* of Mr. Percy Jones, Aytoun has let loose a torrent of unmerciful ridicule on the distinguished author of the Life Drama, all the more effectual, because the imitative stuff with which the volume is filled is mingled with many passages of true poetry, that show what the man could do if he liked. George Gilfillan, too, "the splendid writer," as the Punch men call him in

London, comes in for his share under the name of Apollodorus, the critic. Gilfillan's mission is, it would seem, to discover poets. Sydney Yendys is a bantling of his; he had, we fancy, something to do with Smith, and has lately dug up a new bard, Bradbury by name. In the drama, "the splendid writer" perishes as Apollodorus in the very exercise of his mission. He is standing at the base of the pillar of St. Simon Stylites, sighing for a new poet, while Firmilian, the hero, is on the summit, conversing with a poetaster. Firmilian, wishing to experience the sensations of a murderer, chucks the poetaster over the parapet, and, just at the moment that Apollodorus is entreating Heaven to send him a poet, down comes the required article on his cranium, and critic and poetaster perish together. Read Firmilian by all means, my Dimes, it may cure you of ever attempting Life Dramas.

But not even the pungent ridicule of *Blackwood's* editor can entirely extinguish the spirit of true poetry. Almost while Firmilian was being concocted, all London was ringing with the fame of a ballad of which even the authorship was unknown. A new poet had started up under the very noses of hostile reviewers, and, at a single bound, marched into the temple and usurped the shrine. This wondrous production, as yet unacknowledged, became known through one of those devious paths by which great creations sometimes wander into the daylight of celebrity. Strange to relate, it was first sung at one of those convivial places of resort so admirably described by Thackeray in the opening number of the "Newcomes," under the title of "the Cave of Harmony." This fact induces us to believe that the author must be of obscure position, and probably, goaded by want, disposed of this glorious ballad to some one who put it to a use unworthy of the immortal fire that illuminates the verses. This glorious poem is entitled, "The lemoncholy tragedy of Villikins and his Dinah." There is no clue on the title-page to its origin; it has gone forth to the world in what Charles Selwyn would call "grand simplicity."

It opens finely, with an epic sublimity which rejects all unnecessary prologue. To plunge thus into the middle of the subject indicates a fine self-reliance in the author, a daring consciousness of his own power to suggest all the prelimina-

ries usually told by other poets. He begins thus:

"It is of a rich merchant I am going for to tell,
Who had for a daughter an onkimon fine
young gal,
Her name it was Dinah—just sixteen year old,
With a werry large fortin in silvier and gold.
Singing, toorall, toorall, toorall day!
Chorouse—(rich I always sings by myself—)
Singing, toorall, toorall, toorall day!"

In the second verse we enter boldly on the drama, and all through will be observed in the quaint interpellations of prose with which the lines are sprinkled, the strange humor which, as it were, dominates the fancy of the poet:

"Now as Dinah was a valking in the garding von day—

(this was the front garding surriounded
with the green railings)—

The father comed up to her and thus to her did say,
'Go dress yourself Dinah in jorjeouse array,
And I'll bring you home a husband both galliant and gay.'

Singin—Toorall, toorall, toorall day!

Chorouse—(on account of the preposition of the parient, and the wedding breakfast he was about to order of the pastry-cook around the corner).

Singin—toorall, toorall, toorall day!"

We will proceed to the third verse:

"Oh! father, dear father, the daughter she said,
I don't feel inclined to be married,
And all my large fortin I'll gladly give o'er
If you'll let me live single a year or two more,

Singin—toorall, toorall, toorall day!

Chorouse—(on account of the hanticonnubial remonstrance of the hoffspring to the hauther of her being).

Singin—toorall, toorall, toorall day!"

The plot thickens. We see that unnatural "parient" is about to consign his daughter to that worst of living deaths—an unhappy matrimonial union. Nay, we even see that, consonant with the mercantile spirit that dwells in him, he tries to *bride* his only child into compliance with his wishes, by telling her to attire herself in splendid garments, or, as he curiously terms it, "jorjeouse array," meaning to insinuate thereby that he is willing to pay her dress-maker's bill. Poor Dinah! God help her! In the next verse we meet with her indignant protest; a true woman, she entreats and defies by turns, and knowing the mercenary disposition of her inhuman parient, thinks that his feelings are, after all, to be reached through money. Her entire fortune she gladly offers to sacrifice on the altar of her freedom. Her remonstrance

is touchingly simple. The true artist speaks in the fewness of the touches. Here we have no insane ravings; no preliminary declaration of desperate deeds. Painfully and earnestly she pleads her cause, and opens to us the nobleness of her heart in the surrender of her wealth. Again, at this point, do we observe the art of the author. He gives us no intimation of the previous engagement of her virgin affections, but, without his aid, a ray of light breaks mysteriously in upon us. Else why this earnestness of protest against a man she has never seen? Why this unqualified surrender of her vast possessions? It is at once manifest that she loves another.

The next verse is occupied with the "exasperation of the parient agen his progeny," in which he declares that, unless she marries the individual he destines for her, he will entirely disinherit her. Here the first part may be really said to close.

The opening of the second portion introduces a new character, of whom the reader has had what may be called an impersonal glance already.

"Now as Villikins was a valking in the garding all round—

(this was the back garding where the
vegetables grow)

He spied his dear Dinah lying dead upon the ground,
With a cup of cold pison lying close by her side—

(it was labelled the best British brandy)

And a billy dux, saying as how 'twas by pison she died."

O, dark catastrophe, equalled only by that last terrible scene in Lucrezia Borgia, with what sudden and dramatic force art thou brought before us! From a rural picture of a back garden, stocked with all the luxuries of the horticultural season, where the cucumber swells its verdant cylinder, and the gourd climbs through the mossy boughs of aged apple-trees, that rise from beds of curling greens, we suddenly stumble over the dead body of a woman! How that sunny garden changes; what dark shadows creep over the white apple boughs, and the shining cabbages! what a awful sorrow encompasses that funeral group of living lover standing starkly above the corpse of his mistress. We know of no scene in modern poetry more dramatic and appalling; the more so, because it is divested of any melodramatic accessories, and is nakedly grand like the stone tragedy of the Laocoön.

A YANKEE DIOGENES.

Walden; or, Life in the Woods. By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1854.

THE New England character is essentially anti-Diogenic; the Yankee is too shrewd not to comprehend the advantages of living in what we call the world; there are no bargains to be made in the desert, nobody to be taken advantage of in the woods, while the dwellers in tubs and shanties have slender opportunities of bettering their condition by barter. When the New Englander leaves his home, it is not for the pleasure of living by himself; if he is migratory in his habits, it is not from his fondness for solitude, nor from any impatience he feels at living in a crowd. Where there are most men, there is, generally, most money, and there is where the strongest attractions exist for the genuine New Englander. A Yankee Diogenes is a *luna*, and we feel a peculiar interest in reading the account which an oddity of that kind gives of himself. The name of Thoreau has not a New England sound; but we believe that the author of *Walden* is a genuine New Englander, and of New England antecedents and education. Although he plainly gives the reasons for publishing his book, at the outset, he does not clearly state the causes that led him to live the life of a hermit on the shore of Walden Pond. But we infer from his volume that his aim was the very remarkable one of trying to be something, while he lived upon nothing; in opposition to the general rule of striving to live upon something, while doing nothing. Mr. Thoreau probably tried the experiment long enough to test its success, and then fell back again into his normal condition. But he does not tell us that such was the case. He was happy enough to get back among the good people of Concord, we have no doubt; for although he paints his shanty-life in rose-colored tints, we do not believe he liked it, else why not stick to it? We have a mistrust of the sincerity of the St. Simon Sylites, and suspect that they come down from their pillars in the night-time, when nobody is looking at them. Diogenes placed his tub where Alexander would be sure of seeing it, and Mr. Thoreau ingenuously confesses that he occasionally went out to dine, and when the society of woodchucks and chipping-squirrels were insufficient

for his amusement, he liked to go into Concord and listen to the village gossip in the stores and taverns. Mr. Thoreau informs us that he lived alone in the woods, by the shore of Walden Pond, in a shanty built by his own hands, a mile from any neighbor, two years and a half. What he did there besides writing the book before us, cultivating beans, sounding Walden Pond, reading Homer, baking johnny-cakes, studying Brahminical theology, listening to chipping-squirrels, receiving visits, and having high imaginations, we do not know. He gives us the results of his bean cultivation with great particularity, and the cost of his shanty; but the actual results of his two years and a half of hermit life he does not give. But there have been a good many lives spent and a good deal of noise made about them, too, from the sum total of whose results not half so much good could be extracted as may be found in this little volume. Many a man will find pleasure in reading it, and many a one, we hope, will be profited by its counsels. A tour in Europe would have cost a good deal more, and not have produced half as much. As a matter of curiosity, to show how cheaply a gentleman of refined tastes, lofty aspirations and cultivated intellect may live, even in these days of high prices, we copy Mr. Thoreau's account of his first year's operations; he did better, he informs us, the second year. The entire cost of his house, which answered all his purposes, and was as comfortable and showy as he desired, was \$28 12 $\frac{1}{2}$. But one cannot live on a house unless he rents it to somebody else, even though he be a philosopher and a believer in Vishnu. Mr. Thoreau felt the need of a little ready money, one of the most convenient things in the world to have by one, even before his house was finished.

"Wishing to earn ten or twelve dollars by some agreeable and honest method," he observes, "I planted about two acres and a half of light and sandy soil, chiefly with beans, but also a small part with potatoes and corn, peas and turnips." As he was a squatter, he paid nothing for rent, and as he was making no calculation for future crops, he expended nothing for manure, so that the results of his farming will not be highly instructive to young agriculturists, nor be likely to be held up as excitements to farming

pursuits by agricultural periodicals. He says:

"My farm outgoes for the first season were, for implements, seed, work, &c., \$14 72½. The seed corn was given me. This never costs anything to speak of, unless you plant more than enough. I got twelve bushels of beans, and eighteen bushels of potatoes, besides some peas and sweet corn. The yellow corn and turnips were too late to come to anything. My whole income from the farm was

	\$28 44
Deducting the outgoes,	14 72½
There are left,	\$8 71½

besides produce consumed and on hand at the time this estimate was made of the value of \$4 50,—the amount on hand much more than balancing a little grass which I did not raise. All things considered, that is, considering the importance of a man's soul and of to-day, notwithstanding the short time occupied by my experiment, nay, partly even because of its transient character, I believe that that was doing better than any farmer in Concord did that year."

We will not extract the other items which Mr. Thoreau favors us with in the accounts of his *ménage*; according to his figures it cost him twenty-seven cents a week to live, clothes included; and for this sum he lived healthily and happily, received a good many distinguished visitors, who, to humor his style, used to leave their names on a leaf or a chip, when they did not happen to find him at home. But, it strikes us that all the knowledge which the "Hermit of Walden" gained by his singular experiment in living might have been done just as well, and as satisfactorily, without any experiment at all. We know what it costs to feed prisoners, paupers and soldiers; we know what the cheapest and most nutritious food costs, and how little it requires to keep up the bodily health of a full-grown man. A very simple calculation will enable any one to satisfy himself in regard to such points. And those who wish to live upon twenty-seven cents a week, may indulge in that pleasure. The great Abernethy's prescription for the attainment of perfect bodily health was, "live on sixpence a day and earn it." But that would be Sybaritic indulgence compared with Mr. Thoreau's experience, whose daily expenditure hardly amounted to a quarter of that sum. And he lived happily, too,

though it don't exactly speak volumes in favor of his system to announce that he only continued his economical mode of life two years. If it was "the thing," why did he not continue it? But, if he did not always live like a hermit, squatting on other people's property, and depending upon chance perch and pickered for his dinner, he lived long enough by his own labor, and carried his system of economy to such a degree of perfection, that he tells us:

"More than five years I maintained myself thus solely by the labor of my hands, and I found that by working about six weeks in a year, I could meet all the expenses of living. The whole of my winters, as well as most of my summers, I had free and clear for study. I have thoroughly tried school-keeping, and found that my expenses were in proportion, or rather out of proportion, to my income, for I was obliged to dress and train, not to say think and believe, accordingly, and I lost my time into the bargain. As I did not teach for the good of my fellow-men, but simply for a livelihood, this was a failure. I have tried trade; but I found that it would take ten years to get under way in that, and that then I should probably be on my way to the devil. I was actually afraid that I might by that time be doing what is called a good business. When formerly I was looking about to see what I could do for a living, some sad experience in conforming to the wishes of friends being fresh in my mind to tax my ingenuity, I thought often and seriously of picking huckleberries; that surely I could do, and its small profits might suffice,—for my greatest skill has been to want but little,—so little capital it required, so little distraction from my wonted moods, I foolishly thought. While my acquaintances went unhesitatingly into trade or the professions, I contemplated this occupation as most like theirs; ranging the hills all summer to pick the berries which came in my way, and thereafter carelessly dispose of them; so, to keep the flocks of Admetus. I also dreamed that I might gather the wild herbs, or carry evergreens to such villagers as loved to be reminded of the woods, even to the city, by hay-cart loads. But I have since learned that trade curses everything it handles; and though you trade in messages from heaven, the whole curse of trade attaches to the business.

"As I preferred some things to others, and especially valued my freedom, as I could fare hard and yet succeed well, I did not wish to spend my time in earning rich carpets or other fine furniture, or delicate cookery, or a house in the Grecian or Gothic style just yet. If there be any to whom it is no interruption to acquire these things, and who know how to use them when acquired, I relinquish to them the pursuit. Some are "industrious," and appear to love labor for its own sake, or perhaps because it keeps them out of worse mischief; to such I have at present nothing to say. Those who would not know what to do with more leisure than they now enjoy, I might advise to work twice as hard as they do,—work till they pay for themselves, and get their free papers. For myself, I found that the occupation of a day-laborer was the most independent of any, especially as it required only thirty or forty days in a year to support one. The laborer's day ends with the going down of the sun, and he is then free to devote himself to his chosen pursuit, independent of his labor; but his employer, who speculates from month to month, has no respite from one end of the year to the other.

"In short, I am convinced, both by faith and experience, that to maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship but a pastime, if we will live simply and wisely; as the pursuits of the simpler nations are still the sports of the more artificial. It is not necessary that a man should earn his living by the sweat of his brow, unless he sweats easier than I do."

There is nothing of the mean or sordid in the economy of Mr. Thoreau, though to some his simplicity and abstemiousness may appear trivial and affected; he does not live cheaply for the sake of saving, nor idly to avoid labor; but, that he may live independently and enjoy his great thoughts; that he may read the Hindoo scriptures and commune with the visible forms of nature. We must do him the credit to admit that there is no mock sentiment, nor simulation of piety or philanthropy in his volume. He is not much of a cynic, and though we have called him a Yankee Diogenes, the only personage to whom he bears a decided resemblance is that good humored creation of Dickens, Mark Tapley, whose delight was in being jolly under difficulties. The following

passage might have been written by Mr. Tapley if that person had ever turned author, for the sake of testing the provocatives to jollity, which may be found in the literary profession:

"Sometimes, when I compare myself with other men, it seems as if I were more favored by the gods than they, beyond any deserts that I am conscious of; as if I had a warrant and a surety at their hands which my fellows have not, and especially guided and guarded. I do not flatter myself, but if it be possible they flatter me. I have never felt lonesome, or in the least oppressed by a sense of solitude, but once, and that was a few weeks after I came to the woods, when, for an hour, I doubted if the near neighborhood of man was not essential to a serene and healthy life. To be alone was something unpleasant. But I was at the same time conscious of a slight insanity in my mood, and seemed to foresee my recovery. In the midst of a gentle rain, while these thoughts prevailed, I was suddenly sensible of such sweet and beneficent society in Nature, in the very pattering of the drops, and in every sound and sight around my house, an infinite and unaccountable friendliness all at once like an atmosphere sustaining me, as made the fancied advantages of human neighborhood insignificant, and I have never thought of them since. Every little pine needle expanded and swelled with sympathy and befriended me. I was so distinctly made aware of the presence of something kindred to me, even in scenes which we are accustomed to call wild and dreary, and also that the nearest in blood to me and humanest was not a person nor a villager, that I thought no place could ever be strange to me again.

'Mourning untimely consumes the sad;
Few are their days in the land of the living,
Beautiful daughter of Tescar.'

"Some of my pleasantest hours were during the long rain storms in the spring or fall, which confined me to the house for the afternoon as well as the forenoon, soothed by their ceaseless roar and pelting; when an early twilight ushered in a long evening in which many thoughts had time to take root and unfold themselves. In those driving northeast rains which tried the village houses so, when the maids stood ready with mop and pail in front entries to keep the deluge out, I sat behind the door in my little house, which was all entry, and

thoroughly enjoyed its protection. In one heavy thunder shower, the lightning struck a large pitch-pine across the pond, making a very conspicuous and perfectly regular spiral groove from top to bottom, an inch or more deep, and four or five inches wide, as you would groove a walking-stick. I passed it again the other day, and was struck with awe on looking up and beholding that mark, now more distinct than ever, where a terrific and resistless bolt came down out of the harmless sky eight years ago. Men frequently say to me, 'I should think you would feel lonesome down there, and want to be nearer folks, rainy and snowy days, and nights especially.' I am tempted to reply to such, —This whole earth which we inhabit is but a point in space. How far apart, think you, dwell the two most distant inhabitants of yonder star, the breadth of whose disc cannot be appreciated by our instruments? Why should I feel lonely? Is not our planet in the Milky Way? This which you put seems to me not to be the most important question. What sort of space is that which separates a man from his fellows and makes him solitary? I have found that no exertion of the legs can bring two minds much nearer to one another. What do we want most to dwell near to? Not to many men surely, the depot, the post-office, the bar-room, the meeting-house, the school-house, the grocery, Beacon Hill, or the Five Points, where men most congregate, but to the perennial source of our life, whence in all our experience we have found that to issue, as the willow stands near the water and sends out its roots in that direction. This will vary with different natures, but this is the place where a wise man will dig his cellar. * * I one evening overtook one of my townsmen, who has accumulated what is called "a handsome property,"—though I never got a fair view of it,—on the Walden road, driving a pair of cattle to market, who inquired of me how I could bring my mind to give up so many of the comforts of life. I answered that I was very sure I liked it passably well; I was not joking. And so I went home to my bed, and left him to pick his way through the darkness and the mud to Brighton,—or Bright-town,—which place he would reach some time in the morning."

There is a true vagabondish disposition manifested now and then by Mr. Thoreau,

which, we imagine, was more powerful in leading him to his eremite way of life, than his love of eastern poetry, and his fondness for observing the ways of snakes and shiners. If there had been a camp of gipsies in the neighborhood of Concord, he would have become a king among them, like Lavengro. It breaks out here with unmistakable distinctness:

"As I came home through the woods with my string of fish, trailing my pole, it being now quite dark, I caught a glimpse of a woodchuck stealing across my path, and felt a strange thrill of savage delight, and was strongly tempted to seize and devour him raw; not that I was hungry then, except for that wildness which he represented. Once or twice, however, while I lived at the pond, I found myself ranging the woods, like a half-starved hound, with a strange abandonment, seeking some kind of venison which I might devour, and no morsel could have been too savage for me. The wildest scenes had become unaccountably familiar. I found in myself, and still find, an instinct toward a higher, or, as it is named, spiritual life, as do most men, and another toward a primitive, rank, and savage one, and I reverence them both. I love the wild not less than the good. The wildness and adventure that are in fishing still recommend it to me. I like sometimes to take rank hold on life and spend my day more as the animals do. Perhaps I have owed to this employment and to hunting, when quite young, my closest acquaintance with Nature. They early introduce us to and detain us in scenery with which otherwise, at that age, we should have little acquaintance. Fishermen, hunters, woodchoppers, and others, spending their lives in the fields and woods, in a peculiar sense a part of Nature themselves, are often in a more favorable mood for observing her in the intervals of their pursuits, than philosophers or poets even, who approach her with expectation. She is not afraid to exhibit herself to them. The traveller on the prairie is naturally a hunter, on the head waters of the Missouri and Columbia a trapper, and at the Falls of St. Mary a fisherman. He who is only a traveller learns things at second-hand and by the halves, and is poor authority. We are most interested when science reports what those men already know practically or instinctively, for that alone is a true humanity, or account of human experience.

"They mistake who assert that the Yankee has few amusements, because he has not so many public holidays, and men and boys do not play so many games as they do in England, for here the more primitive but solitary amusements of hunting, fishing and the like, have not yet given place to the former. Almost every New England boy among my contemporaries shouldered a fowling-piece between the ages of ten and fourteen; and his hunting and fishing grounds were not limited like the preserves of an English nobleman, but were more boundless even than those of a savage. No wonder, then, that he did not oftener stay to play on the common. But already a change is taking place, owing, not to an increased humanity, but to an increased scarcity of game, for perhaps the hunter is the greatest friend to the animals hunted, not excepting the Humane Society."

There is much excellent good sense delivered in a very comprehensive and by no means unpleasant style in Mr. Thoreau's book, and let people think as they may of the wisdom or propriety of living after his fashion, denying oneself all the luxuries which the earth can afford, for the sake of leading a life of lawless vagabondage, and freedom from starched cellars, there are but few readers who will fail to find profit and refreshment in his pages. Perhaps some practical people will think that a philosopher like Mr. Thoreau might have done the world a better service by purchasing a piece of land, and showing how much it might be made to produce, instead of squatting on another man's premises, and proving how little will suffice to keep body and soul together. But we must allow philosophers, and all other men, to fulfil their missions in their own way. If Mr. Thoreau had been a practical farmer, we should not have been favored with his volume; his corn and cabbage would have done but little towards profiting us, and we might never have been the better for his labors. As it is, we see how much more valuable to mankind is our philosophical vagabond than a hundred sturdy agriculturists; any plodder may raise beans, but it is only one in a million who can write a readable volume. With the following extract from his volume, and heartily recommending him to the class of readers who exact thoughts as well as words from an author, we must take leave, for the present, of the philosopher of Walden Pond.

"Most men appear never to have considered what a house is, and are actually, though needlessly poor all their lives, because they think that they must have such an one as their neighbors have. As if one were to wear any sort of coat which the tailor might cut out for him; or, gradually leaving off palm-leaf hat or cap of woodchuck skin, complain of hard times because he could not afford to buy him a crown! It is possible to invent a house still more convenient and luxurious than we have, which yet all would admit that man could not afford to pay for. Shall we always study to obtain more of these things, and not sometimes to be content with less? Shall the respectable citizen thus gravely teach by precept and example, the necessity of the young man's providing a certain number of superfluous glowshoes, and umbrellas, and empty guest chambers for empty guests, before he dies? Why should not our furniture be as simple as the Arab's or the Indian's? When I think of the benefactors of the race, whom we have apotheosized as messengers from heaven, bearers of divine gifts to man, I do not see in my mind any retinue at their heels, any carload of fashionable furniture. Or what if I were to allow—would it not be singular allowance?—that our furniture should be more complex than the Arab's, in proportion as we are morally and intellectually his superiors! At present our houses are cluttered and defiled with it, and a good housewife would sweep out the greater part into the dust-hole, and not leave her morning's work undone. Morning work! By the blushes of Aurora, and the music of Memnon, what should be a man's *morning work* in this world? I had three pieces of limestone on my desk, but I was terrified to find that they required to be dusted daily, when the furniture of my mind was all undusted still, and I threw them out of the window in disgust. How, then, could I have a furnished house? I would rather sit in the open air, for no dust gathers on the grass, unless where man has broken ground.

"It is the luxurious and dissipated who set the fashions which the herd so diligently follow. The traveller who stops at the best houses, so called, soon discovers this, for the publicans presume him to be a Sardanapalus, and if he resigned himself to their tender mercies he would soon be completely emasculated. I think that in the railroad car we are inclined to spend more on luxury than on safety

and convenience, and it threatens, without attaining these, to become no better than a modern drawing-room, with its divans, and ottomans, and sunshades, and a hundred other oriental things, which we are taking west with us, invented for the the ladies of harem and the effeminate natives of the Celestial Empire, which Jonathan should be ashamed

to know the names of. I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself, than be crowded on a velvet cushion. I would rather ride on earth in an ox-cart with a free circulation, than go to heaven in the fancy car of an excursion train, and breathe a malaria all the way."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

LITERATURE.

AMERICAN.—*Na-Motu, or Reef-Rovings in the South Seas*, is the title of a narrative of adventures among the Hawaiian, Georgian, and Society Islands, with maps and original illustrations, and an appendix relating to the resources, social and political condition of Polynesia, and other subjects of interest in the Pacific, by EDWARD T. PERKINS. The author was six years ago one of the crew of an American whaler, and subsequently a passenger in an English brig, sailing in the South Pacific, and his book is the result of those voyages. The word Na-Motu, which he has chosen for his general title, means in the Tahitian dialect, "The Islands;" and he accordingly confines his descriptions to the two groups of the Sandwich and Society Islands. In the first part we have some entertaining and lively sketches of life on board of a whaler, which is an agreeable introduction to the more serious account of life and manners on the islands. An incident of the death of a boy from Raratonga Island is feelingly described, with the exception of a few ambitious phrases in the course of it, and gives us a good impression of the heart of the writer. The adventures are rather miscellaneous, covering a long residence in the different islands, and not being connected with each other; but most of them are interesting as well as novel. The valuable information of the book is to be found in the appendix, in which the author has condensed a large number of important facts as to the present condition and prospects of Polynesia. We are indebted to him for some hours of pleasant reading, and not a little instruction.

—The *History of Cuba*, by MATURIN M. BALLOU, is rather an account of Cuba as it is than a history of the island. It does not give us much new knowledge, but what it does impart is conveyed with

animation and apparent fidelity. Cuba is now a subject of such universal attention in this country, that every word relating to it has some value. Mr. Ballou adopts the theory that Spain is linked with France and England in a plan to "Africanize the island," and is considerably disturbed by the prospect of the speedy execution of the plot. But as he furnishes no convincing evidence of the truth of his belief, we may be permitted to doubt whether his agitation is not a little premature. That Spain has adopted measures for the improvement of the condition of the slaves is clear enough; and that these measures will lead to the ultimate emancipation of a great many of them is also clear; but why we in the United States should be particularly troubled by such movements, we do not see. Cuba is a dependency of Spain, and, so long as she remains so, must be subject to the regulations of the mother country. It is no duty of ours to interfere with her domestic affairs, especially when the management of them tends, as it is alleged, to the restoration of so many human beings to the liberty of which they have been wrongfully deprived. We have recently asserted, in regard to our own territories, the principle that each community must be permitted to take care of its own business, and we cannot, with any consistency, while maintaining this policy for ourselves, depart from it in regard to others. If the inhabitants of Kansas are perfectly competent to regulate their own institutions, we suppose the inhabitants of Cuba must be, and the intervention of the United States is not at all required. Whether the effects of emancipation would be beneficial or otherwise, it is for those immediately interested to say, and not for us, who belong to another nation. No one can doubt that it would be greatly to the advantage of the island, commercially, politically, and socially, to be an-

nexed to the United States; but, until the people of the island are in a state to appreciate that advantage, and to avail themselves of it, by a determined movement of their own, there is nothing for us to do in the premises.

Mr. Ballou bears witness to the general good treatment of the Cuban slaves, and their apparent contentment. His account of the life and manners of the people is also full of interest, and adds considerably to our knowledge. The statistics given in some of the latter chapters are particularly valuable.

—Our readers may remember an article which appeared in this magazine, entitled "General Ogle—a Character." It was from the pen of Dr. WILLIAM ELDER, of Philadelphia, and excited a good deal of admiration and mirth at the time. As a sketch of a peculiar genius, it was cleverly done, and showed a remarkable discrimination, as well as considerable wit. Dr. Elder has since published it in a volume, which he names, *Periscopies; or, Current Subjects Extemporaneously Treated*, and which, besides the General Ogle, contains a variety of his other contributions to the newspapers and periodicals of the day. They are distributed under the heads of "Characters and Tales," "Slashy," "Fancy," and "Politico-Economical," the characters and tales being decidedly the largest and best. In a lively preface, the doctor defines his title, after Webster, in this wise—"Periscopic, a viewing on all sides; a term applied to spectacles having concavo-convex glasses, for the purpose of increasing the distinctness of objects viewed obliquely," and insists that he has many precedents for converting the adjective into a plural noun. One might question whether he has succeeded in viewing his topics "on all sides," though we believe there will be no doubt as to his having given many "oblique glances."

Our author is both an earnest man and an humorist. He has sincere and profound convictions, and yet most frequently he likes to play with his subjects, as a kitten does with a ball of yarn. There is a tone of vivacity in all he says, but not so much as to obscure the deep and serious purpose at which he aims. His power of illustration is unusually fertile, and though he now and then descends into vulgarisms and bad taste, he is always pertinent, keen, sarcastic, and wide-awake. The Yankee term "smartness" scarcely describes the character of much of his wit, which has

a genuine comic *vis* in it, reminding us at times of the political writings of Swift. Indeed, one may pick out of the book not a few sentences that would be taken, standing alone, for Swift's. But it is only separate sentences that recall that eminent master, for he has not a continuous power in this line. He is apt to fall from it into mere eccentricity or oddness.

The topics treated by Dr. Elder are exceedingly miscellaneous—enough so to give his book the appearance of a hodge-podge; but there is scarcely one on which his remarks are not suggestive of thought. Some of them might have been omitted without injury to the permanent value of the volume; and we are not sure that the "Characters and Tales" alone would not have made a better book; but, as it is, we are sure that the reading public will welcome a second book, to be composed of ethical and philosophical Essays, which the doctor promises for the future.

—An ambitious volume is the *Complete Encyclopedia of Music*, by JOHN W. MOORE, of Bellows Falls, Vermont, but one that was greatly needed, and does honor to the industry and learning of the author. It is a dictionary of all the leading subjects, terms, and men, known to music, compiled with great care and patience, and covering a vast reach of topics. The technical words of music, the elementary rules, the historical incidents, and the biographies of persons illustrious in every department of the art, are alphabetically arranged, and lucidly treated, and with a fulness and precision of detail that we shall look for in vain elsewhere. Mr. Moore has spent seventeen years, as he informs us, in the preparation of his work; he has defined over five thousand technical terms; written the biographies of more than four thousand celebrated performers or composers; he has given directions for the use of all known musical instruments; and he has added to these vast labors some two hundred short but important essays on the scientific principles of the art—on counterpart, thorough-bass, modulation, harmony, composition, &c., &c. Of course, he has fallen into some errors in the execution of so comprehensive a design; but, on the whole, we have found such parts of his work as we have had occasion to consult, remarkably correct. In the life of Mozart, for instance, he says that he was taken from Paris to Vienna, by order of his sovereign, the Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg, which is an evident misprint of Vienna for Salz-

burg. He also says, that, while composing his *Idomeno* at Munich, he fell in love with a young lady, who afterwards became his wife. It was the sister of his future wife with whom he fell in love, and by whom he was jilted. These and others, however, that we might point out, are small inaccuracies, which do not materially impair the solid value of the work. The author has been partly assisted in his labor by John S. Dwight, and Richard Storrs Willis, who are among our most accomplished and sagacious critics, and whose opinions on the subject of music are always well matured, and worthy of attention.

In the sketch of Grassini, the famous contralto—indeed, the first female contralto who appeared on the Italian stage, and well known as a favorite of the Emperor Napoleon, who carried her from Milan to Paris—an anecdote is told not inappropriate at this time. She had a niece, a little girl of Bologna, whose parents tried to make her a singer, but were disappointed, and solicited the aid of her aunt. Her aunt asked her to sing, and, when the timid child had sung, said, "Dear girl, you will want none of my assistance. Those who called your voice a contralto were ignorant of music. You have one of the finest sopranos in the world, and will far excel me as a singer. Take courage, my love; your throat will bring you a shower of gold." The prophecy was fulfilled, for the name of the young girl was Giulia Grisi.

—It is an affected title which Mr. Geo. W. Bungay has given to his book, "*Off-hand Takings and Crayon Sketches*," but not more affected than the contents. It is a series of remarks on the noticeable men of the age, beginning with Daniel Webster, and ending with John Mitchel, the interval being filled in with some fifty or sixty other individuals, more or less prominent. Included in the list are Abbott Lawrence, Dr. Boardman, P. T. Barnum, E. P. Whipple, Moses Grant, William R. Stacey, Edward Beecher, Peter Cartwright, Alfred Bunn, B. P. Shillaber, James Gordon Bennett, Rev. Mr. Wadsworth, E. L. Snow, Philip S. White, and others of equal celebrity. On what principle the selection was made, does not appear; but it must have been a most comprehensive one, to enable the ingenious author to make such a long list of "noticeables." We see no reason why he should not extend it to a dozen volumes. There are Sam Patch, Solon Borland, Col. George, George Christy,

and a thousand others, waiting to have their biographies written. Mr. Bungay has a quick hand at the work, and may devote the rest of his life to the task he has begun. As everybody with him is "justly-celebrated," "extraordinary," "splendid," "eloquent," "mighty," "happily constituted," &c., he can have no difficulty in extending his labors to the crack of doom. In the midst of his almost universal admirations, however, he does not confess to any love of men who are in favor of slavery; and he administers many a caustic rebuke to those who fail to "give in their testimony" against the South. We are afraid that in some of his future volumes, Mr. Bungay's favorite mode of comparison may fall short; for, as we have already the "Canning of America," the "O'Connell of America," the "Brougham of America," &c., and as the great men on this side are so numerous, he may get into perplexity in finding further parallels. Let us hope for the best, however, and put confidence in genius.

—A little work, entitled *The Youth of Jefferson*, is full of lively characterizations and dialogues. It purports to be a record of certain college scrapes at Williamsburg, in Virginia, in the year 1764, founded upon the earlier letters of Jefferson, and is executed with skill and humor. The author has a keen sense for the grotesque and amusing; and, in the course of his two hundred short pages, gives us many a laugh. The main incident, in which a young lady personates the young man to her own lover, without being detected, is wholly improbable, and the characters are more merry over their talk than the real wit of it sometimes warrants; but, on the whole, the story is well told—is jovial, sustained, and captivating—which is all that the reader cares for. Our great philosopher and statesman figures in a somewhat new light, but one which does no great violence to the traditions of his earlier days.

—Mrs. OAKES SMITH, who has achieved distinction as a poet, prose writer, and lecturer, and no less as a woman of independent and free thought on various subjects of public interest, has condensed her sentiments into a little romance, called *Bertha and Lily*, which the reader will find a candid and plain-speaking book. It touches the question of Woman's Rights with a firm hand—more firm, some will say, than delicate—and on other matters is not over reticent.

But it is as a romance that we have to deal with it, in which character we have not been impressed by its merits. Mrs. Smith has poetic sensibility, and a strong feeling of the sufferings of her sex, and she writes with great earnestness; but as an artist she is deficient. She wants unity in the structure of her plots, and simplicity in everything. Her characters are generally too high strung, and would be better with a little more common sense. In the use of language, too, she is inflated. Instead of saying that "it snowed," or that "snow covered the ground," she says, "The earth assumed its ermine mantle;" and this is characteristic of many of her descriptions. At the same time, it is proper to add, that she writes with such evident sincerity of conviction, that it is impossible not to get interested in her stories. With more care, however, and writing for the sake of art, not for the sake of some moral or social *ism*, she would be vastly more agreeable.

—The title, *Notes of a Theological Student*, which Mr. JAMES MASON HORTON has given to his little book, does not fairly represent the nature of the contents. They might as well have been called notes of any other kind of student or traveller, for they are not theological, though a deep vein of piety runs through them. The work consists of a series of descriptions and remarks, suggested by a brief sojourn in different parts of Europe and Asia, and embraces such various topics as the Home of Luther, Schiller's Cottage, the Hartz Mountains, German Music, Parnassus, the Greek Ideal, Bethlehem, the Study of the Bible, &c. These essays are pleasingly and gracefully written, and exhibit no little originality of thought.

—PROFESSOR KOEPPEN, of Franklin and Marshall College, in Pennsylvania, has at last completed his work on *The World of the Middle Ages*—a work of vast research and high utility. It is a historical geography of Europe, during the middle ages, with accounts, also, of the origin and development, the institutions and literature, the manners and customs, of the several nations of Europe, Western Asia, and North Africa, from the close of the fourth to the middle of the fourteenth centuries. No other work that we remember covers precisely the same ground. There have been several geographies of the ancient world, such as those of Cellarius, Danville, Heeren, &c., and there have been mediæval atlases in Germany and France, but no general

and comprehensive geography of the mediæval times like this of Professor Koeppen, which gives us not only accurate maps of the nations at six different periods of their existence, but carefully prepared and luminous letterpress illustrations of their history. The care, research, and fidelity with which the whole has been executed is remarkable.

The utility of such a work every student of history, literature, jurisprudence, and even science, must appreciate. It was in Europe, during the middle ages, that the foundations of our modern civilization were laid, and it is impossible to comprehend thoroughly the institutions and manners of the present, without an intimate acquaintance with that part of the past. How impossible is it to read Gibbon, Hallam, Guizot, or the early chroniclers, intelligently, without a good map, and a careful digest of contemporaneous events. Now this work of Professor Koeppen supplies both wants; it presents the map and also the digest; and any student, with this work in his hand, will be able to comprehend the movements of the period with half the labor that was formerly required.

The parts of the book relating to Eastern Europe and Asia, are drawn from the Professor's personal observation and travels, and are particularly valuable. But another advantage of his volume is, that it gives due prominence to the Scandinavian and Slavonic races, which have been hitherto overlooked, while he has enlivened the dry details of geography and history by sketches of persons, institutions, religion, language, literature, &c. Every statement is verified by ample authority, and a most copious index puts every part of the volume at once into the reader's possession.

REPRINTS.—The fine uniform edition of the British poets, edited with so much care and ability by Professor Childs of Cambridge, and for copies of which we are indebted to Evans and Dickerson, of this city, comprises among its latest issues the poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt, the poems of the Earl of Surrey, and the poems of Thomas Campbell. The two former are among the rarest of the old English writers, and though once the most fashionable poems of the day, have since fallen into obscurity. But they possess a kind of perennial interest in their relations to the age in which they were produced, if not in their intrinsic merits. It would seem that the poetic genius of the earlier part of the sixteenth

century was almost exclusively in the amatory vein, for ninety-nine out of a hundred of the songs, sonnets, odes, rondeaux, lines, &c., of both Wyatt and Surrey are expressive of some phase of the tender passion—either despair, complaint, hope, or triumph. The titles of them run in this wise:—"The lover for shamefastness hideth his desire in his faithful heart;" "The lover describeth his being stricken at the sight of his love;" "The wavering lover willetth and dreadeth to move his desire;" "The lover compareth his state to a ship in perilous storm, tossed on the sea;" "The deserted lover consoleth himself with remembrance that all women are by nature fickle;" "The lover praiseth the beauty of his lady's hand;" "The lover prayeth Venus to conduct him to the desired haven." Nor are the poems less quaint or chivalric than their titles, while many of them possess a striking natural grace and beauty. A historical interest is moreover attached to those of Surrey, in that he is accredited to have greatly improved English versification, and to have been the first to introduce blank verse into the English language. His changes in the old versification was the regulation of the value of syllables by accent and not by quantity, and the limitation of heroic verse to ten syllables, divided into five equal Iambic feet, with the further refinement of breaking the line into pauses. This example has since been followed by all standard writers, which is the best proof of its correctness. Of Campbell's poems we need not speak, as they are well known to all readers of poetry. We may observe, however, that the edition before us is enriched by a memoir of the author, written by the Rev. W. A. Hill, who married the favorite niece of the poet, and was consequently familiar with his domestic life and character. It opens with a biographical sketch from Campbell's own pen, which adds, however, very little to the knowledge of him we have gained from other sources.

—Mr. Redfield has rendered the reading public an essential service by the publication of the *Noctes Ambrosianae* articles complete from Blackwood's Magazine; for the present generation of writers are gradually falling into such a delicate style of refined voluptuousness, that the good, strong and healthy coarseness of these famous papers will have an invigorating influence upon the impaired digestion of our reading people. Such writing as abounds in the *Noctes* would

not be tolerated now. An author who should make use of such a language towards his contemporaries now-a-days, would be hooted from society. It is no longer the custom, except in Congress, for gentlemen to call each other liars, knaves, fools, idiots, imbeciles, donkeys, asses, hypocrites, and so on; yet such are the epithets which the *Noctes* men, Wilson, Lockhart, Maginn, &c., were in the habit of hurling at the heads of the most illustrious of their contemporaries with whom they had any political differences. But the epithets lose one-half their force when we see what kind of language they used towards each other in their playful moods, and how roughly they dandled their favorites. The only person who is treated with deference and respect in the *Noctes*, was the most worthless rascal of the day, and the meanest monarch that has sat upon the English throne. Him they delighted to call "the first gentleman of Europe," and, in their drunken riots never assailed him with a loose joke. But the *Noctes* men were Tories, and Tories are by nature toadies. The young readers, to whom the *Noctes* are a tradition, we imagine, will open their eyes with astonishment at the reeking blackguardism, the gross personalities, the cursing, irreverence, nastiness and coarseness which pervades these famous pages. But, among these coarsenesses will be found great wit, brilliant thoughts, sagacious criticisms, profound learning, and an immense literary power which riots in extravagance from mere excess of animal spirits. Whatever we may think of the sentiments of the *Noctes*, every one must, or at least should, admire the boldness, the courage, the power and the humor with which the sentiments are uttered. The criticism on men and literature of the present time is a mere imbecile whine compared with the style of expression indulged in by Kit North and his compeers. He was himself the jolliest and most genial of the set, Maginn was the wittiest, most learned and most reckless, and Lockhart the most savage and revengeful. Professor Wilson told N. P. Willis that Lockhart wrote the first number, and that he, Wilson, wrote the remainder. The rollicking Irish songs, which reek of whisky and tobacco, were mostly the production of Maginn. One can hardly believe that the sedate and severe editor of the Quarterly could have written the trenchant coarseness of the first *Noctes*, but its savage severity is like him.

The volumes are encumbered by a

good many uncalled for platitudes by the editor, in the shape of notes, which will be rather annoying to the reader. One does not like to have his attention arrested, and his eye directed to a foot-note, to be informed that "Ebony is a pun upon the name of Blackwood," because all readers may be supposed to have sufficient intelligence to surmise that such is the fact, though there does not happen to be any pun in the case. Neither is it at all necessary to a proper comprehension of the spirit and meaning of the text, to be informed what Dr. Mackenzie thinks of this man or that; an allusion to Lord Byron's tragedy of *Sardanapalus*, elicits a foot-note from Dr. Mackenzie, informing us that he regards the first act of that tragedy as worth all the dramatic literature of modern times—an opinion which may be sound or not, as the reader chooses, but which has no bearing whatever on the text. Whenever a name occurs, Byron's for instance, the obliging editor informs us who that person was, what he thinks of his works, where he was born, and where he died, &c. If the *Noctes* had been edited by Dr. Mackenzie for popular reading in Timbuctoo, his notes, or at least some of them, might have been necessary to elucidate the text, but there are few English readers who will be the wiser for any light he has thrown upon his author. However, there may be some readers who require such enlightenment as the editor affords them; but the majority, we imagine, after reading the first five or six notes, will not be at the trouble of reading any more.

—The Appletons have reprinted *Katherine Ashton*, a beautiful domestic novel, by the accomplished authoress of *Amy Herbert*, &c.

ENGLISH.—Next to Alexander Smith, the most successful young poet of England is unquestionably **GERALD MASSEY**. His *Ballad of Babe Christabel*, with other lyrical poems, have not burst upon the world with the splendor of Smith's *Life Drama*, but it has created some sensation, which, in these days of rhymesters, is a success. Massey, it seems, is the son of a poor canal boatman, and first worked in a factory, and then became an errand-boy. While acting in the latter capacity he formed an indirect connection with a poor man's newspaper, and wrote articles of merit. But he lost his place as errand-boy in consequence of setting up and burning

candles, to write editorial sby. He tells the story of his life in a modest and touching preface to the poems. That he is a real poet, no one can doubt who reads his verses, though they are often marred by the faults of immaturity, and the imitation of bad models. He is apt to fall into that inflation and extravagance which too many of the young English writers have mistaken for force. His subjects, however, are of a quiet domestic nature, and almost invariably please. An American edition of Massey's poems will shortly be issued by J. O. Derby, containing several original poems which have not been published in London. As a specimen of his best manner, we extract the following stanzas, which are the introduction to the principal poem of the volume:

When Danaë Earth bares all her charms,
And gives the God her perfect flower,
Who, in the sunshine's golden shower,
Leaps warm into her amorous arms:

When buds are bursting on the briar,
And all the kindled greenery glows,
And life hath richest overflows,
And morning fields are fringed with fire:

When young Maids feel Love stir 't the blood,
And wanton with the kissing leaves
And branches, and the quick sap heaves,
And dances to a ripen'd flood;

Till, blown to its hidden heart with sighs,
Love's red rose burns 't the cheek so dear,
And, as sea-jewels upward peer,
Love-thoughts melt through their swimming eyes:

When Beauty walks in bravest dress,
And, fed with April's mellow showers,
The earth laughs out with sweet May-flowers,
That flush for very happiness:

And Spider-Puck such wonder weaves
O' nights, and nooks of greenening gloom
Are rich with violets that bloom
In the cool dark of dewy leaves:

When Rose-buds drink the fiery wine
Of Dawn, with crimson stains 't the mouth,
All thirstily as yearning Youth
From Love's hand drinks the draught divine;

And honey'd plots are drownded with Bees:
And Larks rain music by the shower,
While singing, singing hour by hour,
Song like a Spirit sits 't the Trees!

When fainting hearts forget their fears,
And in the poorest Life's salt cup
Some rare wine runs, and Hope builds up
Her rainbow over Memory's tears!

It fell upon a merry May morn,
 'T the perfect prime of that sweet time
 When daisies whiten, woodbines climb—
 The dear babe Christabel was born.

— LORD MAHON has completed the *History of England*, on which he has been engaged for the last twenty years. It comprises the period from the peace of Utrecht, in 1718, to the treaty of Versailles, in 1788, just seventy years. The final or seventh volume, embraces 1780—1783. This period is not the most remarkable in the annals of England, but as it includes the American war, it is especially interesting to us on this side of the Atlantic. We need not say that it has been treated with candor, industry and research. Lord Mahon is not a brilliant rhetorician, like Macaulay, nor a profound generalizer, like Guizot, nor an eloquent and declamatory narrator, like Bancroft. He gives us no such original views as we find in Thierry, nor does he paint such striking and impressive pictures as Michelet; but he is faithful, honest, amiable, and eager to acquire and state the truth. He is singularly free from historical biases, and though, like every other writer, he has some preconceived theories, he can scarcely be accused of any wilful partiality. In his judgments, indeed, he is often too lenient, failing to deal that rigorous justice always which the offences of great personages demand, and allowing the guilty to escape the sentences of the Nemesis which ought to preside over history. He is a professed conservative, but at the same time, his tone is liberal and independent.

The last volume includes in its subjects the Gordon riots in England, the Protestant agitation, the conquest of India, and the latter part of the war for independence in the United States; and among the characters described or alluded to, are those of Washington, Grant, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, William Wilberforce, Thomas Grenville, Lord Rockingham, and others of equal note. He is severe upon Rockingham, compared with the fine eulogy of Macaulay, in one of his essays, and he even questions the perfect justice of Washington, in the execution of André. As this last criticism is like to excite some attention, we extract it, as a moderate Englishman's view of the only assailable point in the career of our great man. After detailing all the incidents of André's offence and capture, and describing the efforts made to influence

Washington's mind in his favor, he enters upon the following critical discussion of the case:—

"First, then, had Washington any good ground for relying on the judgment of the Court of Inquiry? Of whom did that Court consist? As we have already seen, of twelve American, and of two European field-officers. Now, it must be borne in mind, that the American Generals, at that time, were, for the most part, wholly destitute of the advantage of a liberal education. They were men drawn from the plough-handle, or from the shop-board, at their country's call. Greene himself, the President of the tribunal, had been a blacksmith by trade. These humble avocations afford no reason why such men might not always do their duty as became them in the field; why they should not sometimes acquire and display military skill; why, at the present day, their names should not be held in high honor by their countrymen. But they do afford a reason, and as it seems to me, a strong one, why such men, having no light of study to guide them, having never probably so much as heard the names of Yattel or Puffendorf, could be no fit judges on any nice or doubtful point of national law. And by whom had they been assisted? By Lafayette, who, though for some years a trans-Atlantic General, was still only a youth of twenty-three, and who, as he tells us, had learnt little or nothing at his college. By Steuben, who had undoubtedly great knowledge and experience, but who, speaking no English, while his colleagues spoke no French, was unable to discuss any controverted question with them.

"It follows, then, that the verdict of such a tribunal ought to have no weight in such a case; and that Washington, far from relying upon it, was bound either to refer the question to such men as Knypausen and Rochambeau, adjoining with them perhaps Steuben; or to ponder and decide it for himself. Had he considered it with his usual calmness and clear good sense, it seems scarcely possible that, with all the circumstances so utterly unlike, he should have pronounced the case of André to be the same as that of a common spy. And waiving for the present the disputed point as to the flag of truce, it is clear, at all events, that when André was arrested, he was travelling under the protection of a pass which Arnold, as the commander of the West Point district, had a right to give. The Americans contend that this right was forfeited, or rendered of no effect, by Arnold's treacherous designs. Yet how hard to reconcile such a distinction with plighted faith and public law! How can we draw the line, and say at what precise point the passes are to grow invalid—whether, when the treachery is in progress of execution, or when only matured in the mind, or when the mind is still wavering upon it? In short, how loose and slippery becomes the ground, if once we forsake the settled principle of recognising the safe-conducts granted by adequate authority, if once we stray forth in quest of secret motives and designs!

"It has, indeed, been asserted that Washington signed the order for André's death with great reluctance; but the army were dissatisfied, and demanded the sacrifice. This assertion, however, rests on no sufficient evidence; and were it most fully established, would not relieve the Commander-in-Chief from his legitimate responsibility. Nor can the inflexibility of Washington, in both awarding

death to André, and denying him the last consolation and relief he sought—to die the death of a soldier—be vindicated, as I conceive, by any supposed necessity, at that time, of a severe example. Had Arnold, indeed, or any American taking part with Arnold, been in question, that motive might, no doubt, have justly carried considerable weight. But what end could Washington hope to effect by even the utmost extremity of rigor against André? Let another most gallant and accomplished soldier answer for me. 'Mr. Washington,' says Sir Henry Clinton, in his *Memoirs*, 'could not be insensible that the example, though ever so terrible and ignominious, would never deter a British officer from treading in the same steps, whenever the service of his country should require his exposing himself to the like danger in such a war.'

"It behoves us, no doubt, to ponder reverently, ere we attempt to cast any censure on a man so virtuous as Washington. Yet none of his warmest panegyrists can assert, though they sometimes imply, that his character was wholly faultless; and here, as it seems to me, we are upon its faulty point. He had, as his friends assure us, by nature strong and most angry passions; these he had curbed and quelled by a resolute exertion of his will, but he did not always prevent them from hardening into sternness. Of this we may observe some indications here and there in his private correspondence, as, for instance, in the case of the suicides at Boston. But such indications are confined to words, and addressed only to his familiar friends. Here, on the contrary, the fault appears in action. Here it gave rise to what, unless I greatly deceive myself, the intelligent classes of his countrymen will, ere long, join ours in condemning—the death-warrant of André; certainly by far the greatest, and perhaps the only blot in his most noble career."

We have no space, nor, if we had space, have we the disposition, to discuss the question which is here raised, preferring to leave it to the biographers of Washington, and to the historians of the country, especially to Bancroft, who must soon, in the regular course of his labors, approach this point, to defend the conduct of the American general. But we will remark, that the grounds on which Mahon criticises the Court of Inquiry which condemned André, seem to us entirely superficial and impertinent. It is true that several of the officers that constituted the board were taken from the plough or the shop, that they were not men of "liberal education," that they had never read Vattel or Puffendorf, and that they were guided in their decision by their naked sense of justice and right. But we do not see that they were any the less qualified on that account to determine the case according to the evidence. It was simply a question whether André was a spy, and that once determined, the application of the laws of war was inevitable. Besides, all the members of that court were not taken from

the shop or the plough, for some of them were men well read in the military art. Greene, who presided, though a self-educated man, was thoroughly instructed in his business. Lafayette was young, but may be presumed to have known something of the laws of nations. Steuben, though he spoke no English, had good interpreters by his side; Lord Sterling was a veteran; and, to say nothing of Clinton, Knox, and Paterson, Hamilton, whom Washington consulted on all important points, and may be presumed to have been consulted on this, was as sagacious and profound a counselor as he could have chosen. There is, moreover, no reason for supposing that Washington did not refer the matter to Rochambeau, who was not distant, and whose opinion he would naturally be solicitous to obtain. But whether he did or not, he was clear in his own mind that the decision of the tribunal was right. It had framed its sentence according to the facts that André was taken in citizen's dress, bearing upon his person documentary evidence of a conspiracy, which, if it had been carried into effect, would have prostrated the cause of American liberty for years. He came before them as an ordinary spy, and as such he was condemned. The pass of the American general, bearing the name of one Anderson, could hardly be construed into a protection for a British general officer whose name was André. Washington, with all his passions, was most remarkable for his moderation and justice, and this event will not tarnish his fame in that respect with impartial posterity. We may lament the sad fate of the youthful and accomplished major, but we cannot deny that it was one he brought upon himself, by engaging in a nefarious plot.

The most interesting chapter in Lord Mahon's volume relates to the life and manners of the eighteenth century, where the writer is at home, and paints a picture not at all flattering to the virtues of his ancestors. The highway robberies, the gambling, the dissipation, and the indecency of the period, are illustrated by extracts from contemporary chronicles, which force us to congratulate ourselves, as we read them, that we have reached a better era, and serve to convince us that there is an unmistakable progress in human affairs.

—The *London Athenæum*, which pretends to considerable authority in matters of art, says that "Lentze's statue of

Washington at the Battle of Monmouth, will be shortly exhibited at Brussels. It is at present in the sculptor's studio at Berlin." This would be an interesting bit of intelligence, but for the fact that the artist's name is Leutze, not Lentze; that his work is a picture, not a statue; that he is a painter, not a sculptor, and that his studio is at Düsseldorf, not Berlin. Besides, it will be first exhibited in the United States, and not at Brussels.

—A gossiping volume has been put forth, by a Mr. P. G. PATMORE, under the name of *My Friends and Acquaintances*, consisting, as the second title informs us, of "memorials, mind-portraits, and personal recollections of deceased celebrities of the nineteenth century, with selections from their unpublished letters." A great deal of the book is trivial and uninteresting, and none of it very original, but the writer announces, in the course of it, that he is in possession of an unpublished drama by Charles Lamb, and in the latter part are certain dramatic sketches which Mr. Patmore ascribes to Sheridan. Among the persons who figure in his pages are Hazlitt, Lamb, Plumer Ward, the Smiths, Horace and James, the Countess of Blessington, Count d'Orsay, Leigh Hunt, and Thomas Campbell. The latter he accuses of not having written the life of Mrs. Siddons to which his name is affixed, but the publisher of the work gives a peremptory denial of this charge. He also accuses D'Orsay of not paying his tradesman's bills, but this, too, has been as peremptorily denied. On the whole, it is a worthless publication, evidently got up as a speculation. Here is a sketch of Hazlitt's mode of life, however, which is not without interest to the admirers of that fine essayist:

"Hazlitt usually rose at from one to two o'clock in the day—scarcely ever before twelve; and if he had no work in hand, he would sit over his breakfast of excessively strong black tea, and a toasted (French roll) till four or five in the afternoon—silent, motionless, and self-absorbed, as a Turk over his opium-pouch; for tea served him precisely in this capacity. It was the only stimulant he ever took, and at the same time the only luxury; the delicate state of his

digestive organs prevented him from tasting any fermented liquors, or touching any food but beef and mutton, or poultry and game, dressed with perfect plainness. He never touched any but black tea, and was very particular about the quality of that, always using the most expensive that could be got: and he used, when living alone, to consume nearly a pound in a week. A cup of Hazlitt's tea (if you happened to come in for the first brewage of it) was a peculiar thing; I have never tasted anything like it. He always made it himself; half-filling the teapot with tea, pouring the boiling water on it, and then almost immediately pouring it out; using with it a great quantity of sugar and cream.

"To judge from its occasional effect upon myself, I should say that the quantity Hazlitt drank of this tea produced, ultimately, a most injurious effect upon him; and in all probability hastened his death, which took place from disease of the digestive organs. But its immediate effect was agreeable, even to a degree of fascination; and, not feeling any subsequent reaction from it, he persevered in its use to the last, notwithstanding two or three attacks similar to that which terminated his life.

"His breakfast and tea were frequently the only meals that Hazlitt took till late at night, when he usually ate a hearty supper of hot meat—either rump-steak, poultry, or game—a partridge or a pheasant. This he invariably took at a tavern; his other meals (except his dinner sometimes) being as invariably taken at home.

"There were three or four houses only that he frequented; for he never entered the doors of any one where his ways were not well known, or where there was any chance of his *bill* being asked for till he chose to offer payment of it. And when treated in a way that pleased him in this latter particular, he did not care what he paid. I have known him pay with cheerfulness, accumulated sums of twenty or thirty pounds for suppers only, or chiefly.

"The houses Hazlitt frequented were the Southampton Coffeehouse, in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane; Munday's, in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden; and (for a short period) the Spring Garden Coffeehouse. The first of these he has immortalized in one of the most amusing of his essays, 'On Coffeehouse Politicians.' Here, for several years, he used to hold a sort of evening levee; where, after a certain hour at night (and till a very uncertain hour in the morning) he was always to be found, and always more or less ready to take part in that sort of desultory 'talk' (the only thing really deserving the name of 'conversation') in which he excelled every man I have ever met with. But of this hereafter. Here, however, in that little bare and comfortless cofferoom, have I scores of times seen the daylight peep through the crevices of the window-shutters upon 'Table-Talk' that was worthy an intellectual feast of the gods."